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VOL. I.

CONTAINING,

I.

LOVE IN A VILLAGE.

II.

THE MAID OF THE MILL.

III.

LIONEL AND CLARISSA.

IV.

COMUS.

D U B L I N:

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FOR WILLIAM JONES, No. 36, DAME-STREET.

1795.

Y O N E 3 2

BRITISH THEATRE

VOL. I

CONTAINING



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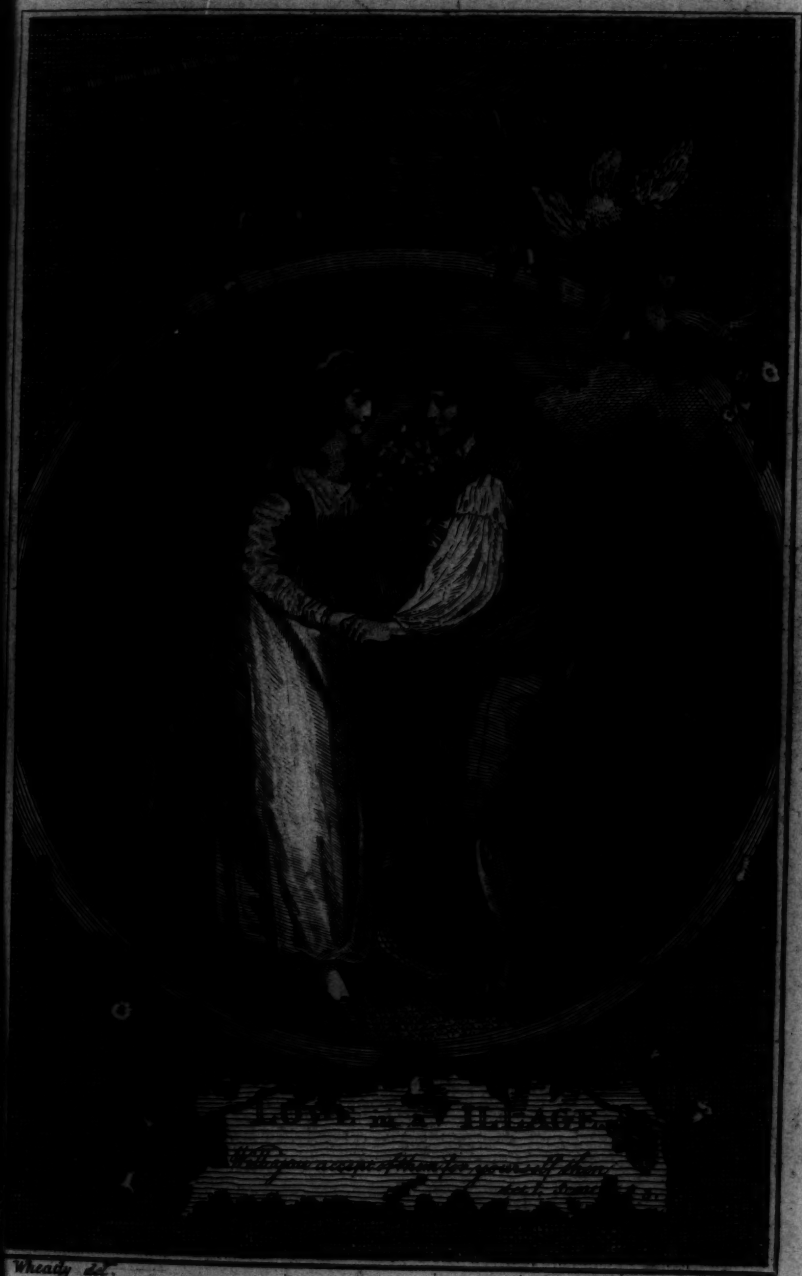
LOVE in a VILLAGE.



M^{rs} BILLINGTON in ROSETTA.

Dublin Publish'd by W^m Jones N^o 86 Dame Street.

Wheatly



Wheatley del.

Brooks sc.

Dublin Publish'd by W^m Jones N^o 86 Dame Street.



LOVE IN A VILLAGE.

A

COMIC OPERA.

BY ISAAC BICKERSTAFF.

ADAPTED FOR

THEATRICAL REPRESENTATION,

AS PERFORMED AT THE

THEATRE-ROYAL, COVENT-GARDEN.

REGULATED FROM THE PROMPT-BOOK,

By Permission of the Managers.

"The Lines distinguished by inverted Commas, are omitted in the Representation."

DUBLIN:

PRINTED BY GRAISBERRY AND CAMPBELL,
FOR WILLIAM JONES, NO. 86, DAME-STREET.

M DCC XCI.

LOVE IN A VILLAGE

COMIC OPERA

BY ISAAC BICKERSTAFF



THE WILLIAM JONES NO. 22 DAME STREET

TO
MR. BEARD.

SIR,

IT is with great pleasure I embrace this opportunity to acknowledge the favors I have received from you. Among others, I would mention in particular, the warmth with which you espoused this piece in its passage to the stage; but I am afraid it would be thought a compliment to your good-nature, too much at the expence of your judgment.

If what I now venture to lay before the public, is considered merely as a piece of dramatic writing, it will certainly be found to have very little merit: in that light no one can think more indifferently of it than I do myself; but I believe I may venture to assert, on your opinion, that some of the songs are tolerable; that the music is more pleasing than has hitherto appeared in compositions of this kind; and the words better adapted, considering the nature of the airs, which are not common ballads, than could be expected, supposing any degree of poetry to be preserved in the versification.

More than this, few people expect in an Opera : and if some of the severer critics should be inclined to blame your indulgence to one of the first attempts of a young writer, I am persuaded the public in general will applaud your endeavour to provide them with something new, in a species of entertainment in which the performers at your theatre so eminently excel.

You may perceive, Sir, that I yield a punctual observance to the injunctions you laid upon me, when I threatened you with this address, and make it rather a preface than a dedication : and yet I must confess I can hardly reconcile those formalities which render it indelicate to pay praises where all the world allows them to be due ; nor can I easily conceive why a man should be so studious to deserve what he does not desire : but since you will not allow me to offer any panegyric to you, I must hasten to bestow one upon myself, and let the public know (which was my chief design in this introduction) that I have the happiness to be,

SIR,

Your most obliged,

and most obedient servant.

The AUTHOR.

LOVE IN A VILLAGE.

COMPILED from the VILLAGE OPERA of Charles Johnson—and this musical Entertainment first appeared at Covent-Garden Theatre in 1763. Its success was nearly equal to that prodigy of fortune, the Beggar's Opera.

This piece is founded upon RURAL LIFE, and rural unacquaintance with the depravity of a metropolis. The characters are naturally drawn—the incidents have sufficient probability—It had the benefit of much delightful music from the composer, and the sweetest voices on the English stage have graced it by singing the airs of ROSSETTA, Young MEADOWS, and HAWTHORN.

Mrs. BILLINGTON in this Opera, as in every other we listen to her in, throws the powers of her predecessors at an immeasurable distance: her *tone*, her *taste*, and musical *science*, are the pride of the British Opera.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

DRURY-LANE.

Men.

Sir WILLIAM MEADOWS	-	Mr. Aickin.
Young MEADOWS	-	Mr. Kelly.
Justice WOODCOCK	-	Mr. Parsons.
HAWTHORNE	-	Mr. Dignum.
EUSTACE	-	Mr. Williams.
HODGE	-	Mr. Hollingsworth.

Women.

ROSSETTA	-	Mrs. Crouch.
LUCINDA	-	Miss Stagelclair.
DEBORAH WOODCOCK	-	Mrs. Love.
MARGERY	-	Mrs. Collett.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

COVENT-GARDEN.

Men.

Sir WILLIAM MEADOWS	-	Mr. Powell.
Young MEADOWS	-	Mr. Johnstone.
JURICE WOODCOCK	-	Mr. Quick.
HAWTHORNE	-	Mr. Bannister.
EUSTACE	-	Mr. Davis.
HODGE	-	Mr. Blanchard.

Women.

ROSSETTA	-	Mrs. Billington.
LUCINDA	-	Mrs. Mountain.
DEBORAH WOODCOCK	-	Mrs. Pitt.
MARGERY	-	Mrs. Wells.

1100-1110

[illegible]

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LOVE IN A VILLAGE.

ACT I. SCENE I.

A garden with statues, fountains, and flower-pots. Several Arbours appear in the side scenes : ROSSETTA and LUCINDA are discovered at work, seated upon two garden-chairs.

AIR.

Ros. *HOPE!* thou nurse of young desire,
Fairy promiser of joy,
Painted vapour, glow-worm fire,
Temp'rate sweet, that ne'er can cloy :

Luc. *Hope!* thou earnest of delight,
Softest soother of the mind,
Balmy cordial, prospect bright,
Surest friend the wretched find :

Both. *Kind deceiver, flatter still,
Deal out pleasures unpossess,
With thy dreams my fancy fill,
And in wishes make me blest.*

Luc. Heigho !—*Rossetta* ?

Ros. Well, child, what do you say ?

Luc. 'Tis a devilish thing to live in a village a hundred miles from the capital, with a preposterous gouty father, and a super-annuated maiden aunt.—I am heartily sick of my situation.

Ros. And with reason—But 'tis in a great measure your own fault : here is this Mr. Eustace, a man of character and family ; he likes you, you like him ; you know one another's minds, and yet you will not resolve to make yourself happy with him. 23

AIR.

*Whence can you inherit
So slavish a spirit ?
Confin'd thus, and chain'd to a log !
Now fondled, now chid,
Permitted, forbid :
'Tis leading the life of a dog.*

For shame, you a lover ! 30
*More firmness discover ;
Take courage, nor here longer mope ;
Resist and be free,
Run riot like me,
And, to perfect the picture, elope.*

Luc. And is this your advice ?

Ros. Positively.

Luc. Here's my hand ; positively I'll follow it—I have already sent to my gentleman, who is now in the country, to let him know he may come hither this day ; we will make use of the opportunity to settle all preliminaries—And then—But take notice, whenever we decamp, you march off along with us.

Ros. Oh ! madam, your servant ; I have no inclination to be left behind, I assure you—But you say you got acquainted with this spark, while you were with your mother during her last illness at Bath, so that your father has never seen him ?

Luc. Never in his life, my dear ; and, I am confident, he entertains not the least suspicion of my having any such connection : my aunt, indeed, has her doubts and surmises ; but, besides that my father will not allow any one to be wiser than himself, it is an established maxim between these affectionate relations, never to agree in any thing.

Ros. Except being absurd ; you must allow they sympathize perfectly in that—But, now we are on the subject, I desire to know, what I am to do with this wicked old justice of peace, this libidinous father of yours ? He follows me about the house like a tame goat.

Luc. Nay, I'll assure you he hath been a wag in his time—you must have a care of yourself.

Ros. Wretched me ! to fall into such hands, who have been just forced to run away from my parents to avoid an odious marriage—You smile at that now ; and I know you think me whimsical, as you have often told me ; but you must excuse my being a little over-delicate in this particular.

AIR.

*My heart's my own, my will is free,
 And so shall be my voice ;
 No mortal man shall wed with me,
 Till first he's made my choice.*

70

*Let parent's rule, cry nature's laws ;
 And children still obey ;
 And is there then no saving clause,
 Against tyrannic sway ?*

Luc. Well, but my dear mad girl——

Ros. Lucinda, don't talk to me—Was your father to go to London ; meet there by accident with an old fellow as wrong-headed as himself ; and in a fit of absurd friendship, agree to marry you to that old fellow's son, whom you had never seen, without consulting your inclinations, or allowing you a negative, in case he should not prove agreeable——

Luc. Why I should think it a little hard, I confess—yet, when I see you in the character of a chambermaid——

87

Ros. It is the only character, my dear, in which I could hope to lie concealed ; and, I can tell you, I was reduced to the last extremity, when in consequence of our old boarding-school friendship, I applied to you to receive me in this capacity : for we expected the parties the very next week.

Luc. But had not you a message from your intended spouse, to let you know he was as little inclined to such ill-concerted nuptials as you were ?

Ros. More than so ; he wrote to advise me, by all means, to contrive some method of breaking them off, for he had rather return to his dear studies at Oxford ; and after that, what hopes could I have of being happy with him ? 101

Luc. Then you are not at all uneasy at the strange rout you must have occasioned at home ? I warrant, during this month you have been absent—

Ros. Oh ! don't mention it, my dear ; I have had so many admirers, since I commenced Abigail, that I am quite charmed with my situation—But hold, who stalks yonder in the yard, that the dogs are so glad to see ?

Luc. Daddy Hawthorn, as I live ! He is come to pay my father a visit ; and never more luckily, for he always forces him abroad. By the way, what will you do with yourself while I step into the house to see after my trusty messenger, Hodge ?

Ros. No matter, I'll sit down in that arbour, and listen to the singing of the birds : you know I am fond of melancholy amusements.

Luc. So it seems, indeed : sure, Rossetta, none of your admirers had power to touch your heart ; you are not in love, I hope ? 120

Ros. In love ! that's pleasant : who do you suppose I should be in love with, pray ?

Luc. Why, let me see—What do you think of Thomas, our gardener ? There he is, at the other end of the walk—He's a pretty young man, and the servants say, he's always writing verses on you.

Ros. Indeed, Lucinda, you are very silly.

Luc. Indeed, Rossetta, that blush makes you look very handsome.

Ros. Blush? I am sure I don't blush. 130

Luc. Ha, ha, ha!

Ros. Pshaw, Lucinda, how can you be so ridiculous?

Luc. Well, don't be angry, and I have done——
But suppose you did like him, how could you help yourself?

AIR.

*When once Love's subtle poison gains
A passage to the female breast,
Like lightning rushing through the veins,
Each wish, and every thought's possessor: 140*

*To heal the pangs our minds endure,
Reason in vain its skill applies;
Nought can afford the heart a cure,
But what is pleasing to the eyes.*

SCENE II.

Enter YOUNG MEADOWS.

T. Mea. Let me see—on the fifteenth of June, at half an hour past five in the morning [*taking out a pocket book*] I left my father's house, unknown to any one, having made free with a coat and jacket of our gardener's, which fitted me, by way of a disguise: so says my pocket-book; and, chance directing me to

this village, on the twentieth of the same month I procured a recommendation to the worshipful Justice Woodcock, to be the superintendant of his pumpkins and cabbages, because I would let my father see, I chose to run any lengths, rather than submit to what his obstinacy would have forced me, a marriage against my inclination, with a woman I never saw. [*Puts up the book, and takes up a watering-pot.*] Here I have been three weeks, and in that time I am as much altered, as if I changed my nature with my habit. 'Sdeath, to fall in love with a chambermaid! And yet, if I could forget that I am the son and heir of Sir William Meadows—But that's impossible. 163

AIR.

*O! had I been by fate decreed
Some humble cottage swain;
In fair Rossetta's sight to feed
My sheep upon the plain;
What bliss had I been born to taste,
Which now I ne'er must know?
Ye envious powers! why have ye plac'd 170
My fair one's lot so low?*

Ha! who was it I had a glimpse of as I pass'd by that arbour! Was it not she sat reading there! the trembling of my heart tells me my eyes were not mistaken—Here she comes.

SCENE III.

YOUNG MEADOWS, ROSSETTA.

Ros. Lucinda was certainly in the right of it, and yet I blush to own my weakness even to myself—Marry, hang the fellow for not being a gentleman.

Y. Mea. I am determined I won't speak to her [*turning to a rose-tree, and plucking the flowers.*] Now or never is the time to conquer myself: besides, I have some reason to believe the girl has no aversion to me: and, as I wish not to do her an injury, it would be cruel to fill her head with notions of what can never happen. [*humms a tune*] Pshaw! rot these roses, how they prick one's fingers!

Ros. He takes no notice of me; but so much the better, I'll be as indifferent as he is. I am sure the poor lad likes me; and if I was to give him any encouragement, I suppose the next thing he talked of, would be buying a ring, and being asked in church—Oh, dear pride, I thank you for that thought. 191

Y. Mea. Hah, going without a word! a look!—I can't bear that—Mrs. Rossetta, I am gathering a few roses here, if you please to take them in with you.

Ros. Thank you, Mr. Thomas, but all my lady's flower-pots are full.

Y. Mea. Will you accept of them for yourself, then? [*catching hold of her*] What's the matter? you look as if you were angry with me.

Ros. Pray let go my hand.

Y. Mea. Nay, pr'ythee, why is this ? you shan't go, I have something to say to you.

Ros. Well, but I must go, I will go ; I desire, Mr. Thomas—

AIR.

*Gentle youth, ah, tell me why
Still you force me thus to fly ?
Cease, oh ! cease, to persevere ;
Speak not what I must not hear ;
To my heart its ease restore ;
Go, and never see me more.*

SCENE IV.

YOUNG MEADOWS.

This girl is a riddle—That she loves me, I think there is no room to doubt ; she takes a thousand opportunities to let me see it : and yet, when I speak to her, she will hardly give me an answer ; and, if I attempt the smallest familiarity, is gone in an instant—I feel my passion for her, grow every day more and more violent—Well, would I marry her ?—would I make a mistress of her if I could ?—Two things, called prudence and honour, forbid either. What am I pursuing, then ? A shadow. Sure my evil genius laid this snare in my way. However, there is one comfort, it is in my power to fly from it ; if so, why do I hesitate ? I am distracted, unable to determine any thing.

AIR.

*Still in hopes to get the better
 Of my stubborn flame I try ;
 Swear this moment to forget her,
 And the next my oath deny.
 Now, prepar'd with scorn to treat her,
 Ev'ry charm in thought I brave,
 Boast my freedom, fly to meet her,
 And confess myself a slave,*

SCENE V.

*A hall in Justice WOODCOCK's house. Enter HAW-
 THORN, with a fowling-piece in his hands, and a net
 with birds at his girdle : and, afterwards, Justice
 WOODCOCK.*

AIR.

*There was a jolly miller once,
 Liv'd on the river Dee ;
 He work'd and sung from morn till night ;
 No lark more blythe than he.
 And this the burthen of his song,
 For ever us'd to be,——
 I care for nobody, not I,
 If no one cares for me.*

240

*House, here, house ! what all gadding, all abroad !
 house, I say, hilli-ho, ho !*

J. Wood. Here's a noise, here's a racket! William, Robert, Hodge! why does not somebody answer? Odds my life, I believe the fellows have lost their hearing! [*Entering*] Oh, master Hawthorn! I guessed it was some such mad cap—Are you there?

Haw. Am I here? Yes: and, if you had been where I was three hours ago, you would find the good effects of it by this time: but you have got the lazy unwholesome London fashion, of lying a bed in a morning, and there's gout for you—Why, sir, I have not been in bed five minutes after sun-rise these thirty years, am generally up before it; and I never took a dose of physic but once in my life, and that was in compliment to a cousin of mine, an apothecary, that had just set up business.

J. Wood. Well but, master Hawthorn, let me tell you, you know nothing of the matter; for, I say, sleep is necessary for a man; ay, and I'll maintain it. 261

Haw. What, when I maintain the contrary?—Look you, neighbour Woodcock, you are a rich man, a man of worship, a justice of peace, and all that; but learn to know the respect that is due to the sound from the infirm; and allow me that superiority a good constitution gives me over you—Health is the greatest of all possessions; and 'tis a maxim with me, that an hale cobbler is a better man than a sick king.

J. Wood. Well, well, you are a sportsman. 270

Haw. And so would you too, if you would take my advice. A sportsman! why there is nothing like it: I would not exchange the satisfaction I feel, while I am beating the lawns and thickets about my little

farm, for all the entertainments and pageantry in Christendom.

AIR.

*Let gay ones and great
Make the most of their fate,
From pleasure to pleasure they run :
Well, who cares a jot, 280
I envy them not,
While I have my dog and my gun.
For exercise, air,
To the fields I repair,
With spirits unclouded and light :
The blisses I find,
No stings leave behind,
But health and diversion unite.*

SCENE VI.

JUSTICE WOODCOCK, HAWTHORN, HODGE.

Hodge. Did your worship call, sir? 289

J. Wood. Call, sir ; where have you and the rest of these rascals been ? but I suppose, I need not ask— You must know there is a statute, a fair for hiring servants, held upon my green to-day ; we have it usually at this season of the year, and it never fails to put all the folks here-about out of their senses.

Hodge. Lord, your honour, look out, and see what a nice show they make yonder ; they had got pipers,

and fidlers, and were dancing as I came along, for dear life—I never saw such a mortal throng in our village in all my born days again. 300

Haw. Why, I like this now, this is as it should be.

J. Wood. No, no, 'tis a very foolish piece of business; good for nothing but to promote idleness and the getting of bastards: but I shall take measures for preventing it another year, and I doubt whether I am not sufficiently authorised already; for by an act passed *Anno undecimo Caroli primi*, which impowers a justice of peace, who is lord of the manor——

Haw. Come, come, never mind the act; let me tell you, this is a very proper, a very useful meeting; I want a servant or two myself, I must go see what your market affords;—and you shall go, and the girls, my little Lucy and the other young rogue, and we'll make a day on't as well as the rest.

J. Wood. I wish, master Hawthorn, I could teach you to be a little more sedate: why won't you take pattern by me, and consider your dignity?—Odds heart, I don't wonder you are not a rich man; you laugh too much ever to be rich. 319

Haw. Right, neighbour Woodcock! health, good-humour, and competence, is my motto: and, if my executors have a mind, they are welcome to make it my epitaph.

AIR.

*The honest heart, whose thoughts are clear
From fraud, disguise, and guile,
Need neither fortune's frowning fear,
Nor court the harlot's smile.*

The greatness that would make us grave

Is but an empty thing;

What more than mirth would mortals have? 330

The chearful man's a king.

SCENE VII.

LUCINDA, HODGE.

Luc. Hift, hift, Hodge!

Hodge. Who calls? here am I.

Luc. Well, have you been?

Hodge. Been, ay I ha' been far enough, an that be all: you never knew any thing fall out so crossly in your born days.

Luc. Why, what's the matter?

Hodge. Why you know, I dare not take a horse out of his worship's stables this morning, for fear it should be missed, and breed questions; and our old nag at home was so cruelly beat i'th'hoofs, that, poor beast, it had not a foot to set to ground; so I was fain to go to farmer Ploughshare's, at the Grange, to borrow the loan of his bald filly: and would you think it? after walking all that way—de'el from me, if the cross-grained toad did not deny me the favour.

Luc. Unlucky!

Hodge. Well, then I went my ways to the King's head in the village, but all their cattle were at plough: and I was as far to seek below at the turnpike: so at

last, for want of a better, I was forced to take up
with dame Quickset's blind mare. 353

Luc. Oh, then you have been?

Hodge. Yes, yes, I ha' been.

Luc. Psha! Why did not you say so at once?

Hodge. Aye, but I have had a main tiresome jaunt
on't, for she is a forry jade at best.

Luc. Well, well, did you see Mr. Eustace, and
what did he say to you?—Come, quick—have you
e'er a letter? 362

Hodge. Yes, he gave me a letter, if I ha'na lost it.

Luc. Lost it, man!

Hodge. Nay, nay, have a bit of patience : adwawns,
you are always in such a hurry [*rummaging his pockets*]
I put it somewhere in this waistcoat pocket. Oh here
it is.

Luc. So, give it me. [*reads the letter to herself.*]

Hodge. Lord-a-mercy! how my arm aches with
beating that plaguy beast; I'll be hang'd if I
won'na rather ha' thrash'd half a day, than ha'
ridden her.

Luc. Well, Hodge, you have done your business
very well.

Hodge. Well, have not I now?

Luc. Yes—Mr. Eustace tells me in this letter, that
he will be in the green lane, at the other end of the
village, by twelve o'clock—You know where he came
before. 380

Hodge. Ay, ay.

Luc. Well, you must go there; and wait till he ar-
rives, and watch your opportunity to introduce him,

across the fields, into the little summer-house, on the left side of the garden.

Hodge. That's enough.

Luc. But take particular care that nobody sees you.

Hodge. I warrant you.

Luc. Nor for your life, drop a word of it to any mortal.

Hodge. Never fear me.

Luc. And Hodge——

AIR.

Hodge. Well, well, say no more ;

Sure you told me before ;

I see the full length of my teather ;

Do you think I'm a fool,

That I need go to school ?

I can spell you and put you together.

A word to the wife,

Will always suffice ;

Addsniggers go talk to your parrot ;

I'm not such an else,

Though I say it myself,

But I know a sheep's head from a carrot.

SCENE VIII.

LUCINDA.

How severe is my case ! Here I am obliged to carry on a clandestine correspondence with a man in all

respects my equal, because the oddity of my father's temper is such, that I dare not tell him I have ever yet seen the person I should like to marry—But perhaps he has quality in his eye, and hopes, one day or other, as I am his only child, to match me with a title—vain imagination!

AIR.

*Cupid, God of soft persuasion,
Take the helpless lover's part :
Seize, oh seize some kind occasion,
To reward a faithful heart.*

*Justly those we tyrants call,
Who the body would enthrall ;
Tyrants of more cruel kind,
Those, who would enslave the mind.*

420

*What is grandeur ? foe to rest,
Childish mummery at best.
Happy I in humble state ;
Catch, ye fools, the glittering bait.*

SCENE IX.

A field with a stile. Enter HODGE, followed by MARGERY; and, some time after, enter YOUNG MEADOWS.

Hodge. What does the wench follow me for? Odds flesh, folk may well talk, to see you dangling after me

every where, like a tantony pig: find some other road, can't you; and don't keep wherreting me with your nonsense.

Mar. Nay, pray you, Hodge, stay, and let me speak to you a bit. 431

Hodge. Well; what sayn you?

Mar. Dear heart, how can you be so barbarous? and is this the way you serve me after all; and won't you keep your word, Hodge?

Hodge. Why no I won't, I tell you; I have chang'd my mind.

Mar. Nay but surely, surely—Consider Hodge, you are obligated in conscience to make me an honest woman. 440

Hodge. Obligated in conscience! How am I obligated?

Mar. Because you are; and none but the basest of rogues would bring a poor girl to shame, and afterwards leave her to the wide world.

Hodge. Bring you to shame! Don't make me speak, Madge, don't make me speak.

Mar. Yes do, speak your worst.

Hodge. Why then, if you go to that, you were fain to leave your own village down in the West, for a bastard you had by the clerk of the parish, and I'll bring the man shall say it to your face. 452

Mar. No, no, Hodge, 'tis no such thing, 'tis a base lie of farmer Ploughshare's—But I know what makes you false-hearted to me, that you may keep company with young madam's waiting-woman, and I am sure she's no fit body for a poor man's wife.

Hodge. How should you know what she's fit for? She's fit for as much as you, mayhap; don't find fault with your betters, Madge. [*Seeing young Meadows.*] Oh! master Thomas, I have a word or two to say to you; pray did not you go down the village one day last week with a basket of something upon your shoulder?

T. Mea. Well, and what then?

Hodge. Nay, not much, only the ostler at the Green-man was saying, as how there was a passenger at their house as see'd you go by, and said he know'd you; and axt a mort of questions—So I thought I'd tell you.

T. Mea. The devil! ask questions about me! I know nobody in this part of the country; there must be some mistake in it.—Come hither, Hodge.

Mar. A nasty ungrateful fellow, to use me at this rate, after being to him as I have.—Well, well, I wish all poor girls would take warning by my mishap, and never have nothing to say to none of them.

AIR.

How happy were my days, till now!

I ne'er did sorrow feel,

I rose with joy to milk my cow,

480

Or take my spinning-wheel.

My heart was lighter than a fly,

Like any bird I sung,

Till he pretended love, and I

Believ'd his flatt'ring tongue.

*Oh the fool, the silly silly fool,
Who trusts what man may be;
I wish I was a maid again,
And in my own country.*

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SCENE X.

A green with the prospect of a village, and the representation of a statute or fair. Enter JUSTICE WOODCOCK, HAWTHORN, Mrs. DEBORAH WOODCOCK, LUCINDA, ROSSETTA, Young MEADOWS, HODGE, and several country people.

Hodge. This way, your worship, this way. Why don't you stand aside there? Here's his worship a coming.

Countrymen. His worship!

J. Wood. Fye, fye, what a croud's this! Odd, I'll put some of them in the stocks. [*Striking a fellow*] Stand out of the way, sirrah.

Haw. For shame, neighbour. Well, my lad, are you willing to serve the king?

Countryman. Why, can you lift ma! Serve the king, master! no, no, I pay the king, that's enough for me. Ho, ho, ho!

501

Haw. Well said, Sturdy-boots.

J. Wood. Nay, if you talk to them, they'll answer you.

Haw. I would have them do so, I like they should.
—Well, madam, is not this a fine fight? I did not

know my neighbour's estate had been so well peopled.
—Are all these his own tenants?

Mrs. Deb. More than are good of them, Mr. Hawthorn. I don't like to see such a parcel of young hussys fleering with the fellows. 511

Haw. There's a lass [*beck'ning to a country girl.*] Come hither, my pretty maid. What brings you here? [*Chucking her under the chin.*] Do you come to look for a service?

C. Girl. Yes, an't please you.

Haw. Well, and what place are you for?

C. Girl. All work, an't please you.

J. Wood. Ay, ay, I don't doubt it; any work you'll put her to. 520

Mrs. Deb. She looks like a brazen one—Go, hussy.

Haw. Here's another. [*Catching a girl that goes by.*] What health, what bloom!—This is Nature's work; no art, no daubing. Don't be ashamed, child; those cheeks of thine are enough to put a whole drawing-room out of countenance.

SCENE XI.

JUSTICE WOODCOCK, HAWTHORN, *Mrs. DEBORAH WOODCOCK, LUCINDA, ROSSETTA, YOUNG MEADOWS, HODGE, and men and women servants.*

Hodge. Now, your honour, now the sport will come. The gut-scrapers are here, and some among them are going to sing and dance. Why there's not the

like of our statute, mun, in five counties ; others are but fools to it.

Servant-man. Come, good people, make a ring, and stand out, fellow servants, as many of you as are willing, and able to bear a bob. We'll let my masters and mistresses see we can do something at least ; if they won't hire us, it shan't be our fault. Strike up the Servants Medley.

AIR.

HOUSE-MAID.

*I pray ye, gentles, list to me,
I'm young, and strong, and clean you see ;
I'll not turn tail to any foe,* 540
*For work that's in the country.
Of all your house the charge I take,
I wash, I scrub, I brew, I bake ;
And more can do than here I'll speak,
Depending on your bounty.*

FOOTMAN.

*Behold a blade, who knows his trade
In chamber, hall, and entry :
And what tho' here I now appear,
I've serv'd the best of gentry.
A footman would you have* 550
*I can dress, and comb, and serve ;
For I a handy lad am :
On a message I can go,
And slip a billet-doux,
With your humble servant, madam.*

COOK-MAID.

*Who wants a good cook my hand they must cross ;
For plain wholesome dishes I'm ne'er at a loss ;
And what are your soups, your ragouts, and your sauce,
Compar'd to old English roast beef ?*

CARTER.

*If you want a young man, with a true honest heart,
Who knows how to manage a plough and a cart, 561
Here's one for your purpose, come take me and try ;
You'll say you ne'er met with a better nor I,
Ge ho Dobbin, &c.*

CHORUS.

*My masters and mistresses, hither repair ;
What servants you want, you'll find in our fair ;
Men and Maids fit for all sorts of stations there be ;
And, as for the wages, we shan't disagree.*

ACT II. SCENE I.

A Parlour in JUSTICE WOODCOCK'S House.

LUCINDA, EUSTACE.

Lucinda.

WELL, am not I a bold adventurer, to bring you
into my father's house at noon-day ? Though, to say

the truth, we are safer here than in the garden ; for there is not a human creature under the roof besides ourselves.

Eust. Then why not put our scheme into execution this moment ? I have a post-chaise ready.

Luc. Fye : how can you talk so lightly ? I protest I am afraid to have any thing to do with you ; your passion seems too much founded on appetite ; and my aunt Deborah says—

11

Eust. What ! by all the rapture my heart now feels—

Luc. Oh to be sure, promise and vow ; it sounds prettily, and never fails to impose upon a fond female.

AIR.

*We women like weak Indians trade,
Whose judgment tinsel shew decoys ;
Dupes to our folly we are made,
While artful man the gain enjoys : 20
We give our treasure, to be paid
A paltry, poor return ! in toys.*

Eust. Well, I see you've a mind to divert yourself with me ; but I wish I could prevail on you to be a little serious.

Luc. Seriously then, what would you desire me to say ? I have promised to run away with you ; which is as great a concession as any reasonable lover can expect from his mistress.

29

Eust. Yes ; but, you dear provoking angel, you have not told me, when you will run away with me.

Luc. Why that, I confess, requires some consideration.

Eust. Yet remember, while you are deliberating, the season, now so favourable to us, may elapse, never to return.

AIR.

Think, my fairest, how delay

Danger every moment brings ;

Time flies swift, and will away ;

Time that's ever on its wings ;

40

Doubting and suspense at best,

Lovers late repentance cost ;

Let us, eager to be blest,

Seize occasion e'er 'tis lost.

SCENE II.

LUCINDA, EUSTACE, JUSTICE WOODCOCK,

Mrs. DEBORAH WOODCOCK.

J. Wood. Why, here is nothing in the world in this house but cater-wauling from morning till night, nothing but cater-wauling. Hoity toity ; who have we here ?

Luc. My father, and my aunt !

Eust. The devil ! What shall we do ?

50

Luc. Take no notice of them, only observe me. (*Speaks aloud to Eustace.*) Upon my word, Sir, I don't know what to say to it, unless the Justice was at home ;

he is just stepp'd into the village with some company ; but, if you'll sit down a moment, I dare swear he will return—(*pretends to see the Justice*)—O! Sir, here is my papa!

J. Wood. Here is your papa, huffy! Who's this you have got with you? Hark you, sirrah, who are you, ye dog? and what's your business here? 60

Eust. Sir, this is a language I am not used to.

J. Wood. Don't answer me, you rascal—I am a justice of the peace; and if I hear a word out of your mouth, I'll send you to jail, for all your lac'd hat.

Mrs. Deb. Send him to jail, brother, that's right.

J. Wood. And how do you know it's right? How should you know any thing's right?—Sister Deborah, you are never in the right.

Mrs. Deb. Brother, this is the man I have been telling you about so long. 70

J. Wood. What man, goody Wife-acre!

Mrs. Deb. Why, the man your daughter has an intrigue with: but I hope you will not believe it now, though you see it with your own eyes—Come, huffy, confess, and don't let your father make a fool of himself any longer.

Luc. Confess what, aunt? This gentleman is a music-master: he goes about the country, teaching ladies to play and sing; and has been recommended to instruct me: I could not turn him out when he came to offer his service; and did not know what answer to give him till I saw my papa. 82

J. Wood. A music-master!

Eust. Yes, Sir, that's my profession.

Mrs. Deb. It's a lye, young man; it's a lye. Brother, he is no more a music-master, than I am a music-master.

J. Wood. What then, you know better than the fellow himself, do you? and you will be wiser than all the world? 90

Mrs. Deb. Brother, he does not look like a music-master.

J. Wood. He does not look! ha! ha! ha! Was ever such a poor stupe! Well, and what does he look like, then? But I suppose you mean, he is not dressed like a music-master, because of his ruffles, and this bit of garnishing about his coat—which seems to be copper too—Why, you silly wretch, these whippersnappers set up for gentlemen, now-a-days, and give themselves as many airs as if they were people of quality.—Hark you, friend, I suppose you don't come within the vagrant act? You have some settled habitation—Where do you live?

Mrs. Deb. It's an easy matter for him to tell you a wrong place.

J. Wood. Sister Deborah, don't provoke me.

Mrs. Deb. I wish, brother, you would let me examine him a little.

J. Wood. You shan't say a word to him, you shan't say a word to him. 110

Mrs. Deb. She says he was recommended here, brother; ask him by whom?

J. Wood. No, I won't now, because you desire it.

Luc. If my papa did ask the question, aunt, it would be very easily resolved.

Mrs. Deb. Who bid you speak, Mrs. Nimble Chops? I suppose the man has a tongue in his head to answer for himself.

J. Wood. Will nobody stop that prating old woman's mouth for me? Get out of the room. 120

Mrs. Deb. Well, so I can, brother; I don't want to stay: but, remember, I tell you, you will make yourself ridiculous in this affair: for, through your own obstinacy, you will have your daughter run away with, before your face.

J. Wood. My daughter! who will run away with my daughter?

Mrs. Deb. That fellow will.

J. Wood. Go, go, you are a wicked, censorious woman. 130

Luc. Why, sure, madam, you must think me very coming, indeed.

J. Wood. Ay, she judges of others by herself; I remember when she was a girl: her mother dared not trust her the length of her apron-string; she was clambering upon every fellow's back.

Mrs. Deb. I was not.

J. Wood. You were.

Luc. Well, but why so violent?

AIR.

Believe me, dear aunt, 140
If you rave thus, and rant,
You'll never a lover persuade;
The men will all fly,
And leave you to die,
Oh, terrible chance! an old maid.

*How happy the last,
Must she come to this pass,
Who ancient virginity 'scapes!
'Twere better on earth
Have five brats at a birth,
Than in hell be a leader of apes.*

SCENE III.

JUSTICE WOODCOCK, LUCINDA, EUSTACE.

J. Wood. Well done, Lucy, send her about her business; a troublesome, foolish creature, does she think I want to be directed by her?—Come hither, my lad, you look tolerable honest.

Eust. I hope, sir, I shall never give you cause to alter your opinion.

J. Wood. No, no, I am not easily deceived, I am generally pretty right in my conjectures.—You must know, I had once a little notion of music myself, and learned upon the fiddle; I could play the Trumpet Minuet, and Buttered Peas, and two or three tunes. I remember, when I was in London, about thirty years ago, there was a song, a great favourite at our club at Nando's coffee-house; Jack Pickle used to sing it for us, a droll fish! but 'tis an old thing, I dare swear you have heard of it often.

AIR.

*When I followed a lass that was froward and sly,
Oh! I stuck to her stuff, till I made her comply;*

Oh! I took her so lovingly round the waist, 170

And I smack'd her lips and held her fast:

When hugg'd and haul'd,

She squeal'd and squall'd;

But, though she vow'd all I did was in vain,

Yet I pleas'd her so well that she bore it again:

Then hoity, toity,

Whisking, and frisking,

Green was her gown upon the grass;

Oh! such were the joys of our dancing days.

Eust. Very well, Sir, upon my word.

J. Wood No, no, I forget all those things now; but I could do a little at them once;—Well, stay and eat your dinner, and we'll talk about your teaching the girl—Lucy, take your master to your spinnet, and shew him what you can do—I must go and give some orders; *then hoity, toity, &c.*

SCENE IV.

LUCINDA, EUSTACE.

Luc. My sweet, pretty papa, your most obedient humble servant; hah, hah, hah! was ever so whimsical an accident? Well, sir, what do you think of this? 190

Eust. Think of it! I am in a maze.

Luc. O your awkwardness! I was frightened out of my wits, lest you should not take the hint; and, if I had not turned matters so cleverly, we should have been utterly undone.

Eust. 'Sdeath! why should you bring me into the house? we could expect nothing else: besides, since they did surprize us, it would have been better to have discovered the truth. 199

Luc. Yes, and never have seen one another afterwards. I know my father better than you do; he has taken it into his head, I have no inclination for a husband; and let me tell you, that is our best security; for if once he has said a thing, he will not be easily persuaded to the contrary.

Eust. And pray what am I to do now?

Luc. Why, as I think all danger is pretty well over, since he hath invited you to dinner with him, stay; only be cautious of your behaviour; and, in the mean time, I will consider what is next to be done.

Eust. Had not I better go to your father?

Luc. Do so, while I endeavour to recover myself a little out of the flurry this affair has put me in.

Eust. Well, but what sort of a parting is this, without so much as your servant, or good bye to you? No ceremony at all? Can you afford me no token to keep up my spirits till I see you again?

Luc. Ah, childish!

Eust. My angel! 219

AIR.

Eust. *Let rakes and libertines, resign'd*

To sensual pleasures, range!

Here all the sex's charms I find,

And ne'er can cool or change.

Luc. *Let vain coquets and prudes conceal
 What most their hearts desire ;
 With pride my passion I reveal,
 Oh ! may it ne'er expire.*

Both. *The sun shall cease to spread its light,
 The stars their orbits leave,
 And fair creation sink in night,
 When I my dear deceive.*

SCENE V.

A Garden.

Enter ROSSETTA, musing.

Ros. If ever poor creature was in a pitiable condition, surely I am. The devil take this fellow, I cannot get him out of my head ; and yet I would fain persuade myself I don't care for him ; well but surely I am not in love : let me examine my heart a little : I saw him kissing one of the maids the other day ; I could have boxed his ears for it, and have done nothing but find fault and quarrel with the girl ever since. Why was I uneasy at his toying with another woman ? what was it to me ?—Then I dream of him almost every night—but that may proceed from his being generally uppermost in my thoughts all day : Oh ! worse and worse !—Well, he is certainly a pretty lad ; he has something uncommon about him, considering his rank ;—And now, let me only put the case, if he was not a servant, would I, or would I not, prefer him to all the men I ever saw ? Why, to

be sure, if he was not a servant—In short, I'll ask myself no more questions, for the further I examine, the less reason I shall have to be satisfied. 251

AIR.

How blest'st the maid, whose bosom

No head-strong passion knows ;

Her days in joy she passes,

Her nights in calm repose.

Where'er her fancy leads her,

No pain, no fear invades her ;

But pleasure,

Without measure,

From ev'ry object flows. 260

SCENE VI.

YOUNG MEADOWS, ROSSETTA.

Y. Mea. Do you come into the garden, Mrs. Rossetta, to put my lilies and roses out of countenance ; or, to save me the trouble of watering my flowers, by reviving them ? The sun seems to have hid himself a little, to give you an opportunity of supplying his place.

Ros. Where could he get that now ? he never read it in the Academy of Compliments.

Y. Mea. Come, don't affect to treat me with contempt ; I can suffer any thing better than that ; in short, I love you ; there is no more to be said : I am angry with myself for it, and strive all I can against it ; but, in spite of myself, I love you.

AIR.

*In vain, I ev'ry art essay,
To pluck the venom'd shaft away,
That rankles in my heart;
Deep in the centre fix'd and bound—
My efforts but enlarge the wound,
And fiercer make the smart.*

279

Ros. Really, Mr. Thomas, this is very improper language; it is what I don't understand; I can't suffer it, and, in short, I don't like it.

T. Mea. Perhaps you don't like me.

Ros. Well, perhaps I don't.

T. Mea. Nay, but 'tis not so; come, confess you love me.

Ros. Confess! indeed I shall confess no such thing: besides, to what purpose should I confess it?

T. Mea. Why, as you say, I don't know to what purpose; only, it would be a satisfaction to me to hear you say so; that's all.

Ros. Why, if I did love you, I can assure you, you wou'd never be the better for it—Women are apt enough to be weak; we cannot always answer for our inclinations, but it is in our power not to give way to them; and, if I was so silly; I say, if I was so indiscreet, which I hope I am not, as to entertain an improper regard, when people's circumstances are quite unsuitable, and there are obstacles in the way that cannot be surmounted—

301

Y. Mea. Oh ! to be sure, Mrs. Rossetta, to be sure : you are entirely in the right of it—I—know very well, you and I can never come together.

Ros. Well then, since that is the case, as I assure you it is, I think we had better behave accordingly.

Y. Mea. Suppose we make a bargain, then, never to speak to one another any more ?

Ros. With all my heart.

Y. Mea. Nor look at, nor, if possible, think of, one another ? 311

Ros. I am very willing.

Y. Mea. And, as long as we stay in the house together, never to take any notice ?

Ros. It is the best way.

Y. Mea. Why, I believe it is—Well, Mrs. Rossetta—

AIR.

Ros. Begone—I agree

From this moment we're free :

Already the matter I've sworn : 320

Y. Mea. Yet let me complain

Of the fates that ordain—

A trial so hard to be borne.

Ros. When things are not fit,

We should calmly submit ;

No cure in reluctance we find :

Y. Mea. Then thus I obey,

Tear your image away,

And banish you quite from my mind. 329

Ros. Well, now, I think, I am somewhat easier : I am glad I have come to this explanation with him, because it puts an end to things at once.

T. Mea. Hold, Mrs. Rossetta, pray stay a moment—The airs this girl gives herself are intolerable : I find now the cause of her behaviour ; she despises the meanness of my condition, thinking a gardener below the notice of a lady's waiting-woman ; 'sdeath, I have a good mind to discover myself to her.

Ros. Poor wretch ! he does not know what to make of it : I believe he is heartily mortified, but I must not pity him. 341

T. Mea. It shall be so : I will discover myself to her, and leave the house directly.—Mrs. Rossetta—*[starting back.]*—Pox on it, yonder's the Justice come into the garden !

Ros. O Lord ! he will walk round this way ; pray go about your business ; I would not for the world he should see us together.

T. Mea. The devil take him : he's gone across the parterre, and can't hobble here this half hour : I must and will have a little conversation with you.

Ros. Some other time.

T. Mea. This evening, in the green-house, at the lower end of the canal ; I have something to communicate to you of importance. Will you meet me there ?

Ros. Meet you !

T. Mea. Ay ; I have a secret to tell you ; and I swear, from that moment, there shall be an end of every thing betwixt us. 360

Ros. Well, well, pray leave me now.

T. Mea. You'll come then?

Ros. I don't know, perhaps I may:

T. Mea. Nay, but promise.

Ros. What signifies promising; I may break my promise—but, I tell you, I will.

T. Mea. Enough—Yet, before I leave you, let me desire you to believe I love you more than ever man loved woman; and that when I relinquish you, I give up all that can make my life supportable. 370

AIR.

Oh! how shall I, in language weak,

My ardent passion tell;

Or form my fault'ring tongue to speak,

That cruel word, Farewel?

Farewel—but know, tho' thus we part,

My thoughts can never stray:

Go where I will, my constant heart

Must with my charmer stay. 378

SCENE VII.

ROSSETTA, JUSTICE WOODCOCK.

Ros. What can this be that he wants to tell me? I have a strange curiosity to hear it, methinks—well—

J. Wood. Hem! hem! Rossetta!

Ros. So, I thought the devil would throw him in my way; now for a courtship of a different kind; but I'll give him a surfeit—Did you call me, Sir?

J. Wood. Ay, where are you running so fast!

Ros. I was only going into the house, Sir.

J. Wood. Well, but come here : come here, I say.

[*Looking about.*] How do you do, Rossetta?

Ros. Thank you, sir, pretty well.

J. Wood. Why you look as fresh and bloomy to-day—Adad, you little slut, I believe you are painted.

Ros. O sir! you are pleased to compliment. 392

J. Wood. Adad, I believe you are—let me try—

Ros. Lord, sir!

J. Wood. What brings you into this garden so often, Rossetta? I hope you don't get eating green fruit and trash; or have you a hankering after some lover in dowlas, who spoils my trees by engraving true-lovers knots on them, with your horn and buck-handled knives? I see your name written upon the ceiling of the servants hall, with the smoak of a candle; and I suspect——

Ros. Not me, I hope, sir—No, sir; I am of another guess mind, I assure you; for, I have heard say, men are false and fickle——

J. Wood. Ay, that's your flanting, idle, young fellows; so they are: and they are so damn'd impudent, I wonder a woman will have any thing to say to them; besides, all that they want is something to brag of, and tell again. 410

Ros. Why, I own, Sir, if ever I was to make a slip, it should be with an elderly gentleman—about seventy, or seventy-five years of age.

J. Wood. No, child, that's out of reason; though I have known many a man turned of three-score with a hale constitution.

Ros. Then, Sir, he should be troubled with the gout, have a good strong, substantial, winter cough—and I should not like him the worse—if he had a small touch of the rheumatism. 420

J. Wood. Pho, pho, Rossetta, this is jesting.

Ros. No, Sir, every body has a taste, and I have mine.

J. Wood. Well, but Rossetta, have you thought of what I was saying to you?

Ros. What was it, Sir?

J. Wood. Ah! you know, you know, well enough, huffy.

Ros. Dear sir, consider “my soul; would you have “me endanger my soul?

J. Wood. “No, no—Repent.

Ros. “Besides, Sir, consider,” what has a poor servant to depend on but her character? And, I have heard, you gentlemen will talk one thing before, and another after.

J. Wood. I tell you again, these are the idle, flashy young dogs: but when you have to do with a staid, sober man——

Ros. And a magistrate, sir!

J. Wood. Right; it’s quite a different thing—— Well, shall we, Rossetta, shall we?

Ros. Really, Sir, I don’t know what to say to it.

AIR.

Young I am, and sore afraid:

Wou’d you hurt a harmless maid?

Lead an innocent astray?

Tempt me not, kind Sir, I pray.

*Men too often we believe ;
And, should you my faith deceive,
Ruin first and then forsake,
Sure my tender heart wou'd break.*

450

J. Wood. Why, you silly girl, I won't do you any harm.

Ros. Won't you, Sir ?

J. Wood. Not I.

Ros. But won't you indeed, Sir ?

J. Wood. Why I tell you I won't.

Ros. Ha, ha, ha !

J. Wood. Huffy, Huffy !

Ros. Ha, ha, ha !—Your servant, Sir, your servant.

460

J. Wood. Why, you impudent, audacious—

SCENE VIII.

JUSTICE WOODCOCK, HAWTHORN !

Haw. So, so, justice at odds with gravity ! his worship playing at romps !—Your servant, sir.

J. Wood. Haw : friend Hawthorn !

Haw. I hope I don't spoil sport, neighbour : I thought I had the glimpse of a petticoat as I came in here.

J. Wood. Oh ! the maid. Ay, she has been gathering a fallad—But come hither, master Hawthorn, and I'll shew you some alterations I intend to make in my garden.

471

Haw. No, no, I am no judge of it; besides, I want to talk to you a little more about this—Tell me, Sir Justice, were you helping your maid to gather a fallad here, or consulting her taste in your improvements, eh? Ha, ha, ha! Let me see, all among the roses; egad, I like your notion: but you look a little blank upon it: you are ashamed of the business, then, are you?

479

AIR.

*Oons! neighbour ne'er blush for a trifle like this;
 What harm with a fair one to toy and to kiss?
 The greatest and gravest—a truce with grimace—
 Would do the same thing, were they in the same place.*

*No age, no profession, no station is free;
 To sovereign beauty mankind bends the knee:
 That power, resistless, no strength can oppose,
 We all love a pretty girl—under the rose.*

J. Wood. I profess, master Hawthorn, this is all Indian, all Cherokee language to me; I don't understand a word of it.

490

Haw. No, may be not: well, Sir, will you read this letter, and try whether you can understand that? it is just brought by a servant, who stays for an answer.

J. Wood. A letter, and to me? [*taking the letter.*] Yes, it is to me; and yet I am sure it comes from no correspondent, that I know of. Where are my spectacles? not but I can see very well without them,

master Hawthorn ; but this seems to be a sort of a crabbed hand.

500

SIR,

I am ashamed of giving you this trouble ; but, I am informed there is an unthinking boy, a son of mine, now disguised and in your service, in the capacity of a gardener : Tom is a little wild, but an honest lad, and no fool either, though I am his father that say it. Tom—oh, this is Thomas, our gardener ; I always thought that he was a better man's child than he appeared to be, though I never mentioned it.

Haw. Well, well, Sir, pray let's hear the rest of the letter.

511

J. Wood. Stay, where is the place ? Oh, here :—*I am come in quest of my run-away, and write this at an inn in your village, while I am swallowing a morsel of dinner : because, not having the pleasure of your acquaintance, I did not care to intrude, without giving you notice (Whoever this person is, he understands good manners). I beg leave to wait on you, Sir ; but desire you would keep my arrival a secret, particularly from the young man.*

520

WILLIAM MEADOWS.

I'll assure you, a very well worded, civil letter. Do you know any thing of the person who writes it, neighbour ?

Haw. Let me consider—Meadows—by dad I believe it is Sir William Meadows of Northamptonshire ; and, now I remember, I heard, sometime ago, that

the heir of that family had absconded, on account of a marriage that was disagreeable to him. It is a good many years since I have seen Sir William, but we were once well acquainted : and, if you please, Sir, I will go and conduct him to the house.

J. Wood. Do so, master Hawthorn, do so— But, pray what sort of a man is this Sir William Meadows ? Is he a wise man ?

Haw. There is no occasion for a man that has five thousand pounds a year, to be a conjuror ; but I suppose you ask that question because of this story about his son ; taking it for granted, that wise parents make wise children.

540

J. Wood. No doubt of it, master Hawthorn, no doubt of it—I warrant we shall find now, that this young rascal has fallen in love with some mynx, against his father's consent—Why Sir, if I had as many children as king Priam had, that we read of at school, in the destruction of Troy, not one of them should serve me so.

Haw. Well, well, neighbour, perhaps not ; but we should remember when we were young ourselves ; and I was as likely to play an old don such a trick in my day, as e'er a spark in the hundred ; nay between you and me, I had done it once, had the wench been as willing as I.

AIR.

*My Dolly was the fairest thing !
Her breath disclos'd the sweets of spring ;*

*And if for summer you wou'd seek,
'Twas painted in her eye, her cheek;
Her swelling bosom, tempting ripe,
Of fruitful autumn was the type:
But, when my tender tale I told,
I found her heart was winter cold.*

566

J. Wood. Ah, you were always a scape-grace rattle-cap.

Haw. Odds heart, neighbour Woodcock, don't tell me, young fellows will be young fellows, though we preach till we're hoarse again; and so there's an end on't.

SCENE IX.

JUSTICE WOODCOCK'S Hall.

HODGE, MARGERY.

Hodge. So, mistress, who let you in?

Mar. Why, I let myself in.

Hodge. Indeed! Marry come up! why, then pray let yourself out again. Times are come to a pretty pass; I think you might have had the manners to knock at the door first—What does the wench stand for?

Mar. I want to know if his worship's at home.

Hodge. Well, what's your business with his worship?

Mar. Perhaps you will hear that—Look ye, Hodge, it does not signify talking, I am come, once for all, to know what you intends to do ; for I won't be made a fool of any longer. 581

Hodge. You won't.

Mar. No, that's what I won't, by the best man that ever wore a head ; I am the make-game of the whole village upon your account ; and I'll try whether your master gives you toleration in your doings.

Hodge. You will ?

Mar. Yes that's what I will ; his worship shall be acquainted with all your pranks, and see how you will like to be sent for a soldier. 590

Hodge. There's the door ; take a friend's advice and go about your business.

Mar. My business is with his worship ; and I won't go till I sees him.

Hodge. Look you, Madge, if you make any of your orations here, never stir if I don't set the dogs at you—Will you be gone ?

Mar. I won't.

Hodge. Here Towzer, [*whistling.*] whu, whu, whu.

AIR.

Was ever poor fellow so plagu'd with a vixen ? 600

*Zarwns ! Madge don't provoke me, but mind what I say ;
You've chose a wrong parson for playing your tricks on,
So pack up your alls and be trudging away :*

You'd better be quiet,

And not breed a riot ;

S'blood, must I stand prating with you here all day ?

Pve got other matters to mind;

May hap you may think me an afs;

But to the contrary you'll find:

A fine piece of work by the mafs! 610

SCENE X.

ROSSETTA, HODGE, MARGERY.

Ros. Sure I heard the voice of discord here—as I live, an admirer of mine, and, if I mistake not, a rival—I'll have some sport with them—how now, fellow-servant, what's the matter?

Hodge. Nothing, Mrs. Rossetta, only this young woman wants to speak with his worship—Madge follow me.

Mar. No, Hodge, this is your fine madam; but I am as good flesh and blood as she, and have as clear a skin too, tho'f I mayn't go so gay; and now she's here, I'll tell her a piece of my mind. 621

Hodge. Hold your tongue, will you?

Mar. No, I'll speak if I die for it.

Ros. What's the matter, I say?

Hodge. Why nothing I tell you;—Madge—

Mar. Yes, but it is something, it's all along of she, and she may be ashamed of herself.

Ros. Bless me, child, do you direct your discourse to me? 629

Mar. Yes, I do, and to nobody else; there was not a kinder soul breathing than he was till of late; I had

never a cross word from him till he kept you company ; but all the girls about say, there is no such thing as keeping a sweetheart for you.

Ros. Do you hear this, friend Hodge ?

Hodge. Why, you don't mind she, I hope ; but if that vexes her, I do like you, I do ; my mind runs upon nothing else ; and if so be as you was agreeable to it, I would marry you to-night, before to-morrow. 640

Mar. You're a nasty monkey, you are parjur'd, you know you are, and you deserve to have your eyes tore out.

Hodge. Let me come at her—I'll teach you to call names, and abuse folk.

Mar. Do ; strike me ;—you a man !

Ros. Hold, hold—we shall have a battle here presently, and I may chance to get my cap tore off—Never exasperate a jealous woman, 'tis taking a mad bull by the horns—Leave me to manage her. 650

Hodge. You manage her ! I'll kick her.

Ros. No, no, it will be more for my credit, to get the better of her by fair means—I warrant I'll bring her to reason.

Hodge. Well, do so then—But may I depend upon you ? when shall I speak to the parson ?

Ros. We'll talk of that another time—Go.

Hodge. Madge, good bye.

Ros. The brutality of this fellow shocks me !—Oh man, man—you are all alike—A bumkin here, bred at the barn-door ! had he been brought up in a court, could he have been more fashionably vicious ; shew

me the lord, 'squire, colonel, or captain of them all,
can out-do him.

AIR.

*Cease, gay seducer, pride to take,
In triumphs o'er the fair ;
Since clowns as well can act the rake,
As those in higher sphere.*

*Where then to shun a shameful fate
Shall helpless beauty go ?
In ev'ry rank, in ev'ry state,
Poor woman finds a foe.*

670

SCENE XI.

ROSSETTA, MARGERY.

Mar. I am ready to burst, I can't stay in the place
any longer.

Ros. Hold, child, come hither.

Mar. Don't speak to me, don't you.

Ros. Well, but I have something to say to you of
consequence, and that will be for your good ; I sup-
pose this fellow promised you marriage.

Mar. Ay, or he should never have prevail'd upon
me.

681

Ros. Well, now you see the ill consequence of trust-
ing to such promises : when once a man hath cheat-
ed a woman of her virtue, she has no longer hold of

him ; he despises her for wanting that which he hath robb'd her of ; and, like a lawless conqueror, triumphs in the ruin he hath occasioned.

Mar. Nan !

Ros. However, I hope the experience you have got, though somewhat dearly purchased, will be of use to you for the future ; and, as to any designs I have upon the heart of your lover, you may make yourself easy, for I assure you, I shall be no dangerous rival ; so go your ways and be a good girl.

Mar. Yes—I don't very well understand her talk, but I suppose that's as much as to say she'll keep him herself ; well let her, who cares ? I don't fear getting better nor he is any day of the year, for the matter of that ; and I have a thought come into my head that, may be, will be more to my advantage. 700

AIR.

*Since Hodge proves ungrateful, no further I'll seek,
But go up to the town in the waggon next week ;
A service in London is no such disgrace,
And Register's office will get me a place :
Bet Blossom went there and soon met with a friend ;
Folks say in her silks she's now standing an end !
Then why should not I the same maxim pursue,
And better my fortune as other girls do ?*

SCENE XII.

Enter ROSSETTA and LUCINDA.

Ros. Ha ! ha ! ha ! Oh admirable, most delectably ridiculous. And so your father is content he should be a music-master, and will have him such, in spite of all your aunt can say to the contrary ?

Luc. My father and he, child, are the best companions you ever saw : and have been singing together the most hideous duets ? Bobbing Joan, and Old Sir Simon the King : Heaven knows where Eustace could pick them up ; but he has gone thro' half the contents of Pills to purge Melancholy with him. 719

Ros. And have you resolved to take wing to-night.

Luc. This very night, my dear : my swain will go from hence this evening, but no farther than the inn, where he has left his horses ; and, at twelve precisely, he will be with a post-chaise at the little gate that opens from the lawn into the road, where I have promised to meet him.

Ros. Then depend upon it, I'll bear you company. 729

Luc. We shall slip out when the family are asleep, and I have prepared Hodge already. Well, I hope we shall be happy.

Ros. Never doubt it.

AIR.

*In love should there meet a fond pair,
Untutor'd by fashion or art ;
Whose wishes are warm and sincere,
Whose words are th' excess of the heart :*

*If ought of substantial delight,
On this side the stars can be found,
'Tis sure when that couple unite,
And Cupid by Hymen is crown'd.*

740

SCENE XIII.

ROSSETTA, LUCINDA, HAWTHORN.

Haw. Lucy, where are you ?*Luc.* Your pleasure, sir.*Ros.* Mr. Hawthorn, your servant.*Haw.* What my little water-wagtail !—The very couple I wish'd to meet : come hither both of you.*Ros.* Now, Sir, what would you say to both of us ?*Haw.* Why, let me look at you a little—have you got on your best gowns, and your best faces ? If not, go and trick yourselves out directly, for I'll tell you a secret—there will be a young batchelor in the house, within these three hours, that may fall to the share of one of you, if you look sharp—but whether mistress or maid——

Ros. Ay, marry, this is something; but how do you know whether either mistress or maid will think him worth acceptance?

Haw. Follow me, follow me; I warrant you.

Luc. I can assure you, Mr. Hawthorn, I am very difficult to please.

Ros. And so am I, Sir.

Haw. Indeed!

AIR.

*Well come, let us hear what the swain must possess
Who may hope at your feet to implore with success?*

Ros. *He must be first of all
 Straight, comely, and tall:*

Luc. *Neither awkward,*

Ros. *Nor foolish,*

Luc. *Nor apish,*

Ros. *Nor mulish,*

*Luc. } *Nor yet should his fortune be small.**

Haw. *What think'st of a captain?*

Luc. *All bluster and wounds!*

Haw. *What think'st of a 'squire?*

Ros. *To be left for his hounds.*

*Luc. } *The youth that is form'd to my mind,
 Must be gentle, obliging and kind;**

Of all things in nature love me;

*Ros. } *Have sense both to speak and to see—
 Yet sometimes be silent and blind.**

Haw. } 'Fore George a most rare matrimonial receipt ;
 Ros. } Observe it, ye fair, in the choice of a mate ;
 Luc. } Remember, 'tis wedlock determines your fate

ACT III. SCENE I.

A parlour in JUSTICE WOODCOCK'S house. Enter Sir WILLIAM MEADOWS, followed by HAWTHORN.

Sir William.

WELL, this is excellent, this is mighty good, this is mighty merry, faith ; ha ! ha ! ha ! was ever the like heard of ? that my boy, Tom, should run away from me, for fear of being forced to marry a girl he never saw ? that she should scamper from her father, for fear of being forced to marry him ; and that they should run into one another's arms this way in disguise, by mere accident ; against their consents, and without knowing it, as a body may say ! May I never do an ill turn, master Hawthorn, if it is not one of the oddest adventures partly—

Haw. Why, Sir William, it is a romance ; a novel ; a pleasanter history by half, than the loves of Dorastus and Faunia : we shall have ballads made of it within these two months, setting forth, how a young 'squire became a serving man of low degree ; and it will be stuck up with Margaret's Ghost and the Spanish Lady, against the walls of every cottage in the country.

Sir Will. But what pleases me best of all, master Hawthorn, is the ingenuity of the girl. May I never do an ill turn, when I was called out of the room, and the servant said she wanted to speak to me, if I knew what to make on't: but when the little gipsy took me aside, and told me her name, and how matters stood, I was quite astonished, as a body may say; and could not believe it partly; 'till her young friend that she is with here, assured me of the truth on't: Indeed, at last, I began to recollect her face, though I have not set eyes on her before, since she was the height of a full-grown grey-hound. 31

Haw. Well, Sir William, your son as yet knows nothing of what has happened, nor of your being come hither; and, if you'll follow my counsel, we'll have some sport with him.—He and his mistress were to meet in the garden this evening by appointment, she's gone to dress herself in all her airs; will you let me direct your proceedings in this affair? 38

Sir Will. With all my heart, master Hawthorn, with all my heart, do what you will with me, say what you please for me; I am so overjoyed, and so happy—And may I never do an ill turn, but I am very glad to see you too; ay, and partly as much pleased at that as any thing else, for we have been merry together before now, when we were some years younger: well; and how has the world gone with you, master Hawthorn, since we saw one another last? 41

Haw. Why, pretty well, Sir William, I have no reason to complain: every one has a mixture of sour with his sweets: but, in the main, I believe, I have done in a degree as tolerably as my neighbours. 51

AIR.

*The world is a well furnish'd table,
Where guests are promisc'ously set ;
We all fare as well as we're able,
And scramble for what we can get,
My simile holds to a tittle,
Some gorge, while some scarce have a taste ;
But if I'm content with a little,
Enough is as good as a feast.*

59

SCENE II.

Sir WILLIAM MEADOWS, HAWTHORN, ROSSETTA.

Ros. Sir William, I beg pardon for detaining you, but I have had so much difficulty in adjusting my borrowed plumes.—

Sir Will. May I never do an ill turn but they fit you to a T, and you look very well, so you do : Cocks-bones, how your father will chuckle when he comes to hear this !—Her father, master Hawthorn, is as worthy a man as lives by bread, and has been almost out of his senses for the loss of her—But tell me, hussy, has not this been all a scheme, a piece of conjuration between you and my son ? Faith, I am half persuaded it has, it looks so like hocus-pocus as a body may say.

72

Ros. Upon my honour, Sir William, what has happened, has been the mere effect of chance ; I came hither unknown to your son, and he unknown to me :

I never in the least suspected that Thomas the gardener was other than his appearance spoke him ; and least of all, that he was a person with whom I had so close a connection. Mr. Hawthorn can testify the astonishment I was in when he first informed me of it ; but I thought it was my duty to come to an immediate explanation with you. 82

Sir Will. Is not she a neat wench, master Hawthorn ? May I never do an ill turn but she is—But you little plaguy devil, how came this love affair between you ?

Ros. I have told you the whole truth very ingenuously, Sir : since your son and I have been fellow-servants, as I may call it, in this house, I have had more than reason to suspect he had taken a liking to me ; and I will own with equal frankness, had I not looked upon him as a person so much below me, I should have had no objection to receiving his courtship. 93

Haw. Well said, by the lord Harry, all above board, fair and open.

Ros. Perhaps I may be censured by some for this candid declaration ; but I love to speak my sentiments ; and I assure you, Sir William, in my opinion, I should prefer a gardener with your son's good qualities, to a knight of the shire without them. 100

AIR.

'Tis not wealth, it is not birth,

Can value to the soul convey ;

Minds possess superior worth,

Which chance nor gives, nor takes away.

*Like the sun true Merit sheaws ;
By nature warm, by nature bright ;
With inbred flames he nobly glows,
Nor needs the aid of borrow'd light.*

Haw. Well, but, Sir, we lose time—is not this about the hour appointed to meet in the garden ?

Ros. Pretty near it.

111

Haw. Oons then, what do we stay for ? Come, my old friend, come along, and by the way we will consult how to manage your interview.

Sir Will. Ay, but I must speak a word or two to my man about the horses first.

SCENE III.

ROSSETTA, HODGE.

Ros. Well—What's the business ?

Hodge. Madam—Mercy on us, I crave pardon !

Ros. Why, Hodge, don't you know me ?

119

Hodge. Mrs. Rossetta !

Ros. Ay.

Hodge. Know you ! ecod I don't know whether I do or not : never stir, if I did not think it was some lady belonging to the strange gentlefolks : why, you be'nt dizen'd this way to go to the statute dance presently, be you ?

Ros. Have patience and you'll see:—but is there any thing amiss that you came in so abruptly?

Hodge. Amiss! why there's ruination.

Ros. How?—where?

130

Hodge. Why, with Miss Lucinda: her aunt has catch'd she and the gentleman above stairs, and overheard all their love discourse.

Ros. You don't say so!

Hodge. Ecod, I had like to have pop'd in among them this instant; but, by good luck, I heard Mrs. Deborah's voice, and run down again, as fast as ever my legs could carry me.

Ros. Is your master in the house?

Hodge. What, his worship! no, no, he is gone into the fields to talk with the reapers and people.

141

Ros. Poor Lucinda, I wish I could go up to her, but I am so engaged with my own affairs——

Hodge. Mistress Rossetta.

Ros. Well.

Hodge. Odds bobs, I must have one smack of your sweet lips.

Ros. Oh stand off, you know I never allow liberties.

Hodge. Nay, but why so coy, there's reason in roasting of eggs; I would not deny you such a thing.

151

Ros. That's kind: ha, ha, ha—But what will become of Lucinda? Sir William waits for me, I must be gone. Friendship, a moment by your leave; yet as our sufferings have been mutual, so shall our joys; I already lose the remembrance of all former pains and anxieties.

AIR.

*The traveller benighted,
And led thro' weary ways,
The lamp of day new lighted,
With joy the dawn surveys.*

160

*The rising prospects viewing,
Each look is forward cast;
He smiles, his course pursuing,
Nor thinks of what is past.*

SCENE IV.

HODGE, Mrs. DEBORAH WOODCOCK, LUCINDA.

Hodge. Hift, ftay! don't I hear a noife?

Luc. (within) Well, but dear, dear aunt——

Mrs. Deb. (within) You need not fpeak to me,
for it does not fignify.

Hodge. Adwawns, they are coming here! ecod I'll
get out of the way—Murrain take it, this door is
bolted now—So, fo. 172

Mrs. Deb. Get along, get along; (*Driving in Lucinda before her*) you are a fcandal to the name of
Woodcock; but I was refolved to find out, for I have
fufpected you a great while, though your father, filly
man, will have you fuch a poor innocent.

Luc. What fhall I do?

Mrs. Deb. I was determined to difcover what you
and your pretended mufic-mafter were about, and lay

in wait on purpose : I believe he thought to escape me, by slipping into the closet when I knocked at the door ; but I was even with him, for now I have him under lock and key, and please the fates there he shall remain till your father comes in : I will convince him of his error, whether he will or not.

Luc. You won't be so cruel, I am sure you won't : I thought I had made you my friend by telling you the truth. 189

Mrs. Deb. Telling me the truth, quotha ! did I not over-hear your scheme of running away to-night, thro' the partition ? did not I find the very bundles pack'd up in the room with you ready for going off ? No, brazenface, I found out the truth by my own sagacity, tho' your father says I am a fool, but now we'll be judged who is the greatest.—And you, Mr. Rascal, my brother shall know what an honest servant he has got.

Hodge. Madam !

Mrs. Deb. You were to have been aiding and assisting them in their escape, and have been the go-between, it seems, the letter-carrier ! 202

Hodge. Who, me, madam !

Mrs. Deb. Yes, you, firrah.

Hodge. Miss Lucinda, did I ever carry a letter for you ? I'll make my affidavit before his worship—

Mrs. Deb. Go, go, you are a villain, hold your tongue.

Luc. I own, aunt, I have been very faulty in this affair ; I don't pretend to excuse myself ; but we are all subject to frailties ; consider that, and judge of

me by yourself; you were once young, and inexperienced as I am.

AIR.

If ever a fond inclination

Rose in your bosom to rob you of rest,

Reflect with a little compassion,

On the soft pangs, which prevail'd in my breast.

Oh where, where would you fly me?

Can you deny me thus torn and distressed?

Think, when my lover was by me, 220

Wou'd I, how cou'd I, refuse his request?

Kneeling before you, let me implore you;

Look on me sighing, crying, dying;

Ah! is there no language can move?

If I have been too complying,

Hard was the conflict 'twixt duty and love.

Mrs. Deb. This is mighty pretty romantic stuff! but you learn it out of your play-books and novels. Girls in my time had other employments, we worked at our needles, and kept ourselves from idle thoughts: before I was your age, I had finished with my own fingers a complete set of chairs, and a fire-screen in tent-stitch; four counterpanes in Marseilles quilting; and the creed and the ten commandments, in the hair of our family: it was fram'd and glaz'd, and hung over the parlour chimney-piece, and your poor dear grandfather was prouder of it than of e'er a picture in his house. I never looked into a book, but when I said my prayers, except it was the Complete House-

wife, or the great family receipt book : whereas you are always at your studies ! Ah, I never knew a woman come to good, that was fond of reading.

Luc. Well, pray, madam, let me prevail on you to give me the key to let Mr. Eustace out, and I promise, I never will proceed a step farther in this business, without your advice and approbation.

Mrs. Deb. Have not I told you already my resolution ?—Where are my clogs and my bonnet ? I'll go out to my brother in the fields ; I'm a fool, you know, child, now let's see what the wits will think of themselves—Don't hold me—

251

Luc. I'm not going ;—I have thought of a way to be even with you, so you may do as you please.

SCENE V.

HODGE.

Well, I thought it would come to this, I'll be shot if I didn't—So here's a fine job—But what can they do to me—They can't send me to jail for carrying a letter, seeing there was no treason in it ; and how was I obligated to know my master did not allow of their meetings :—The worst they can do, is to turn me off, and I am sure the place is no such great purchase—indeed, I should be sorry to leave Mrs. Rossetta, seeing as how matters are so near being brought to an end betwixt us ; but she and I may keep company all as one ; and I find Madge has been speaking with Gaffer Broadwheels, the waggoner, about her carriage

up to London : so that I have got rid of she, and I am sure I have reason to be main glad of it, for she led me a wearisome life—But that's the way of them all.

262

AIR.

*A plague on those wenches, they make such a pother,
When once they have let'n a man have his will ;
They're always a whining for something or other,
And cry he's unkind in his carriage.
What tho'f he speaks them ne'er so fairly,
Still they keep teasing, teasing on :*

*You cannot persuade 'em
'Till promise you've made 'em ;
And after they've got it,
They tell you——add rot it,
Their character's blasted, they're ruin'd, undone :
Then to be sure, Sir,
There is but one cure, Sir,
And all their discourse is of marriage.*

270

SCENE VI.*A Greenhouse.**Enter YOUNG MEADOWS.*

Y. Mea. I am glad I had the precaution to bring this suit of clothes in my bundle, though I hardly know myself in them again, they appear so strange, and feel so unwieldy. However, my gardener's

jacket goes on no more.—I wonder this girl does not come [*looking at his watch*]. perhaps she won't come —Why then I'll go into the village, take a post-chaise and depart without any farther ceremony.

AIR.

*How much superior beauty awes,
The coldest bosoms find;
But with resistless force it draws,
To sense and sweetness join'd.*

*The casket, where, to outward shew,
The workman's art is seen,
Is doubly valu'd, when we know
It holds a gem within.*

290

Hark! she comes.

SCENE VII.

Enter Sir WILLIAM MEADOWS and HAWTHORN.

Y. Mea. Confusion! my father! What can this mean?

Sir Will. Tom, are not you a sad boy, Tom, to bring me a hundred and forty miles here—May I never do an ill turn, but you deserve to have your head broke; and I have a good mind, partly—What, firrah, don't you think it worth your while to speak to me?

301

Y. Mea. Forgive me, Sir; I own I have been in a fault.

Sir Will. In a fault! to run away from me because I was going to do you good—May I never do an ill turn, Mr. Hawthorn, if I did not pick out as fine a girl for him, partly, as any in England? and the rascal run away from me, and came here and turn'd gardener. And pray what did you propose to yourself, Tom? I know you were always fond of Botany, as they call it; did you intend to keep the trade going, and advertise fruit-trees and flowering shrubs, to be had at Meadows's nursery?

Haw. No, Sir William, I apprehend the young gentleman designed to lay by the profession; for he has quitted the habit already.

Y. Mea. I am so astonished to see you here, Sir, that I don't know what to say; but I assure you, if you had not come, I should have returned home to you directly. Pray, Sir, how did you find me out?

321

Sir Will. No matter, Tom, no matter: it was partly by accident, as a body may say; but what does that signify—tell me, boy, how stands your stomach towards matrimony; do you think you could digest a wife now?

Y. Mea. Pray, Sir, don't mention it: I shall always behave myself as a dutiful son ought; I will never marry without your consent, and I hope you won't force me to do it against my own.

330

Sir Will. Is not this mighty provoking, master Hawthorn? Why, sirrah, did you ever see the lady I designed for you?

T. Mea. Sir, I don't doubt the lady's merit ; but at present, I am not disposed——

Haw. Nay, but young gentleman, fair and softly, you should pay some respect to your father in this matter.

Sir Will. Respect, master Hawthorn ! I tell you he shall marry her, or I'll disinherit him ! there's once. Look you Tom, not to make any more words of the matter, I have brought the lady here with me, and I'll see you contracted before we part ; or you shall delve and plant cucumbers as long as you live.

T. Mea. Have you brought the lady here, Sir ? I am sorry for it.

Sir Will. Why sorry ? what then you won't marry her ? we'll see that ! Pray, master Hawthorn, conduct the fair one in.—Ay, Sir, you may fret, and dance about, trot at the rate of fifteen miles an hour, if you please, but marry whip me, I'm resolv'd.

352

SCÈNE VIII.

Sir WILLIAM MEADOWS, HAWTHORN, YOUNG MEADOWS, ROSSETTA.

Haw. Here is the lady, Sir William.

Sir Will. Come in, madam, but turn your face from him—he would not marry you because he had not seen you : but I'll let him know my choice shall be his, and he shall consent to marry you before he

fees you, or not an acre of estate—Pray, Sir, walk this way. 359

Y. Mea. Sir, I cannot help thinking your conduct a little extraordinary ; but since you urge me so closely, I must tell you my affections are engaged.

Sir Will. How, Tom, how !

Y. Mea. I was determined, Sir, to have got the better of my inclination, and never have done a thing which I knew would be disagreeable to you.

Sir Will. And, pray, Sir, who are your affections engaged to ? Let me know that.

Y. Mea. To a person, Sir, whose rank and fortune may be no recommendations to her : but whose charms and accomplishments entitle her to a monarch. I am sorry, Sir, it's impossible for me to comply with your commands, and I hope you will not be offended if I quit your presence.

Sir Will. Not I, not in the least : go about your business.

Y. Mea. Sir, I obey.

Haw. Now, madam, is the time.

[*Rossetta advances, Young Meadows turns round and sees her.*]

AIR.

Ros. " When we see a lover languish,

" And his truth and honour prove,

" Ah ! how sweet to heal his anguish, 380

" And repay him love for love."

Sir Will. Well, Tom, will you go away from me now ?

Haw. Perhaps, Sir William, your son does not like the lady ; and if so, pray don't put a force upon his inclination.

Y. Mea. You need not have taken this method, Sir, to let me see you are acquainted with my folly, whatever my inclinations are.

Sir Will. Well, but Tom, suppose I give my consent to your marrying this young woman ? 391

Y. Mea. Your consent, Sir ?

Ros. Come, Sir William, we have carried the jest " far enough ; I see your son is in a kind of embarrassment, and I don't wonder at it ; but this letter, " which I received from him a few days before I left " my father's house, will, I apprehend, expound the " riddle. He cannot be surpris'd that I ran away " from a gentleman who express'd so much dislike " to me ; and what has happened, since chance has " brought us together in masquerade, there is no occasion for me to inform him of."

Y. Mea. " What is all this ? Pray don't make a jest of me.

Sir Will. May I never do an ill turn, Tom, if it is not truth ; this is my friend's daughter.

Y. Mea. Sir !

Ros. Even so ; 'tis very true indeed. In short, you have not been a more whimsical gentleman than I have a gentlewoman ; but you see we are designed for one another 'tis plain. 411

Y. Mea. I know not, Madam, what I either hear or see ; a thousand things are crowding on my imagination ; while, like one just awakened from a dream, I doubt which is reality, which delusion.

Sir Will. Well then, Tom, come into the air a bit, and recover yourself.

Y. Mea. Nay, dear Sir, have a little patience ; do you give her to me ?

Sir Will. Give her to you ! ay, that I do, and my blessing into the bargain. 421

Y. Mea. Then, Sir, I am the happiest man in the world ; I enquire no farther ; here I fix the utmost limits of my hopes and happiness.

AIR.

Y. Mea. *All I wish in her obtaining,*

Fortune can no more impart :

Ros. *Let my eyes, my thoughts explaining,*

Speak the feelings of my heart.

Y. Mea. *Joy and pleasure never ceasing,*

Ros. *Love with length of years increasing.* 430

Together. *Thus my heart and hand surrender,*

Here my faith and truth I plight ;

Constant still, and kind, and tender,

May our flames burn ever bright.

Haw. Give you joy, Sir ; and you, fair lady——
And, under favour, I'll salute you too, if there's no fear of jealousy.

Y. Mea. And may I believe this ?—Pr'ythee tell me, dear Rossetta. 439

Ros. Step into the house and I'll tell you every thing—I must intreat the good offices of Sir William and Mr. Hawthorn, immediately ; for I am in the utmost uneasiness about my poor friend Lucinda.

Haw. Why, what's the matter?

Ros. I don't know, but I have reason to fear I left her just now in very disagreeable circumstances; however, I hope, if there's any mischief fallen out between her father and her lover——

Haw. The music master! I thought so. 449

Sir Will. What, is there a lover in the case? May I never do an ill turn, but I am glad, so I am; for we'll make a double wedding; and, by way of celebrating it, take a trip to London, to shew the brides some of the pleasures of the town. And, master Hawthorn, you shall be of the party—Come, children, go before us.

Haw. Thank you, Sir William; I'll go into the house with you, and to church to see the young folks married; but as to London, I beg to be excused.

AIR.

If ever I'm catch'd in those regions of smoke, 460
That seat of confusion and noise,
May I ne'er know the sweets of a slumber unbroke,
Nor the pleasure the country enjoys,
Nay more, let them take me, to punish my sin,
Where, gaping, the Cockneys they fleece,
Clap me up with their monsters, cry, masters walk in,
And shew me for two-pence a piece.

SCENE IX.

Justice Woodcock's Hall.

Enter Justice WOODCOCK, Mrs. DEB. WOODCOCK, LUCINDA, EUSTACE, HODGE.

Mrs. Deb. Why, brother, do you think I can't hear, or see, or make use of my senses? I tell you, I left that fellow locked up in her closet; and, while I have been with you, they have broke open the door, and got him out again. 472

J. Wood. Well, you hear what they say.

Mrs. Deb. I care not what they say; it's you encourage them in their impudence—Hark'e, huffy, will you face me down that I did not lock the fellow up?

Luc. Really, aunt, I don't know what you mean; when you talk intelligibly, I'll answer you.

Eust. Seriously, madam, this is carrying the jest a little too far.

Mrs. Deb. What then, I did not catch you together in her chamber, nor over-hear your design of going off to-night, nor find the bundles packed up—

Eust. Ha, ha, ha.

Luc. Why aunt, you rave.

Mrs. Deb. Brother, as I am a Christian woman, she confessed the whole affair to me from first to last; and in this very place was down upon her marrow-bones for half an hour together, to beg I would conceal it from you. 491

Hodge. Oh Lord! Oh Lord!

Mrs. Deb. What, firrah, would you brazen me too! Take that. [*boxes him.*]

Hodge. I wish you would keep your hands to yourself; you strike me, because you have been telling his worship stories.

J. Wood. Why, sister, you are tipsy!

Mrs. Deb. I tipsy, brother!—I—that never touch a drop of any thing strong from year's end to year's end; but now and then a little anniseed water, when I have got the colic.

Luc. Well, aunt, you have been complaining of the stomach-ach all day; and may have taken too powerful a dose of your cordial.

J. Wood. Come, come, I see well enough how it is; this is a lye of her own invention, to make herself appear wise: but, you simpleton, did you not know I must find you out?

SCENE X.

Enter Sir WILLIAM MEADOWS, HAWTHORN, ROSETTA, YOUNG MEADOWS.

W. Mea. Bless me, Sir! look who is yonder.

Sir Will. Cocksbones, Jack, honest Jack, are you there?

Eust. Plague on't, this rencounter is unlucky——
Sir William, your servant.

Sir Will. Your servant again, and again, heartily your servant; may I never do an ill turn, but I am glad to meet you.

J. Wood. Pray, Sir William, are you acquainted with this person?

519

Sir Will. What, with Jack Eustace! why he's my kinsman: his mother and I was cousin-germans once removed, and Jack's a very worthy young fellow, may I never do an ill turn if I tell a word of a lye.

J. Wood. Well, but Sir William, let me tell you, you know nothing of the matter; this man is a music-master; a thrummer of wire, and a scraper of cat-gut, and teaches my daughter to sing.

Sir Will. What Jack Eustace a music-master! no, no, I know him better.

530

Eust. 'Sdeath, why should I attempt to carry on this absurd farce any longer;—What that gentleman tells you is very true, Sir; I am no music-master indeed.

J. Wood. You are not, you own it then?

Eust. Nay, more, Sir, I am, as this lady has represented me [*Pointing to Mrs. Deborah*], your daughter's lover; whom, with her own consent, I did intend to have carried off this night; but now that Sir William Meadows is here, to tell you who, and what I am, I throw myself upon your generosity, from which I expect greater advantages than I could reap from any imposition on your unsuspicious nature.

Mrs. Deb. Well, brother, what have you to say for yourself now? You have made a precious day's work of it! Had my advice been taken! Oh I am

ashamed of you, but you are a weak man, and it can't be help'd ; however, you should let wiser heads direct you.

Luc. Dear papa, pardon me. 550

Sir Will. Ay, do, Sir, forgive her ; my cousin Jack will make her a good husband, I'll answer for it.

Ros. Stand out of the way, and let me speak two or three words to his worship. — Come, my dear Sir, tho' you refuse all the world, I am sure you can deny me nothing : love is a venial fault—You know what I mean.—Be reconciled to your daughter, I conjure you, by the memory of our past affections—What, not a word ! 560

AIR.

*Go, naughty man, I can't abide you ;
Are then your vows so soon forgot ?
Ah ! now I see if I had try'd you,
What would have been my hopeful lot.*

*But here I charge you—Make them happy ;
Bless the fond pair, and crown their bliss :
Come be a dear good natur'd pappy,
And I'll reward you with a kiss.*

Mrs. Deb. Come, turn out of the house, and be thankful my brother does not hang you, for he could do it, he's a justice of peace ;—turn out of the house, I say :— 572

J. Wood. Who gave you authority to turn him out of the house—he shall stay where he is.

Mrs. Deb. He shan't marry my niece.

J. Wood. Shan't he? but I'll shew you the difference now, I say, he shall marry her, and what will you do about it?

Mrs. Deb. And you will give him your estate too, will you? 580

J. Wood. Yes, I will.

Mrs. Deb. Why I'm sure he's a vagabond.

J. Wood. I like him the better, I would have him a vagabond.

Mrs. Deb. Brother, brother!

Haw. Come, come, Madam, all's very well, and I see my neighbour is what I always thought him, a man of sense and prudence.

Sir Will. May I never do an ill turn, but I say so too. 590

J. Wood. Here, young fellow, take my daughter, and bless you both together; but hark you, no money till I die; observe that.

Eust. Sir, in giving me your daughter, you bestow upon me more than the whole world would be without her.

Ros. Dear Lucinda, if words could convey the transports of my heart upon this occasion——

Luc. Words are the tools of hypocrites, the pretenders to friendship; only let us resolve to preserve our esteem for each other. 601

T. Mea. Dear Jack, I little thought we should ever meet in such odd circumstances—but here has been the strangest business between this lady and me——

Hodge. What then, Mrs. Rossetta, are you turned false-hearted after all ; will you marry Thomas the gardener ; and did I forsake Madge for this ?

Ros. Oh lord ! Hodge, I beg your pardon ; I protest I forgot ; but I must reconcile you and Madge, I think, and give you a wedding-dinner to make you amends.

Hodge. N—ah.

Haw. Adds me, Sir, here are some of your neighbours come to visit you, and I suppose to make up the company of your statute-ball ; yonder's music too I see ; shall we enjoy ourselves ? If so, give me your hand.

J. Wood. Why, here's my hand, and we will enjoy ourselves ; Heaven bless you both, children, I say—Sister Deborah, you are a fool.

Mrs. Deb. You are a fool, brother ; and mark my words——But I'll give myself no more trouble about you.

Haw. Fiddlers strike up.

AIR.

Hence with cares, complaints, and frowning,

Welcome jollity and joy ;

Ev'ry grief in pleasure drowning,

Mirth this happy night employ :

Let's to friendship do our duty,

Laugh and sing some good old strain ;

Drink a health to love and beauty——

May they long in triumph reign.



TABLE OF THE SONGS,

With the NAMES of the several COMPOSERS.

N. B. Those marked thus * were composed on purpose for this Opera.

A New Overture by Mr. Abel.

ACT I.

HOPE, thou nurse of young desire,	Mr. Weldon
Whence can you inherit	Abos
My heart's my own, my will is free	Arne
When once love's subtle poison gains	Arne
* Oh had I been by Fate decreed	Howard
Gentle youth, ah tell me why	Arne
* Still in hopes to get the better	Arne
There was a jolly miller once	
Let gay ones and great	Baildon
The honest heart whose thoughts are free	Festing

TABLE OF THE SONGS.

Well, well, say no more	<i>Lady Grogan</i>
Cupid, god of soft persuasion	Giardini
How happy were my days till now	Arne
A medley	

ACT II.

We women like weak Indians trade	Paradies
Think my fairest, how delay	Arne
* Believe me, dear aunt	Arne
When I follow'd a lass that was froward and shy	
Let rakes and libertines resign'd	Handel
How blest the maid whose bosom	Gallupi
In vain I every art assay	Arne
Begone, I agree	Arne
Oh how shall I in language weak	Cary
Young I am, and sore afraid	Gallupi
Oons, neighbour, ne'er blush	Arne
My Dolly was the fairest thing	Handel
Was ever poor fellow	Agus
Cease, gay seducers, pride to take	Arne
Since Hodge proves ungrateful	Arne
In love should there meet a fond pair	Bernard
* Well come let us hear	

ACT III.

The world is a well furnish'd table	Arne
It is not wealth, it is not birth	Giardini
* The traveller benighted	Arne
If ever a fond inclination	Geminiani
Plague o' these wenches, &c.	<i>St. Patrick's Day</i>

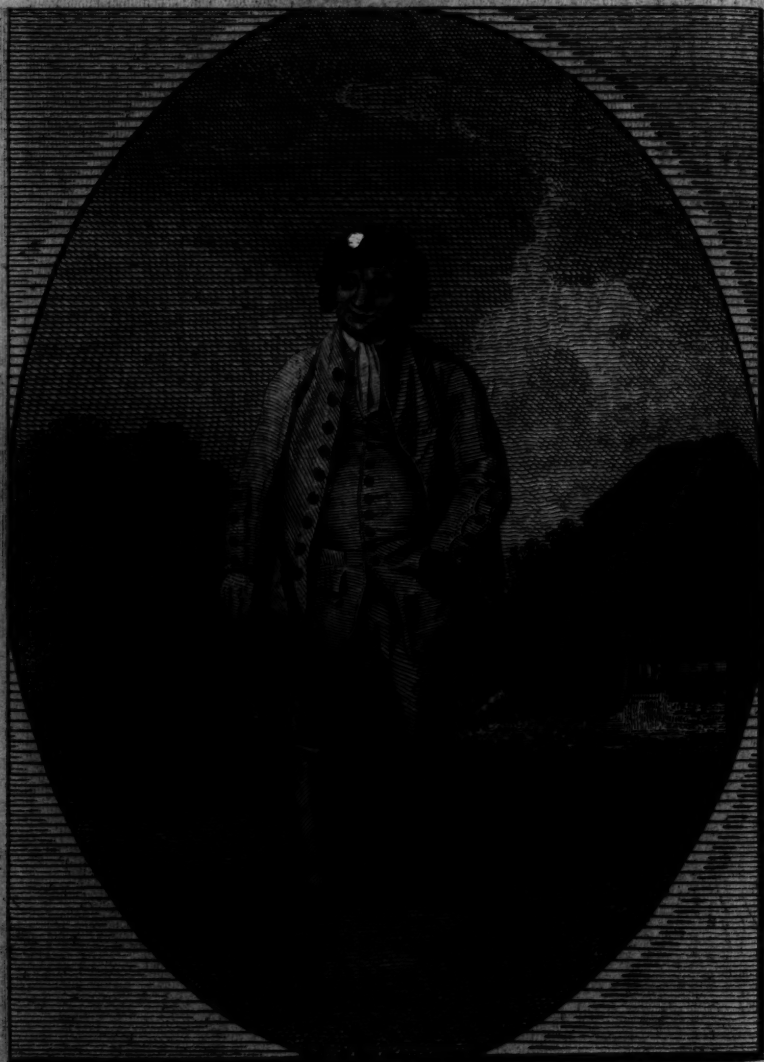
TABLE OF THE SONGS.

* How much superior beauty awes	Howard
When we see a lover languish	Arne
All I wish in her obtaining	Arne
If ever I'm catch'd in those regions	Boyce
* Go, naughty man, I can't abide you	Arne
Hence with cares	Boyce





The MAID of the MILL.

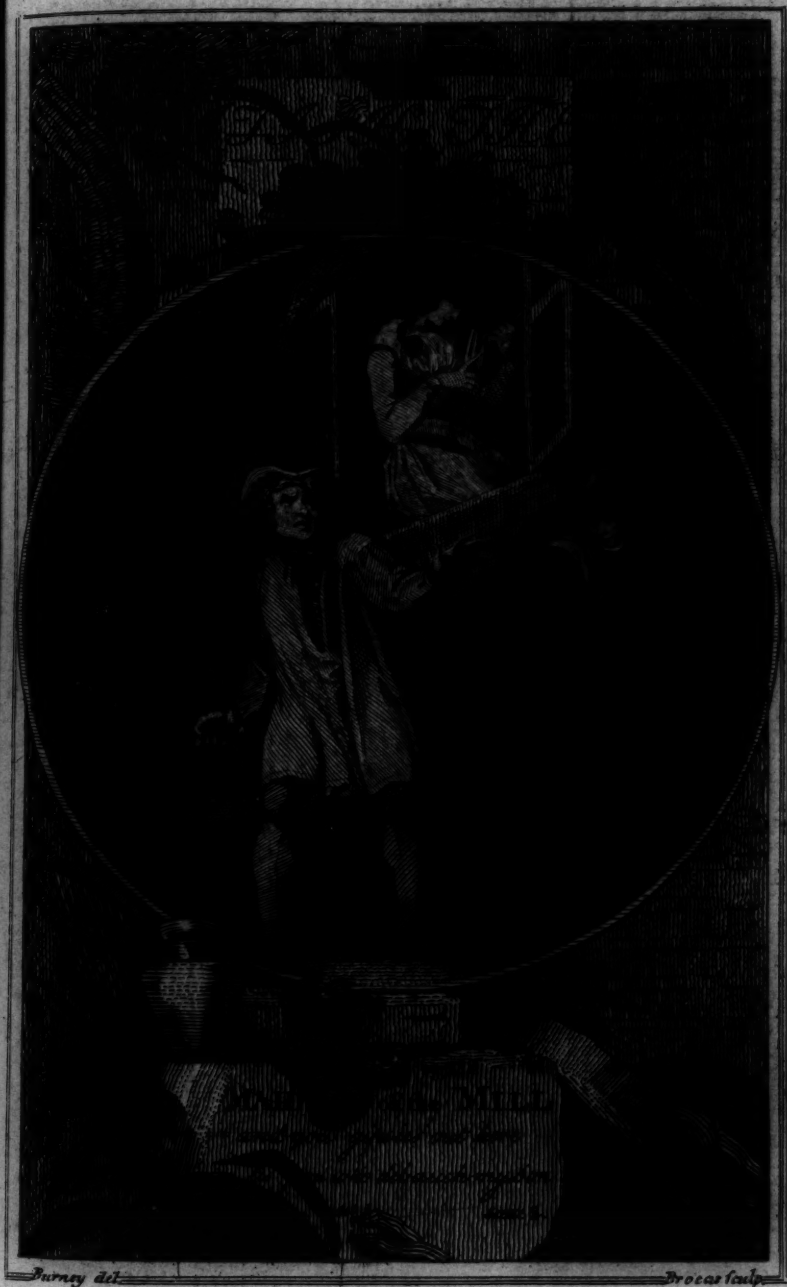


De Witte del. ad vivum.

H. Boscas Sculp.

MR. BLANCHARD as RALPH

Dublin Publish'd by W^m Jones N^o 86 Dame Street.



Burney del.

Breese sculp.

Dublin Publish'd by W^m Jones N^o 86 Dame Street.



THE
MAID OF THE MILL.

A
COMIC OPERA.

BY ISAAC BICKERSTAFF.E

ADAPTED FOR
THEATRICAL REPRESENTATION,

AS PERFORMED AT THE
THEATRE-ROYAL, COVENT-GARDEN.

REGULATED FROM THE PROMPT-BOOK,

By Permission of the Managers.

"The Lines distinguished by inverted Commas, are omitted in the Representation."

DUBLIN:

PRINTED BY GRAISBERRY AND CAMPBELL,
FOR WILLIAM JONES, NO. 86, DAME-STREET.

M DCC XCI.

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DUBLIN.

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FOR WILLIAM JONES, NO. 58, DAME-STREET.

1855.

TO
HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS
WILLIAM,
DUKE OF GLOUCESTER.

May it please your Royal Highness,

WHEN I presumed to solicit the honour of laying the subsequent trifle at your Royal Highness's feet, it was not without a thorough consciousness of the little value of the offering I was going to make; but I considered, mean as it was, it would serve as a testimony of my devotion; and to a Prince happy in his love of the arts, nothing could be unacceptable, which bore the remotest analogy to them.

How far the Comic Opera, under proper regulations, has a right to be acknowledged for a junior offspring of the Drama, and as such become candidate for a share of public encouragement, I shall not pretend to determine; but if it can be rendered an agreeable amusement, the English Theatre has never scrupled to adopt what was capable of pleasing there; and though as a work of genius, it is by no means to be set in competition with good Tragedies and Comedies, it may, I apprehend, be permitted as an occasional relief to them, without bringing either our taste or understanding into question.

*I need not inform your Royal Highness, that in France, where the stage has been cultivated with more care, and *success, than in any other country, this species of entertainment is received with very great applause; nor is it thought an injury to Corneille, and Moliere, that the pieces of Anseaume and Favart, meet with success.*

It is true, among the French, Comic Operas have very often the advantage of being extremely well written; of which, On ne s'avise jamais de tout, Le Roy et le Fermier, and some others, are an instance; nor would the best composition of the greatest master, make a very contemptible poem pass on an audience: I wish I could assert with truth, that in this respect we fall nothing behind our neighbours, and that what I here present to your Royal Highness, might lay claim to some degree of merit, even in the writing: but though I cannot do this, permit me to say, I have attempted to render it a little interesting, and not wholly undiverting, as far as the music, my principal care, would give me leave.

But I humbly beg your Royal Highness's pardon; in applying to the connoisseur, I forget that I am at the same time addressing a Great Prince: indeed,

• This assertion can never be admitted—He who prefers the tedious harangue of French Dramas to the business and passion of our own, will never write better than Bickerstaff.

THE EDITOR.

DEDICATION.

there is a subject on which I could dwell with the truest pleasure; but I am too well instructed in your Royal Highness's character, to dare to offend you with a language which forms and customs too often impose upon princes, a necessity of hearing; I mean their own praise; to those who are most deserving, ever least welcome.

I therefore, subscribe myself,

With the profoundest respect,

May it please your Royal Highness,

Your Royal Highness's,

Most obedient,

Most devoted, and

Most humble servant,

THE AUTHOR.

ISAAC BICKERSTAFF.

OF this man little is known, and that little, unhappily, is not good. He is a native of the kingdom of Ireland, and, we believe, went out with Lord CHESTERFIELD as a private Secretary, when his Lordship was Lord Lieutenant.

We find him also an Officer of Marines, but he left the service with imputed infamy from practices at which humanity shudders, and decency hides the head.

It hurts us to pursue the narrative—an irreclaimable depravation of appetite rendered him an exile from his country: in some foreign sink of debauchery and wretchedness, he perhaps even yet lingers, a striking monument of the absurdity of that maxim, which teaches, that an author's life may be best known in his WORKS.

The writings of BICKERSTAFF are uniformly marked with much purity and simplicity.—Had he *lived* as he *wrote* this little book were perfect—

there would not then have been ONE Page which we could wish to blot.

His Dramatic Productions are in number 19.

<i>Leucoboë,</i>	-	-	1756	<i>The Hypocrite,</i>	-	—
<i>Thomas and Sally,</i>	-	-	1760	<i>The Ephesian Matron,</i>	-	1769
* <i>Love in a Village,</i>	-	-	1762	<i>Dr. Laſt in his Chariot,</i>	-	1766
* <i>Maid of the Mill,</i>	-	-	1765	<i>The Captive,</i>	-	—
<i>Daphne and Amintor,</i>	-	-	1765	<i>A School for Fathers,</i>	-	1770
<i>Plain Dealer,</i>	-	-	1766	<i>As Well its no Waſte,</i>	-	1770
<i>Love in the City,</i>	-	-	1767	<i>The Recruiting Serjeant,</i>	-	—
<i>Lionel and Clarissa,</i>	-	-	1768	<i>He Would if He Could,</i>	-	1771
<i>The Abſent Man,</i>	-	-	—	<i>Sultana,</i>	-	(not printed.)
* <i>The Padlock,</i>	-	-	—			

The pieces diſtinguiſhed by Aſterisks are all that now diſtinguiſh this Author.

THE MAID OF THE MILL.

LIKE PAMELA, is one of those delusions which frequently destroy the proper subordination of society. The village beauty, whose simplicity and innocence are her native charms, smitten with the reveries of rank and splendor, becomes affected and retired, disdaining her situation and every one about her. So much for the tendency of such pieces.

Dramatic exhibition has ever its force in proportion to the unacquaintance of the spectator with life—its *vraisemblance* is more certain and striking to the *artless* RUSTIC, than the cultivated inhabitants of a capital.—I know no surer steps to corrupt the primitive simplicity of a village remote from the capital, than to introduce a Theatrical company—Romance among unfurnished heads makes dreadful havock indeed.

The literary merit of this piece (if it have any) is like that of the Novel from which it sprung. For laughter it has no food—Sentiment, insipid sentiment, gives it what colouring it has.—As a dramatic exhibition, the pleasure produced must be from its MUSIC.

Either as considering its Dialogue or its Air, we think it much inferior to the Author's LOVE IN A VILLAGE.

PREFACE.

THERE is scarce a language in Europe, in which there is not a play taken from our romance of Pamela ; in Italian and French particularly, several writers of the first eminence have chosen it for the subject of different dramas.

The little piece now ventured into the world, owes its origin to the same source : not only the general subject is drawn from Pamela, but almost every circumstance in it. The reader will almost immediately recollect the courtship of Parson Williams—the squire's jealousy and behaviour in consequence of it ; and the difficulty he had to prevail with himself to marry the girl, notwithstanding his passion for her—the miller is a close copy of Goodman Andrews—Ralph is imagined, from the wild son which he is mentioned to have had—Theodosia, from the young lady of quality, with whom Mr. B. through his sister's persuasion, is said to have been in treaty before his marriage with Pamela—even the gipsies are borrowed from a trifling incident in the latter part of the work.

In prosecuting this plan, which he has varied from the original, as far as he thought convenient, the author has made simplicity his principal aim. His scenes, on account of the music, which could not be perfect without such a mixture, necessarily consist of serious and buffoon. He knows grossness and insipidity lay in his way : whether he has had art enough to avoid stumbling upon them, the candid public are left to determine.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

DRURY-LANE.

Men.

LORD AIMWORTH	-	-	Mr. Kelly.
SIR HARRY SYCAMORE	-	-	Mr. Waldron.
MERVIN	-	-	Mr. Williames.
FAIRFIELD	-	-	Mr. Aickin.
GILES	-	-	Mr. Dignum.
RALPH	-	-	Mr. Suett.

Women.

LADY SYCAMORE	-	-	Mrs. Hopkins.
THEODOSIA	-	-	Mrs. Forster.
PATTY	-	-	Mrs. Crouch.
FANNY	-	-	Miss Romanzini.

COVENT-GARDEN.

Men.

LORD AIMWORTH	-	-	Mr. Johnstone.
MERVIN	-	-	Mr. Duffey.
FAIRFIELD	-	-	Mr. Hull.
GILES	-	-	Mr. Bannister.
SIR HARRY SYCAMORE	-	-	Mr. Edwin.
RALPH	-	-	Mr. Blanchard.

Women.

PATTY	-	-	Mrs. Billington.
THEODOSIA	-	-	Mrs. Mountain.
LADY SYCAMORE	-	-	Mrs. Webb.
FANNY	-	-	Mrs. Martyr.

THE
MAID OF THE MILL.

ACT I. SCENE I.

A rural prospect, with a mill at work. Several people employed about ; on one side a house, PATTY reading in the window ; on the other a barn, where FANNY sits mending a net ; GILES appears at a distance in the mill ; FAIRFIELD and RALPH taking sacks from a cart.

CHORUS.

*FREE from sorrow, free from strife,
O how blest the miller's life !
Chearful working through the day,
Still he laughs and sings away.
Nought can vex him,
Nought perplex him,
While there's grist to make him gay.*

DUET.

Let the great enjoy the blessings

By indulgent fortune sent :

What can wealth, can grandeur offer

10

More than plenty and content.

Fai. Well done, well done ; 'tis a sure sign work goes on merrily when folks sing at it. Stop the mill there ; and dost hear, son Ralph, hoist yon sacks of flour upon this cart, lad, and drive it up to lord Aimworth's ; coming from London last night with strange company, no doubt there are calls enough for it by this time.

Ral. Ay feyther, whether or not, there's no doubt but you'll find enow for a body to do. 20

Fai. What dost mutter ? Is't not a strange plague that thou can'st never go about any thing with a good will ; murrain take it, what's come o'er the boy ? So then thou wilt not set a hand to what I have desired thee !

Ral. Why don't you speak to suster Pat to do something then ? I thought when she came home to us after my old lady's death, she was to have been of some use in the house ; but instead of that, she sits there all day, reading outlandish books, dressed like a fine madumafel, and the never a word you says to she. 32

Fai. Sirrah, don't speak so disrespectfully of thy sister ; thou wilt never have the tithe of her deserts.

Ral. Why I'll read and write with her for what she dares ; and as for playing on the hapscolls, I thinks

her rich good mother might have learn'd her something more properer, seeing she did not remember to leave her a legacy at last.

Fai. That's none of thy business, firrah. 40

Ral. A farmer's wife painting pictures, and playing on the hapficolts; why I'll be hang'd now, for all as old as she is, if she knows any more about milking a cow, than I do of sewing a petticoat.

Fai. Ralph, thou hast been drinking this morning.

Ral. Well, if so be as I have, it's nothing out of your pocket, nor mine neither.

Fai. Who has been giving thee liquor, firrah?

Ral. Why it was wind—a gentleman gave me.

Fai. A gentleman! 50

Ral. Yes, a gentleman that's come piping hot from London: he is below at the Cat and Bagpipes; I cod he rides a choice bit of a nag; I dare to say she'd fetch as good as forty pound at ever a fair in all England.

Fai. A fig's end for what she'd fetch; mind thy business, or by the lord Harry——

Ral. Why I won't do another hand's turn to-day now, so that's flat.

Fai. Thou wilt not—— 60

Ral. Why no I wont; so what argues your putting yourself in a passion, feyther! I've promised to go back to the gentleman; and I don't know but what he's a lord too, and mayhap he may do more for me than you thinks of.

Fai. Well, son Ralph, run thy gait; but remember I tell thee, thou wilt repent this untowardness.

Ral. Why, how shall I repent it? Mayhap you'll turn me out of your service; a match; with all hearts — I cod I don't care three brads pins. 70

AIR.

*If that's all you want, who the plague will be sorry,
'T were better by half to dig stones in-a quarry;
For my share I'm weary of what is got by't:
S'flesh! here's such a racket, such scolding and coiling,
You're never content, but when folks are a toiling,
And drudging like horses from morning 'till night.*

*You think I'm afraid, but the difference to shew you;
First yonder's your shovel; your sacks too I throw you;
Henceforward take care of your matters who will;
They're welcome to slave for your wages who need e'm,
Tol lol derol lol, I have purchas'd my freedom, 81
And never hereafter shall work at the mill.*

SCENE II.

FAIRFIELD, PATTY.

Fai. Dear heart, dear heart! I protest this ungracious boy puts me quite beside myself. Patty, my dear come down into the yard a little, and keep me company—and you, thieyes, vagabonds, gipfies, out here, 'tis you who debauch my son.

AIR.

Pat. *In love to pine and languish,
Yet know your passion vain ;
To harbour heart-felt anguish, 90
Yet fear to tell your pain.*

*What powers unrelenting,
Severer ills inventing,
Can sharpen pangs like these ;
Where days and nights tormenting,
Yield not a moment's ease !*

Fai. Well, Patty, Master Goodman, my lord's steward, has been with me just now, and I find we are like to have great doings ; his lordship has brought down Sir Harry Sycamore and his family, and there is more company expected in a few days. 101

Pat. I know Sir Harry very well ; he is by marriage a distant relation of my lord's.

Fai. Pray what sort of a young body is the daughter there ? I think she used to be with you at the castle, three or four summers ago, when my young lord was out upon his travels.

Pat. Oh ! very often ; she was a great favourite of my lady's : pray father is she come down ? 109

Fai. Why you know the report last night, about my lord's going to be married ; by what I can learn she is ; and there is likely to be a nearer relationship between the families, ere long. It seems, his lordship was not over willing for the match, but the friends on both

sides in London pressed it so hard : then there is a swinging fortune : master Goodman tells me a matter of twenty or thirty thousand pounds. 117

Pat. If it was a million, father, it would not be more than my lord Aimworth deserves ; I suppose the wedding will be celebrated here at the mansion-house.

Fai. So it is thought, as soon as things can be properly prepared——And now, Patty, if I could but see thee a little merry——Come, bless thee, pluck up thy spirits——To be sure thou hast sustained, in the death of thy lady, a heavy loss ; she was a parent to thee, nay, and better, inasmuch as she took thee when thou wert but a babe, and gave thee an education which thy natural parents could not afford to do.

Pat. Ah ! dear father, don't mention what, perhaps, has been my greatest misfortune. 130

Fai. Nay then, Patty, what's become of all thy sense, that people talk so much about ?——But I have something to say to thee which I would have thee consider seriously.——I believe I need not tell thee, my child, that a young maiden, after she is marriageable, especially if she has any thing about her to draw people's notice, is liable to ill tongues, and a many cross accidents ; so that the sooner she's out of harm's way the better.

Pat. Undoubtedly, father, there are people enough who watch every opportunity to gratify their own malice ; but when a young woman's conduct is unblameable—— 142

Fai. Why, Patty, there may be something in that ; but you know slander will leave spots, where malice finds none : I say then, a young woman's best safe-

guard is a good husband. Now there is our neighbour, Farmer Giles ; he is a sober, honest, industrious young fellow, and one of the wealthiest in these parts ; he is greatly taken with thee ; and it is not the first time I have told thee I should be glad to have him for a son-in-law.

151

Pat. And I have told you as often, father, I would submit myself entirely to your direction ; whatever you think proper for me, is so.

Fai. Why that's spoken like a dutiful, sensible girl ; get thee in, then, and leave me to manage it—— Perhaps our neighbour Giles is not a gentleman ; but what are the greatest part of our country gentlemen good for ?

159

Pat. Very true, father. The sentiments, indeed, have frequently little correspondence with the condition ; and it is according to them alone we ought to regulate our esteem.

AIR.

*What are outward forms and shews,
To an honest heart compar'd ?
Oft the rustic, wanting those,
Has the nobler portion shar'd.*

*Oft we see the homely flower
Bearing at the hedge's side
Virtues of more sov'reign power
Than the garden's gayest pride.*

170

SCENE III.

FAIRFIELD, GILES.

Giles. Well, master Fairfield, you and Miss Pat have had a long discourse together; did you tell her that I was come down?

Fai. No, in truth, friend Giles; but I mentioned our affair at a distance; and I think there is no fear.

Giles. That's right—and when shall us—You do know I have told you my mind often and often.

Fai. Farmer, give us thy hand; nobody doubts thy good will to me and my girl; and you may take my word, I would rather give her to thee than another; for I am main certain thou wilt make her a good husband. 183

Giles. Thanks to your good opinion, master Fairfield; if such be my hap, I hope there will be no cause of complaint.

Fai. And I promise thee my daughter will make thee a choice wife. But thou know'st, friend Giles, that I, and all belongs to me, have great obligations to lord Aimworth's family; Patty, in particular, would be one of the most ungrateful wretches this day breathing if she was to do the smallest thing contrary to their consent and approbation. 193

Giles. Nay, nay, 'tis well enough known to all the country, she was the old lady's darling.

Fai. Well, master Giles, I'll assure thee she is not one whit less obliged to my lord himself. When his

mother was taken off so suddenly, and his affairs called him up to London, if Patty would have remained at the castle, she might have had the command of all ; or if she would have gone any where else, he would have paid for her fixing, let the cost be what it would. 202

Giles. Why for that manner, folks did not spare to say, that my lord had a sort of a sneaking kindness for her himself : and I remember, at one time, it was rife all about the neighbourhood, that she was actually to be our lady.

Fai. Pho, pho ! a pack of woman's tales.

Giles. Nay, to be sure they'll say any thing. 209

Fai. My lord's a man of a better way of thinking, friend Giles—but this is neither here nor there to our business—Have you been at the castle yet ? 212

Giles. Who I ! Bless your heart I did not hear a syllable of his lordship's being come down, 'till your lad told me.

Fai. No ! why then go up to my lord, let him know you have a mind to make a match with my daughter ; hear what he has to say to it ; and afterwards we will try if we can't settle matters. 219

Giles. Go up to my lord ! I cod if that be all, I'll do it with the biggest pleasure in life.—But where's Miss Pat ? Might one not ax her how she do ?

Fai. Never spare it ; she's within there.

Giles. I sees her—odd rabbit it, this hatch is locked now—Miss Pat—Miss Patty—She makes believe not to hear me.

Fai. Well, well, never mind ; thou'lt come and eat a morsel of dinner with us.

Giles. Nay, but just to have a bit of a joke with her at present—Miss Pat, I say—won't you open the door? 231

AIR.

*Hark! 'tis I your own true lover,
After walking three long miles,
One kind look at least discover,
Come and speak a word to Giles.
You alone my heart I fix on;
Ah, you little cunning vixen!
I can see your roguish smiles.
Addslids! my mind is so possess'd,
Till we're sped, I shan't have rest; 240
Only say the thing's a bargain,
Here an you like it,
Ready to strike it,
There's at once an end of arguing:
I'm her's, she's mine;
Thus we seal, and thus we sign.*

SCENE IV.

FAIRFIELD, PATTY.

Fai. Patty, child, why would'st not thou open the door for our neighbour Giles?

Pat. Really, father, I did not know what was the matter. 250

Fai. Well, another time; he'll be here again presently. He's gone up to the castle, Patty; thou

know'ft it would not be right for us to do any thing without giving his lordship intelligence, fo I have fent the farmer to let him know that he is willing, and we are willing ; and with his lordship's approbation—

Pat. Oh dear father—what are you going to fay ?

Fai. Nay child, I would not have ftirr'd a ftep for fifty pounds, without advertifing his lordship beforehand. 260

Pat. But furely, furely, you have not done this rafh, this precipitate thing.

Fai. How rafh, how is it rafh, Patty ? I don't underftand thee.

Pat. Oh, you have diftrefsd me beyond imagination—but why would you not give me notice, fpeak to me firft ?

Fai. Why han't I fpoken to thee an hundred times ? No, Patty, 'tis thou that would'ft diftrefs me, and thou'lt break my heart. 270

Pat. Dear father !

Fai. All I defire is to fee thee well fettled ; and now that I am likely to do fo, thou art not contented ; I am fure the farmer is as fightly a clever lad as any in the country ; and is he not as good as we ?

Pat. 'Tis very true, father ; I am to blame ; pray forgive me.

Fai. Forgive thee ! Lord help thee, my child, I am not angry with thee ; but quiet thyfelf, Patty, and thou'lt fee all this will turn out for the beft. 280

SCENE V.

PATTY.

What will become of me?—my lord will certainly imagine this is done with my consent—Well, is he not himself going to be married to a lady, suitable to him in rank, suitable to him in fortune, as this farmer is to me; and under what pretence can I refuse the husband my father has found for me! Shall I say that I have dared to raise my inclinations above my condition, and presumed to love, where my duty taught me only gratitude and respect? Alas! who could live in the house with lord Aimworth, see him, converse with him, and not love him! I have this consolation, however, my folly is yet undiscover'd to any; else, how should I be ridiculed and despised; nay, would not my lord himself despise me, especially, if he knew that I have more than once construed his natural affability and politeness into sentiments as unworthy of him, as mine are bold and extravagant. Unexampled vanity! did I possess any thing capable of attracting such a notice, to what purpose could a man of his distinction cast his eyes on a girl, poor, meanly born, and indebted for every thing to the ill-placed bounty of his family?

302

AIR.

*Ah! why should fate, pursuing
A wretched thing like me,
Heap ruin thus on ruin,
And add to misery?*

*The griefs I languish'd under,
In secret let me share ;
But this new stroke of thunder,
Is more than I can bear.*

310

SCENE VI.

Changes to a Chamber in Lord AIMWORTH's House.

SIR HARRY SYCAMORE, THEODOSIA.

S. Har. Well, but Theodosia, child, you are quite unreasonable.

The. Pardon me, papa, it is not I am unreasonable: when I gave way to my inclinations for Mr. Mervin, he did not seem less agreeable to you and my mama than he was acceptable to me. It is, therefore, you have been unreasonable, in first encouraging his addresses, and afterwards forbidding him your house, in order to bring me down here, to force me on a gentleman——

320

S. Har. Force you, Dossy, what do you mean! By the la, I would not force you on the Czar of Muscovy.

The. And yet, papa, what else can you call it? for tho' lord Aimworth is extremely attentive and obliging, I assure you he is by no means one of the most ardent of lovers.

S. Har. Ardent, ah! there it is; you girls never think there is any love, without kissing and hugging; but you should consider, child, my lord Aimworth is a polite man, and has been abroad in France and Italy, where these things are not the fashion; I re-

member when I was on my travels, among the madames and signoras, we never saluted more than the tip of the ear.

334

The. Really, papa, you have a very strange opinion of my delicacy ; I had no such stuff in my thoughts.

S. Har. Well come, my poor Dossy, I see you are chagrin'd, but you know it is not my fault ; on the contrary, I assure you, I had always a great regard for young Mervin, and should have been very glad —

The. How then, papa, could you join in forcing me to write him that strange letter, never to see me more ; or how indeed could I comply with your commands ? what must he think of me ?

344

S. Har. Ay, but hold, Dossy, your mama convinced me that he was not so proper a son-in-law for us as Lord Aimworth.

The. Convinced you ! Ah, my dear papa, you were not convinced.

S. Har. What don't I know when I am convinced ?

The. Why no, papa ; because your good-nature and easiness of temper is such, that you pay more respect to the judgment of mama, and less to your own, than you ought to do.

354

S. Har. Well, but Dossy, don't you see how your mama loves me ; if my finger does but ache, she's like a bewitched woman ; and, if I was to die, I don't believe she would outlive the burying of me : nay she has told me as much herself.

The. Her fondness indeed is very extraordinary.

S. Har. Besides, could you give up the prospect of being a countess, and mistress of this fine place ?

The. Yes, truly could I.

363

AIR.

*With the man that I love, was I destin'd to dwell,
On a mountain, a moor, in a cot, in a cell,
Retreats the most barren, most desert, would be
More pleasing than courts or a palace to me.*

*Let the vain and the venal, in wedlock aspire
To what folly esteems, and the vulgar admire ;
I yield them the bliss, where their wishes are placed, 370
Insensible creatures ! 'tis all they can taste.*

SCENE VII.

SIR HARRY, THEODOSIA, LADY SYCAMORE.

L. Syc. Sir Harry, where are you ?

S. Har. Here, my lamb.

L. Syc. I am just come from looking over his lordship's family trinkets.—Well, Miss Sycamore, you are a happy creature, to have diamonds, equipage, title, all the blessings of life pour'd thus upon you at once.

The. Blessings, madam ! Do you think then I am such a wretch as to place my felicity in the possession of any such trumpery. 380

L. Syc. Upon my word, Miss, you have a very disdainful manner of expressing yourself ; I believe there are very few young women of fashion, who would think any sacrifice they could make too much for them.—Did you ever hear the like of her, Sir Harry ?

S. Har. Why, my dear, I have just been talking to her in the same strain, but whatever she has got in her head—— 388

L. Syc. Oh, it is Mr. Mervin, her gentleman of Bucklersbury.—Fye, Miss, marry a cit! Where is your pride, your vanity; have you nothing of the person of distinction about you?

S. Har. Well, but my lady, you know I am a piece of a cit myself, as I may say, for my great-grandfather was a dry-falter.

The. And yet, madam, you condescended to marry my papa. 397

L. Syc. Well, if I did miss, I had but five thousand pounds to my portion, and Sir Harry knows I was past eight and thirty, before I would listen to him.

S. Har. Nay, Dossy, that's true, your mama own'd eight and thirty, before we were married: but by the la, my dear, you were a lovely angel; and by candle-light nobody would have taken you for above five and twenty. 405

L. Syc. Sir Harry, you remember the last time I was at my lord duke's.

S. Har. Yes, my love, it was the very day your little bitch Minxey pupt.

L. Syc. And pray what did the whole family say; my lord John, and my lord Thomas, and my lady Duchefs in particular? Cousin, says her Grace to me—for she always called me cousin—— 413

The. Well, but madam, to cut this matter short at once, my father has a great regard for Mr. Mervin, and would consent to our union with all his heart.

L. Syc. Do you say so, Sir Harry?

S. Har. Who, I, love !

L. Syc. Then all my care and prudence are come
to nothing. 420

S. Har. Well, but stay my lady—Dossy, you are
always making mischief,

The. Ah ! my dear sweet——

L. Syc. Do misfs, that's right, coax——

The. No, madam, I am not capable of any such
meanness.

L. Syc. 'Tis very civil of you to contradict me how,
ever.

S. Har. Eh ! what's that—hands off Dossy, don't
come near me. 430

AIR.

Why how now misfs pert,

Do you think to divert

My anger by fawning and stroking ?

Would you make me a fool

Your play-thing, your tool ?

Was ever young minx so provoking ?

Get out of my sight,

'Twould be serving you right,

To lay a sound dose of the lash on ;

Contradict your mama,

I've a mind by the la !

But I won't put myself in a passion.

SCENE VIII.

SIR HARRY, LADY SYCAMORE, LORD AIMWORTH,
GILES.

L. Aim. Come farmer, you may come in, there are none here but friends.—Sir Harry, your fervant.

S. Har. My lord, I kifs your lordship's hands—I hope he did not overhear us squabbling—"I have
"been chattering here with my wife and daughter,
"my lord.—We have been examining your lord-
"ship's pictures. 449

L. Aim. "I flatter myself, then her ladyship found
"something to entertain her; there are a few of
"them counted tolerable."—Well now, master
Giles what is it you have got to say to me? If I can
do you any service, this company will give you leave
to speak.

Giles. I thank your lordship, I has not got a great
deal to say; I do come to your lordship about a little
business, if you'll please to give me the hearing. 458

L. Aim. Certainly, only let me know what it is.

Giles. Why an please you my lord, being left alone,
as I may say, feyther dead, and all the business upon
my own hands, I do think of settling and taking a
wife, and am come to ax your honour's consent.

L. Aim. My consent, farmer! if that be necessary,
you have it with all my heart—I hope you have taken
care to make a prudent choice.

Giles. Why I do hope so, my lord.

L. Aim. Well, and who is the happy fair one? Does she live in my house? 469

Giles. No, my lord, she does not live in your house, but she's a parson of your acquaintance.

L. Aim. Of my acquaintance!

Giles. No offence, I hope your honour.

L. Aim. None in the least: but how is she an acquaintance of mine?

Giles. Your lordship do know Miller Fairfield?

L. Aim. Well——

Giles. And Patty Fairfield, his daughter, my lord?

L. Aim. Ay is it her you think of marrying?

Giles. Why, if so be as your lordship has no objection; to be sure we will do nothing without your consent and approbation. 482

L. Aim. Upon my word, farmer, you have made an excellent choice—It is a god-daughter of my mother's, madam, who was bred up under her care, and I protest I do not know a more amiable young woman.—But are you sure, farmer, that Patty herself is inclinable to this match.

Giles. O yes, my lord I am fertain of that. 489

L. Aim. Perhaps then she desired you to come and ask my consent?

Giles. Why as far as this here, my lord; to be sure, the miller did not care to publish the banns, without making your lordship acquainted—But I hope your honour's not angry with I.

L. Aim. Angry farmer! why should you think so?—what interest have I in it to be angry?

S. Har. And so, honest farmer, you are going to be married to little Patty Fairfield? She's an old ac-

quaintance of mine ; how long have you and she been sweethearts ? 501

Giles. Not a long while, an please your worship.

S. Har. Well, her father's a good warm fellow ; I suppose you take care that she brings something to make the pot boil ?

L. Syc. What does that concern you, Sir Harry ? how often must I tell you of meddling in other people's affairs ?

S. Har. My lord, a penny for your thoughts. 509

L. Aim. I beg your pardon, Sir Harry ; upon my word, I did not think where I was. 511

Giles. Well then, your honour, I'll make bold to be taking my leave ; I may say you gave consent for Miss Patty and I to go on.

L. Aim. Undoubtedly, farmer, if she approves of it : but are you not afraid that her education has rendered her a little unsuitable for a wife for you ?

L. Syc. Oh my lord, if the girl's handy——

S. Har. Oh, ay—when a girl's handy—— 519

Giles. Handy ! Why, saving respect, there's nothing comes amiss to her ; she's cute at every varsal kind of thing.

AIR.

*Odd's my life, search England over,
An you match her in her station;
I'll be bound to fly the nation ;
And be sure as well I love her.*

*Do but feel my heart a beating,
Still her pretty name repeating,
Here's the work 'tis always at,
Pitty, patty, pat, pit, pat.*

530

*When she makes the music tinkle,
What on yearth can sweeter be ?
Then her little eyes so twinkle,
'Tis a feast to hear and see.*

SCENE IX.

LORD AIMWORTH, SIR HARRY, LADY SYCAMORE.

S. Har. By dad this is a good merry fellow, is not he in love, with his pitty patty—And so my lord you have given your consent that he shall marry your mother's old housekeeper. Ah, well, I can see——

L. Aim. Nobody doubts, Sir Harry, that you are very clear-sighted. 540

S. Har. Yes, yes, let me alone, I know what's what : I was a young fellow once myself ; and I should have been glad of a tenant, to take a pretty girl off my hands now and then, as well as another.

L. Aim. I protest my dear friend, I don't understand you.

L. Syc. Nor nobody else—Sir Harry you are going at some beaftliness now. 548

S. Har. Who I, my lady ? Not I, as I hope to live and breathe ; 'tis nothing to us you know, what my lord does before he's married ; when I was a bachelor ;

I was a devil among the wenches, myself; and yet I vow to George, my lord, since I knew my lady Sycamore, and we shall be man and wife eighteen years, if we live till next Candlemas-day, I never had to do——

L. Syc. Sir Harry, come out of the room, I desire.

S. Har. Why, what's the matter, my lady, I did not say any harm? 559

L. Syc. I see what you are driving at, you want to make me faint.

S. Har. I want to make you faint, my lady!

L. Syc. Yes you do—and if you don't come out this instant I shall fall down in the chamber—I beg, my lord, you won't speak to him.—Will you come out, Sir Harry.

S. Har. Nay, but my lady!

L. Syc. No, I will have you out. 568

SCENE X.

LORD AIMWORTH.

This worthy Baronet, and his lady, are certainly a very whimsical couple; however, their daughter is perfectly amiable in every respect: and yet I am sorry I have brought her down here; for can I in honour marry her, while my affections are engaged to another? To what does the pride of condition and the censure of the world force me! Must I then renounce the only person that can make me happy; because, because what? because she's a miller's daughter? Vain

pride, and unjust censure ! has she not all the graces that education can give her sex ; improved by a genius seldom found among the highest ? has she not modesty, sweetness of temper, and beauty of person, capable of adorning a rank the most exalted ? But it is too late to think of these things now ; my hand is promised, my honour engaged : and if it was not so, she has engaged herself ; the farmer is a person to her mind, and I have authorized their union by my approbation. 587

AIR.

*The mad-man thus, at times, we see,
With seeming reason blest ;
His looks, his words, his thoughts are free,
And speak a mind at rest.*

*But short the calms of ease and sense,
And ah ! uncertain too ;
While that idea lives from whence
At first his frenzy grew.*

595

SCENE XI.

Changes to the prospect of the mill.

*Enter RALPH, with MERVIN, in a riding dress,
followed by FANNY.*

Fan. Ah, pray your honour, try if you have not something to spare for poor Fanny the gipsy.

C

Ral. I tell you, Fan, the gentleman has no change about him; why the plague will you be so troublesome? 600

Fan. Lord what is it to you, if his honour has a mind to give me a trifle? Do pray, gentleman, put your hand in your pocket.

Mer. I am almost distracted! Ungrateful Theodosia, to change so suddenly, and write me such a letter! However, I am resolved to have my dismissal face to face; this letter may be forced from her by her mother, who I know was never cordially my friend: I could not get a sight of her in London, but here they will be less on their guard; and see her I will, by one means or other. 611

Fan. Then your honour will not extend your charity?

AIR.

*I am young, and I am friendless,
And poor, alas! withal;
Sure my sorrows will be endless;
In vain for help I call.
Have some pity in your nature,
To relieve a wretched creature,
Though the gift be ne'er so small.* 620

*May you, possessing every blessing,
Still inherit Sir, all you merit Sir,
And never know what it is to want;
Sweet heaven, your worship all happiness grant.*

SCENE XII.

RALPH, MERVIN.

Ral. Now I'll go and take that money from her and I have good mind to lick her, so I have.

Mer. Pho, pr'ythee stay where you are.

Ral. Nay, but I hate to see a toad so devilish greedy. 629

Mer. Well come, she has not got a great deal, and I have thought how she may do me a favour in her turn.

Ral. Ay, but you may put that out of your head, for I can tell you she won't.

Mer. How so!

Ral. How so, why she's as cunning as the Devil.

Mer. O she is—I fancy I understand you. Well, in that case, friend Ralph—Your name's Ralph, I think? 639

Ral. Yes, sir, at your service, for want of a better.

Mer. I say then, friend Ralph, in that case, we will remit the favor you think of, till the lady is in a more complying humour, and try if she cannot serve me at present in some other capacity—There are a good many gipsies hereabout, are there not?

Ral. Softly—I have a whole gang of them here in our barn; I have kept them about the place these three months, and all on account of she.

Mer. Really. 649

Ral. Yea—but for your life don't say a word of it to any Christian—I am in love with her. 651

Mer. Indeed!

Ral. Feyther is as mad with me about it, as Old Scratch; and I gets the plague and all of anger; but I don't mind that.

Mer. Well, friend Ralph, if you are in love, no doubt you have some influence over your mistress; don't you think you could prevail upon her, and her companions, to supply me with one of their habits, and let me go up with them to-day to my lord Aimworth's. 661

Ral. Why do you want to go a mumming? We never do that here but in the Christmas holidays.

Mer. No matter: manage this for me, and manage it with secrecy; and I promise you shall not go unrewarded.

Ral. Oh! as for that sir, I don't look for any thing, I can easily get you a bundle of their rags: but I don't know whether you'll prevail on them to go up to my lord's, because they're afraid of a big dog that's in the yard: but I'll tell you what I can do; I can go up before you and have the dog fastened, for I know his kennel. 673

Mer. That will do very well—By means of this disguise I shall probably get a sight of her; and I leave the rest to love and fortune.

AIR.

*Why quits the merchant, blest with ease,
The pleasures of his native seat,
To tempt the dangers of the seas,
And crimes more perilous than these;
Midst freezing cold, or scorching heat.*

*He knows the hardships, knows the pain,
The length of way, but thinks it small;
The sweets of what he hopes to gain,
Undaunted, make him combat all.*

SCENE XIII.

PATTY, RALPH, GILES, FANNY.

Giles. So his lordship was as willing as the flowers in May—and as I was coming along, who shou'd I meet but your father—and he bid me run in all haste and tell you—for we were sure you would be deadly glad. 690

Pat. I know not what business you had to go to my lord's at all, farmer.

Giles. Nay, I only did as I was desired—Master Fairfield bid me tell you moreover, as how he wou'd have you go up to my lord out of hand, and thank him.

Ral. So she ought; and take off those cloaths, and put on what's more becoming her station; you know my father spoke to you of that this morning too.

Pat. Brother, I shall obey my father. 700

*Lye still my heart; oh! fatal stroke,
That kills at once my hopes and me.*

Giles. *Miss Pat!*

Pat. ———— *What?*

Giles. ———— *Nay, I only spoke:*

Ral. *Take courage, mon, she does but joke,
Come, Sister, somewhat kinder be.*

Fan. *This is a thing the most oddest,
Some folks are so plaguily modest;*

Ral. Fan. { *Were we in the case,
To be in their place,
We'd carry it off with a different face.*

710

Giles. *Thus I take her by the lily hand,
So soft and white,*

Ral. ————— *Why now that's right;
And kifs her too, mon, never stand.*

Pat. Giles. { *What words can explain
My pleasure—my pain?
It presses, it rises,
My heart it surprises,
I can't keep it down, tho' I'd never so fain.*

720

Fan. *So here the play ends,
The lovers are friends;*

Ral. *Hush!*

Fan. ————— *Tush!*

Giles. ————— *Nab!*

Pat. ————— *Psha!*

All. *What torment's exceeding, what joys are above,
The pains and the pleasures that wait upon love.*

ACT II. SCENE I.

A marble portico, ornamented with statues, which opens from Lord AIMWORTH's house ; two chairs near the front.

Enter Lord AIMWORTH reading.

IN how contemptible a light would the situation I am now in shew me to most of the fine men of the present age ? In love with a country girl ; rivalled by a poor fellow, one of my meanest tenants, and uneasy at it ! If I had a mind to her, I know they would tell me, I ought to have taken care to make myself easy long ago, when I had her in my power. But I have the testimony of my own heart in my favour ; and I think, was it to do again, I should act as I have done. Let's see, what we have here ? perhaps a book may compose my thoughts ; [*reads and throws the book away*] it's to no purpose, I can't read, I can't think, I can't do any thing.

13

AIR.

*Ah ! how vainly mortals treasure
Hopes of happiness and pleasure,
Hard and doubtful to obtain ;
By what standards false we measure :
Still pursuing
Ways to ruin,
Seeking bliss, and finding pain.*

20

SCENE II.

LORD AIMWORTH, PATTY.

Pat. Now comes the trial : no, my sentence is already pronounc'd, and I will meet my fate with prudence and resolution.

L. Aim. Who's there ?

Pat. My lord !

L. Aim. Patty Fairfield !

Pat. I humbly beg pardon, my lord, for pressing so abruptly into your presence ; but I was told I might walk this way ; and I am come by my father's commands to thank your lordship for all your favours. 31

L. Aim. Favours, Patty ! what favours ? I have done you none : but why this metamorphosis ? I protest, if you had not spoke, I should not have known you ; I never saw you wear such clothes as these in my mother's life-time.

Pat. No, my lord, it was her ladyship's pleasure I should wear better, and therefore I obey'd ; but it is now my duty to dress in a manner more suitable to my station, and future prospects in life. 40

L. Aim. I am afraid, Patty, you are too humble—come, sit down—nay, I will have it so.—What is it I have been told to-day, Patty ? It seems you are going to be married.

Pat. Yes, my lord.

L. Aim. Well, and don't you think you could have made a better choice than farmer Giles ? I should

imagine your person, your accomplishments, might have intitled you to look higher. 49

Pat. Your lordship is pleased to over-rate my little merit: the education I received in your family does not intitle me to forget my origin; and the farmer is my equal.

L. Aim. In what respect? The degrees of rank and fortune, my dear Patty, are arbitrary distinctions, unworthy the regard of those who consider justly; the true standard of equality is seated in the mind: those who think nobly are noble. 58

Pat. The farmer, my lord, is a very honest man.

L. Aim. So he may: I don't suppose he would break into a house, or commit a robbery on the highway: what do you tell me of his honesty for?

Pat. I did not mean to offend your lordship.

L. Aim. Offend! I am not offended, Patty; not at all offended——But is there any great merit in a man's being honest?

Pat. I don't say there is, my lord.

L. Aim. The farmer is an ill-bred, illiterate booby; and what happiness can you propose to yourself in such a society?——Then, as to his person, I am sure——But perhaps, Patty, you like him; and if so, I am doing a wrong thing. 72

Pat. Upon my word, my lord——

L. Aim. Nay, I see you do: he has had the good fortune to please you; and in that case, you are certainly in the right to follow your inclinations.—I must tell you one thing, Patty, however—I hope you won't think it unfriendly of me——But I am determined.

farmer Giles shall not stay a moment on my estate, after next quarter-day. 80

Pat. I hope, my lord, he has not incurred your displeasure——

L. Aim. That's of no signification.—Could I find as many good qualities in him as you do, perhaps—— But 'tis enough, he's a fellow I don't like ; and as you have a regard for him, I would have you advise him to provide himself.

Pat. My lord, I am very unfortunate. 88

L. Aim. She loves him, 'tis plain——Come, Patty, don't cry ; I would not willingly do any thing to make you uneasy.—Have you seen Miss Sycamore yet ?—I suppose you know she and I are going to be married.

Pat. So I hear, my lord.—Heaven make you both happy !

L. Aim. Thank you, Patty ; I hope we shall be happy.

Pat. Upon my knees, upon my knees I pray it : may every earthly bliss attend you ! may your days prove an uninterrupted course of delightful tranquillity ; and your mutual friendship, confidence and love, end but with your lives ! 102

L. Aim. Rise, Patty, rise ; say no more—I suppose you'll wait upon Miss Sycamore before you go away—at present I have a little business——As I said, Patty, don't afflict yourself : I have been somewhat hasty with regard to the farmer ; but since I see how deeply you are interested in his affairs, I may possibly alter my designs with regard to him——You know——

You know, Patty, your marriage with him is no concern of mine—I only speak——

111

AIR.

My passion in vain I attempt to dissemble ;

Th' endeavour to hide it, but makes it appear :

Enraptur'd I gaze, when I touch her I tremble,

And speak to and hear her, with falt'ring and fear.

By how many cruel ideas tormented !

My blood's in a ferment ; it freezes, it burns :

This moment I wish, what the next is repented ;

While love, rage, and jealousy, rack me by turns. 119

SCENE III.

PATTY, GILES.

Giles. Miss Pat—Odd rabbit it, I thought his honour was here ; and I wish I may die if my heart did not jump into my mouth—Come, come down in all haste, there's such rig below as you never knew in your born days.

“ Pat. Rig !

“ Giles. Ay, and fun”—There's as good as forty of the tenants, men and maidens, have got upon the lawn before the castle, with pipers and garlands ; just for all the world as tho'f it was May-day ; and the quality's looking at them out of the windows—'Tis as true as any thing ; on account of my lord's coming

home with his new lady—"Look here, I have brought
"a string of flowers along with me." 133

Pat. Well, and what then?

Giles. Why I was thinking, if so be as you would
come down, as we might take a dance together: little
Sal, farmer Harrow's daughter, of the Green, would
fain have had me for a partner; but I said as how I'd
go for one I liked better, one that I'd make a partner
for life. 140

Pat. Did you say so?

Giles. Yes, and she was struck all of a heap—she
had not a word to throw to a dog—for Sal and I kept
company once for a little bit.

Pat. Farmer, I am going to say something to you,
and I desire you will listen to it attentively. It seems
you think of our being married together.

Giles. Think! why I think of nothing else; it's all
over the place mun, as how you are to be my spouse;
and you would not believe what game folks make of
me. 151

Pat. Shall I talk to you like a friend, farmer—
You and I were never designed for one another; and
I am morally certain we should not be happy.

Giles. Oh! as for that matter, I never has no words
with nobody.

Pat. Shall I speak plainer to you then—I don't
like you.

Giles. No!

Pat. On the contrary, you are disagreeable to
me— 161

Giles. Am I!

Pat. Yes, of all things : I deal with you sincerely.

Giles. Why, I thought, Miss Pat, the affair between you and I was all fix'd and settled.

Pat. Well, let this undeceive you—Be assured we shall never be man and wife. No offer shall persuade, no command force me.—You know my mind, make your advantage of it.

AIR.

Was I sure a life to lead,
Wretched as the vilest slave,
Every hardship would I brave ;
Rudest toil, severest need ;
Ere yield my hand so coolly,
To the man who never, truly,
Could my heart in keeping have.

170

Wealth with others success will insure you,
Where your wit and your person may please ;
Take to them your love, I conjure you,
And in mercy set me at ease.

180

SCENE IV.

GILES.

Here's a turn ! I don't know what to make of it : she's gone mad, that's for sartin ; wit and learning have crack'd her brain——Poor soul, poor soul——It is often the case of those who have too much of them.—Lord, Lord, how sorry I be—But hold, she

says I baint to her mind—mayn't all this be the effect of modish coyness, to do like the gentlewomen, because she was bred among them? And I have heard say, they will be upon their vixen tricks, till they go into the very church with a man. Icod there's nothing more likelier; for it is the cry of one and all, that she's the moral of a lady in every thing: and our farmer's daughters, for the matter of that, tho'f they have nothing to boast of but a scrap of red ribbon about their hats, will have as many turnings and windings as a hare, before one can lay a fast hold of them. There can no harm come of speaking with master Fairfield, however.—Odd rabbit it, how plaguy tart she was—I am half vext with myself now that I let her go off so.

200

AIR.

*When a maid, in way of marriage,
First is courted by a man,
Let 'un do the best he can,
She's so shame-fac'd in her carriage,
'Tis with pain the suit's began.*

*Tho'f mayhap she likes him mainly,
Still she shams it coy and cold;
Fearing to confess it plainly,
Lest the folks should think her bold.*

*But the parson comes in sight,
Gives the word to bill and coo;
'Tis a different story quite,
And she quickly buckles too.*

210

SCENE V.

Changes to a view of Lord AIMWORTH's house, and improvements; a seat under a tree, and part of the garden wall, with a Chinese pavilion over it; several country people appear dancing, others looking on; among whom are, MERVIN, disguised, RALPH, FANNY, and a number of gipsies. After the dancers go off, THEODOSIA and PATTY enter through a gate supposed to have a connection with the principal building.

The. Well then, my dear Patty, you will run away from us: but why in such a hurry, I have a thousand things to say to you?

Pat. I shall do myself the honour to pay my duty to you some other time, madam; at present I really find myself a little indisposed. 219

The. Nay, I would by no means lay you under any restraint. But methinks the entertainment we have just been taking part of, should have put you into better spirits: I am not in an over-merry mood myself, yet, I swear, I could not look on the diversion of those honest folks, without feeling a certain *gaieté de cœur*. 226

Pat. Why, indeed, madam, it had one circumstance attending it, which is often wanting to more polite amusements; that of seeming to give undissembled satisfaction to those who were engaged in it.

The. Oh, infinite, infinite! to see the cheerful, healthy looking creatures, toil with such a good will!

To me there were more genuine charms in their awkward stumping and jumping about, their rude measures, and homespun finery, than in all the dress, splendor, and studied graces, of a birth-night ball-room.

237

Pat. 'Tis a very uncommon declaration to be made by a fine lady, madam : but certainly, however the artful delicacies of high life may dazzle and surprize, nature has particular attractions, even in a cottage, her most unadorned state, which seldom fail to affect us, tho' we can scarce give a reason for it.

The. But you know, Patty, I was always a distracted admirer of the country ; no damsel in romance was ever fonder of groves and purling streams : had I been born in the days of Arcadia, with my present propensity, instead of being a fine lady, as you call me, I should certainly have kept a flock of sheep.

Pat. Well, madam, you have the sages, poets, and philosophers, of all ages, to countenance your way of thinking.

252

The. And you, my little philosophical friend, don't you think me in the right too ?

Pat. Yes, indeed, madam, perfectly.

AIR.

*Trust me, would you taste true pleasure,
Without mixture, without measure,
No where shall you find the treasure
Sure as in the sylvan scene :*

Blest, who, no false glare requiring, 260
Nature's rural sweets admiring,
Can, from grosser joys retiring,
Seek the simple and serene.

SCENE VI.

THEODOSIA, MERVIN, FANNY.

Mer. Yonder she is seated ; and, to my wish, most fortunately alone. Accost her as I desired.

The. Heigh !

Fan. Heaven blefs you, my sweet lady—blefs your honour's beautiful visage, and send you a good husband, and a great many of them.

The. A very comfortable wish upon my word : who are you, child ? 271

Fan. A poor gipsy, an' please you, that goes about begging from charitable gentlemen and ladies—If you have ere a coal or a bit of whiting in your pocket, I'll write you the first letter of your sweetheart's name ; how many husbands you will have ; and how many children, my lady : or, if you'll let me look at your line of life, I'll tell you whether it will be long or short, happy or miserable.

The. Oh ! as for that, I know it already—you cannot tell me any good fortune, and therefore I'll hear none. Go about your business. 282

Mer. Stay, madam, stay, [*Pretending to lift a paper from the ground.*] you have dropt something—Fan, call the young gentlewoman back.

Fan. Lady, you have lost——

The. Pho, pho, I have lost nothing.

Mer. Yes, that paper, lady ; you dropt it as you got up from the chair.—*Fan.* give it to her honour. 289

The. A letter with my addrefs! [*Takes the paper and reads.*] “ Dear Theodosia! Though the sight of me
“ was so disagreeable to you, that you charged me
“ never to approach you more, I hope my hand-wri-
“ ting can have nothing to frighten or disgust you. I
“ am not far off ; and the person who delivers you
“ this, can give you intelligence.”——Come hither,
child : do you know any thing of the gentleman that
wrote this ?

Fan. My lady——

299

The. Make haste run this moment, bring me to him,
bring him to me ; say I wait with impatience ; tell
him I will go, fly any where——

Mer. My life, my charmer !

The. Oh, Heavens !——*Mr. Mervin !*

SCENE VII.

THEODOSIA, MERVIN, *Sir HARRY*, *Lady SYCA-*
MORE, FANNY, GIPSIES.

L. Syc. Sir Harry, don't walk so fast, we are not
running for a wager.

S. Har. Hough, hough, hough.

L. Syc. Hey day, you have got a cough ; I shall
have you laid upon my hands presently. 309

S. Har. No, no, my lady, it's only the old affair.

L. Syc. Come here, and let me tie this handkerchief about your neck; you have put yourself into a muck sweat already. [*Ties a handkerchief about his neck.*] Have you taken your Bardana this morning? I warrant you not now, though you have been complaining of twitches two or three times; and you know the gouty season is coming on. Why will you be so neglectful of your health, Sir Harry? I protest I am forced to watch you like an infant.

319

S. Har. My lovey takes care of me, and I am obliged to her.

L. Syc. Well, but you ought to mind me then, since you are satisfied I never speak but for your good.—I thought, Miss Sycamore, you were to have followed your papa and me into the garden.—How far did you go with that wench?

The. They are gipsies, madam, they say. Indeed I don't know what they are.

L. Syc. I wish miss, you would learn to give a rational answer.——

330

S. Har. Eh! what's that? gipsies! Have we gipsies here! Vagrants, that pretend to a knowledge of future events; diviners, fortune-tellers?

Fan. Yes, your worship, we'll tell your fortune, or her ladyship's, for a crum of bread, or a little broken victuals: what you throw to your dogs, an please you.

S. Har. Broken victuals, hussy! How do you think we should have broken victuals?—If we are at home, indeed, perhaps you might get some such thing from the cook: but here we are only on a visit to a

friend's house, and have nothing to do with the kitchen at all. 342

L. Syc. And do you think, Sir Harry, it is necessary to give the creature an account.

S. Har. No, love, no; but what can you say to obstinate people?—Get you gone, bold face.—I once knew a merchant's wife in the city, my lady, who had her fortune told by some of those gipsies. They said she should die at such a time; and I warrant, as sure as the day came, the poor gentlewoman actually died with the conceit.—Come, Dossy, your mama and I are going to take a walk.—My lady, will you have hold of my arm? 353

L. Syc. No, Sir Harry, I choose to go by myself.

Mer. Now, love, assist me—[*Turning to the gipsies.*] Follow and take all your cues from me—Nay, but good lady and gentleman, you won't go without remembering the poor gipsies.

S. Har. Hey! here is all the gang after us.

Gip. Pray, your noble honour. 360

L. Syc. Come back into the garden; we shall be covered with vermin.

Gip. Out of the bowels of your commiseration.

L. Syc. They press upon us more and more; yet that girl has no mind to leave them: I shall swoon away.

S. Har. Don't be frighten'd, my lady; let me advance.

AIR.

You vile pack of vagabonds, what do you mean?

I'll maul you rascals,

370

Ye tatter-demallions——

If one of you come within reach of my cane.

Such cursed assurance,

'Tis past all endurance.

Nay, nay, pray come away.

They're lyars and thieves,

And he that believes

Their foolish predictions,

Will find them but fictions,

A bubble that always deceives.

380

SCENE VIII.

MERVIN, THEODOSIA, FANNY, GIPSIES.

Fan. Oh! mercy, dear—The gentleman is so bold,
'tis well if he does not bring us into trouble. Who
knows but this may be a justice of peace! and see,
he's following them into the garden!

1st Gip. Well, 'tis all your seeking, Fan.

Fan. We shall have warrants to take us up, I'll be
hang'd else. We had better run away, the servants
will come out with sticks to lick us.

Mer. Curfed ill fortune—[*Here Mervin returns with gipsies.*]—She's gone, and, perhaps, I fhall not have another opportunity—And you, ye blundering blockhead, I won't give you a halfpenny—Why did you not clap too the garden door, when I called to you, before the young lady got in? The key was on the outside, which would have given me fome time for an explanation. 396

2d Gip. An please your honour I was dubus.

Mer. Dubus! plague choak ye—However, it is fome fatisfaction that I have been able to let her fee me, and know where I am [*Turning to the gipsies, who go off.*]—Go, get you gone, all of you, about your bufinefs. 402

The. Disappeared, fled! [*Theodofia appears in the pavilion.*]—Oh, how unlucky this is!—Could he not have patience to wait a moment?

Mer. I know not what to refolve on.

The. Hem!

Mer. I'll go back to the garden-door.

The. Mr. Mervin!

Mer. What do I fee!—'Tis ſhe, 'tis ſhe herſelf!—Oh, Theodofia!—Shall I climb the wall and come up to you? 412

The. No; ſpeak ſoftly: Sir Harry and my Lady fit below at the end of the walk—How much am I obliged to you for taking this trouble.

Mer. When their happinefs is at ſtake, what is it men will not attempt?—Say but you love me.

The. What proof would you have me give you?—I know but of one: if you please I am willing to go off with you. 420

Mer. Are you !—Would to Heaven I had brought a carriage !

The. How did you come?—Have you not horses ?

Mer. No ; there's another misfortune.—To avoid suspicion, there being but one little public-house in the village, I dispatched my servant with them, about an hour ago, to wait for me at a town twelve miles distant, whither I pretended to go ; but alighting a mile off, I equipt myself, and came back as you see : neither can we, nearer than this town, get a post-chaise.

431

The. You say you have made a confidant of the miller's son :—return to your place of rendezvous :—my father has been asked this moment, by Lord Aimworth, who is in the garden, to take a walk with him down to the mill : they will go before dinner ; and it shall be hard if I cannot contrive to be one of the company.

Mer. And what then——

439

The. Why, in the mean time, you may devise some method to carry me from hence : and I'll take care you shall have an opportunity of communicating it to me.

Mer. Well, but dear Theodosia——

AIR.

The. *Hist, hist ! I hear my mother call——*

Pr'ythee be gone ;

We'll meet anon :

Catch this, and this——

Blow me a kiss

In pledge of promis'd truth, that's all.

*Farewell!—and yet a moment stay;
Something beside I had to say:—*

Well, 'tis forgot;

No matter what——

Love grant us grace;

The mill's the place:

She calls again, I must away.

SCENE IX.

MERVIN, FANNY.

Fan. Please your honour, you were so kind as to say you would remember my fellow-travellers for their trouble: and they think I have gotten the money. 461

Mer. Oh, here; give them this—[*Gives her money.*] And for you, my dear little pilot, you have brought me so cleverly through my business, that I must——

Fan. Oh, Lord!—your honour—[*Mervin kisses her.*] Pray don't——kiss me again.

Mer. Again, and again.——There's a thought come into my head.—Theodosia will certainly have no objection to putting on the dress of a sister of mine.—So, and so only we may escape to-night.—This girl, for a little money, will provide us with necessaries.—— 472

Fan. Dear gracious! I warrant you, now, I am as red as my petticoat: why would you royster and touzle

one so?—If Ralph was to see you, he'd be as jealous as the vengeance.

Mer. Hang Ralph! Never mind him.—There's a guinea for thee.

Fan. What, a golden guinea?—— 479

Mer. Yes; and if thou art a good girl, and do as I desire thee, thou shalt have twenty.

Fan. Ay, but not all gold.

Mer. As good as that is.

Fan. Shall I though, if I does as you bids me?

Mer. You shall.

Fan. Precious heart! He's a sweet gentleman!—
Icod I have a great mind——

Mer. What art thou thinking about?

Fan. Thinking, your honour?—Ha, ha, ha!

Mer. Indeed, so merry. 490

Fan. I don't know what I am thinking about, not I—Ha, ha, ha!—Twenty guineas!

Mer. I tell thee thou shalt have them.

Fan. Ha, ha, ha, ha, ha!

Mer. By Heaven I am serious.

Fan. Ha, ha, ha!—Why then I'll do whatever your honour pleases.

Mer. Stay here a little, to see that all keeps quiet :
you'll find me presently at the mill, where we'll talk farther.

AIR.

Yes, 'tis decreed, thou maid divine !

I must, I will possess thee :

Oh, what delight within my arms to press thee !

To kiss and call thee mine !

Let me this only bliss enjoy ;

That ne'er can waste, that ne'er can cloy :

All other pleasures I resign.

Why should we dally ;

Stand shilly shally :

Let fortune smile or frown ?

510

Love will attend us ;

Love will befriend us ;

And all our wishes crown.

SCENE X.

FANNY, RALPH.

Fan. What a dear kind soul he is—Here comes Ralph—I can tell him, unless he makes me his lawful wife, as he has often said he would, the devil a word more shall he speak to me.

Ral. So, Fan, where's the gentleman ?

Fan. How should I know where he is ; what do you ask me for ?

520

Ral. There's no harm in putting a civil question, be there ? Why you look as cross and ill-natured—

Fan. Well, mayhap I do—and mayhap I have where-withal for it.

Ral. Why, has the gentleman offered any thing uncivil? Ecod, I'd try a bout as soon as look at him.

Fan. He offer—no—he's a gentleman every inch of him; but you are sensible, Ralph, you have been promising me, a great while, this, and that, and t'other; and, when all comes to all, I don't see but you are like the rest of them. 531

Ral. Why, what is it I have promised?

Fan. To marry me in the church, you have, a hundred times.

Ral. Well, and mayhap I will, if you'll have patience.

Fan. Patience! me no patience; you may do it now if you please.

Ral. Well, but suppose I don't please? I tell you, Fan, you're a fool, and want to quarrel with your bread and butter; I have had anger enow from feyther already upon your account, and you want me to come by more. As I said, if you have patience, mayhap things may fall out, and mayhap not.

Fan. With all my heart, then; and now I know your mind, you may go hang yourself.

Ral. Ay, ay.

Fan. Yes, you may—who cares for you?

Ral. Well, and who cares for you, an you go to that? 550

Fan. A menial feller—Go mind your mill and your drudgery; I don't think you worthy to wipe my shoes—feller.

Ral. Nay, but Fan, keep a civil tongue in your head : odds flesh ! I would fain know what fly bites all of a sudden now.

Fan. Marry come up, the best gentlemen's sons in the country have made me proffers ; and if one is a miss, be a miss to a gentleman, I say, that will give one fine clothes, and take one to see the show, and put money in one's pocket. 561

Ral. Whu, whu—[*Hits him a slap.*] What's that for ?

Fan. What do you whistle for, then ? Do you think I am a dog ?

Ral. Never from me, Fan, if I have not a mind to give you, with this switch in my hand here, as good a lacing——

Fan. Touch me, if you dare : touch me, and I'll swear my life against you. 570

Ral. A murrain ! with her damn'd little fist as hard as she could draw.

Fan. Well, it's good enough for you ; I'm not necessitated to take up with the impudence of such a low lived monkey as you are.—A gentleman's my friend, and I can have twenty guineas in my hand, all as good as this is.

Ral. Belike from this Londoner, eh ?

Fan. Yes, from him—so you may take your promise of marriage ; I don't value it that—[*spits*] and if you speak to me, I'll slap your chops again. 581

AIR.

*Lord, sir, you seem mighty uneasy ;
But I the refusal can bear :
I warrant I shall not run crazy,
Nor die in a fit of despair.
If so you suppose, you're mistaken ;
For, sir, for to let you to know,
I'm not such a maiden forsaken,
But I have two strings to my bow.* 589

SCENE XI.

RALPH.

Indeed ! Now I'll be judg'd by any soul living in the world, if ever there was a viler piece of treachery than this here ; there is no such thing as a true friend upon the face of the globe, and so I have said a hundred times ! A couple of base deceitful——after all my love and kindness shewn ! Well, I'll be revenged ; see an I be'nt——Master Marvint, that's his name, an he do not sham it : he has come here and disguised unself ; whereof 'tis contrary to law so to do : besides, I do partly know why he did it ; and I'll fish out the whole conjuration, and go up to the castle and tell every syllable ; a shan't carry a

wench from me, were he twenty times the mon he is,
and twenty times to that again; and moreover than so,
the first time I meet un, I'll knock un down, tho'f
'twas before my lord himself; and he may capias me
for it afterwards an he wull.

606

AIR.

*As they count me such a ninny,
So to let them rule the roast;
I'll bet any one a guinea
They have scor'd without their host.
But if I don't shew them in lieu of it, 611
A trick that's fairly worth two of it,
Then let me pass for a fool and an afs.*

*To be sure yon sly cajoler
Thought the work as good as done,
When he found the little stroller
Was so easy to be won.
But if I don't shew him in lieu of it,
A trick that's fairly worth two of it,
Then let me pass for a fool or an afs. 620*

SCENE XII.

*Changes to a room in the mill; two chairs, with a table
and a tankard of beer.*

FAIRFIELD, GILES.

Fai. In short, farmer, I don't know what to say to
thee. I have spoken to her all I can; but I think

children were born to pull the grey hairs of their parents to the grave with sorrow.

Giles. Nay, master Fairfield, don't take on about it: belike Miss Pat has another love: and if so, in Heaven's name be't: what's one man's meat, as the saying is, is another man's poison; and tho'f some might find me well enough to their fancy, set in case I don't suit her's, why there's no harm done. 630

Fai. Well but, neighbour, I have put that to her; and the story is, she has no inclination to marry any one; all she desires, is, to stay at home and take care of me.

Giles. Master Fairfield—here's towards your good health.

Fai. Thank thee, friend Giles—and here's towards thine.—I promise thee, had things gone as we proposed, thou should'st have had one half of what I was worth, to the uttermost farthing. 640

Giles. Why to be sure, Master Fairfield, I am not the less obligated to your good-will; but, as to that matter, had I married, it should not have been for the lucre of gain; but if I do like a girl, do you see, I do like her; ay, and I'd take her, saving respect, if she had not a second petticoat.

Fai. Well said—where love is, with a little industry, what have a young couple to be afraid of? And, by the lord Harry, for all that's past, I cannot help thinking we shall bring our matters to bear yet—Young women you know, friend Giles— 651

Giles. Why, that's what I have been thinking with myself, Master Fairfield.

Fai. Come, then, mend thy draught.—Duce take me if I let it drop so—But, in any case, don't you go to make yourself uneasy.

Giles. Uneasy, Master Fairfield ; what good would that do ?—For sartin, seeing how things were, I should have been very glad they had gone accordingly : but if they change, 'tis no fault of mine you know.

671

AIR.

Zooks ! why should I sit down and grieve ?

*No case so hard, there mayn't be had
Some med'cine to relieve.*

Here's what masters all disasters :

Wub a cup of nut-brown beer,

Thus my drooping thoughts I cheer :

If one pretty damsel fail me,

From another I may find

Return more kind ;

680

What a murrain then should ail me !

All girls are not of a mind.

He's a child that whimpers for a toy ;

So here's to thee, honest boy.

SCENE XIII.

FAIRFIELD, *Lord AIMWORTH.*

Fai. O the goodness, his lordship's honour—you are come into a litter'd place, my noble sir—the arm-chair——will it please your honour to repose you on this, till a better——

L. Aim. Thank you, miller, there's no occasion for either.——I only want to speak a few words to you, and have company waiting for me without. 690

Fai. Without——won't their honours favour my poor hovel so far——

L. Aim. No, miller, let them stay where they are.——I find you are about marrying your daughter—I know the great regard my mother had for her; and am satisfied, that nothing but her sudden death could have prevented her leaving her a handsome provision.

Fai. Dear, my lord, your noble mother, you, and all your family, have heaped favours on favours on my poor child. 700

L. Aim. Whatever has been done for her she has fully merited——

Fai. Why, to be sure, my lord, she is a very good girl.

L. Aim. Poor old man—but those are tears of satisfaction.——Here, Master Fairfield, to bring matters to a short conclusion, here is a bill of a thousand pounds.——Portion your daughter with what you think convenient of it. 709

Fai. A thousand pound, my lord! Pray excuse me; excuse me, worthy sir; too much has been done already, and we have no pretensions——

L. Aim. I insist upon your taking it.——Put it up, and say no more.

Fai. Well, my lord, if it must be so: but indeed, indeed——

L. Aim. In this I only fulfil what I am satisfied would please my mother. As to myself, I shall take upon me all the expences of Patty's wedding, and have already given orders about it. 720

Fai. Alas, sir, you are too good, too generous; but I fear we shall not be able to profit of your kind intentions, unless you will condescend to speak a little to Patty.

L. Aim. How speak!

Fai. Why, my lord, I thought we had pretty well ordered all things concerning this marriage; but all on a sudden the girl has taken it into her head not to have the farmer, and declares she will never marry at all.——But I know, my lord, she'll pay great respect to any thing you say: and if you'll but lay your commands on her to marry him, I'm sure she'll do it.

L. Aim. Who, I lay my commands on her? 733

Fai. Yes, pray, my lord, do; I'll send her in to you.

L. Aim. "Master Fairfield! [*Fairfield goes out and returns.*]"——What can be the meaning of this?—"Refuse to marry the farmer!"—How, why?—"My heart is thrown in an agitation; while every step I take, serves but to lead me into new perplexities."

Fai. "She's coming, my lord ; I said you were "here ;" and I humbly beg you will tell her, you insist upon the match going forward ; tell her, you insist upon it, my lord, and speak a little angrily to her."

SCENE XIV.

Lord AIMWORTH, PATTY.

L. Aim. I came hither, Patty, in consequence of our conversation this morning, to render your change of state as agreeable and happy as I could : but your father tells me, you have fallen out with the farmer ? has any thing happened, since I saw you last, to alter your good opinion of him ? 751

Pat. No, my lord, I am in the same opinion with regard to the farmer now as I always was.

L. Aim. I thought, Patty, you loved him, you told me——

Pat. My lord !

L. Aim. Well, no matter—It seems I have been mistaken in that particular——Possibly your affections are engaged elsewhere : let me but know the man that can make you happy, and I swear—— 760

Pat. Indeed, my lord, you take too much trouble upon my account.

L. Aim. Perhaps, Patty, you love somebody so much beneath you, you are ashamed to own it ; but your esteem confers a value wheresoever it is placed. I was too harsh with you this morning : our inclina-

tions are not in our own power ; they master the wisest of us. 768

Pat. Pray, pray my lord, talk not to me in this stile : consider me as one destined by birth and fortune to the meanest condition and offices ; who has unhappily been apt to imbibe sentiments contrary to them ! Let me conquer a heart, where pride and vanity have usurped an improper rule ; and learn to know myself, of whom I have been too long ignorant.

L. Aim. Perhaps, Patty, you love some one so much above you, you are afraid to own it——If so, be his rank what it will, he is to be envied : for the love of a woman of virtue, beauty, and sentiment, does honour to a monarch.——What means that downcast look, those tears, those blushes ? Dare you not confide in me ?——Do you think, Patty, you have a friend in the world would sympathize with you more sincerely than I ? 784

Pat. What shall I answer ?——No, my lord, you have ever treated me with a kindness, a generosity of which none but minds like yours are capable : you have been my instructor, my adviser, my protector : but, my lord, you have been too good : when our superiors forget the distance between us, we are sometimes led to forget it too : had you been less condescending, perhaps I had been happier. 792

L. Aim. And have I, Patty, have I made you unhappy : I, who would sacrifice my own felicity, to secure your's ?

Pat. I beg, my lord, you will suffer me to be gone : only believe me sensible of all your favours, though unworthy of the smallest.

L. Aim. How unworthy!—You merit every thing; my respect, my esteem, my friendship, and my love!—Yes, I repeat, I avow it: your beauty, your modesty, your understanding, have made a conquest of my heart.—But what a world do we live in! that, while I own this; while I own a passion for you, founded on the justest, the noblest basis, I must at the same time confess, the fear of that world, its taunts, its reproaches—

807

Pat. Ah, sir, think better of the creature you have raised, than to suppose I ever entertained a hope tending to your dishonour: would that be a return for the favours I have received? Would that be a grateful reverence for the memory of her—Pity and pardon the disturbance of a mind that fears to enquire too minutely into its own sensations.—I am unfortunate, my lord, but not criminal.

L. Aim. Patty, we are both unfortunate: for my own part, I know not what to say to you, or what to propose to myself.

818

Pat. Then, my lord, 'tis mine to act as I ought: yet, while I am honoured with a place in your esteem, imagine me not insensible of so high a distinction; or capable of lightly turning my thought towards another.

L. Aim. How cruel is my situation!—I am here, Patty, to command you to marry the man who has given you so much uneasiness.

Pat. My lord, I am convinced it is for your credit and my safety, it should be so: I hope I have not so ill profited by the lessons of your noble mother, but I shall be able to do my duty, whenever I am called to

it : this will be my first support ; time and reflection
will complete the work.

831

AIR.

*Cease, oh cease, to overwhelm me,
With excess of bounty rare ;
What am I ? What have I ? Tell me,
To deserve your meanest care ?
'Gainst our fate in vain's resistance,
Let me then no grief disclose ;
But resign'd, at humble distance,
Offer vows for your repose.*

SCENE XV.

*Lord AIMWORTH, PATTY, Sir HARRY SYCAMORE,
THEODOSIA, GILES.*

S. Har. No justice of peace, no bailiffs, no head-
borough !

841

L. Aim. What's the matter, Sir Harry ?

S. Har. The matter, my lord—While I was examining the construction of the mill without, for I have some small notion of mechanics, Miss Sycamore had like to have been run away with by a gipsy man.

The. Dear papa, how can you talk so ? Did not I tell you it was at my own desire the poor fellow went to shew me the canal.

850

S. Har. Hold your tongue, miss. I don't know any business you had to let him come near you at all: we have stayed so long too; your mama gave us but half an hour, and she'll be frightened out of her wits—she'll think some accident has happened to me.

L. Aim. I'll wait upon you when you please.

S. Har. O! but my lord, here's a poor fellow; it seems his mistress has conceived some disgust against him: pray has her father spoke to you to interpose your authority in his behalf? 860

Giles. If his lordship's honour would be so kind, I would acknowledge the favour as far as in me lay.

S. Har. Let me speak—[*Takes Lord Aimworth aside*] a word or two in your lordship's ear.

The. Well, I do like this gipsy scheme prodigiously, if we can but put it into execution as happily as we have contrived it.—[*here Patty enters*] So, my dear Patty, you see I am come to return your visit very soon; but this is only a call *en passant*—will you be at home after dinner? 870

Pat. Certainly, madam, whenever you condescend to honour me so far: but it is what I cannot expect.

The. O fye, why not——

Giles. Your servant, Miss Patty.

Pat. Farmer, your servant.

S. Har. Here you goodman delver, I have done your business; my lord has spoke, and your fortune's made: a thousand pounds at present, and better things to come; his lordship says he will be your friend.

Giles. I do hope, then, Miss Pat will make all up.

S. Har. Miss Pat, make up! stand out of the way,
I'll make it up. 883

*The quarrels of lovers, adds me! they're a jest;
Come hither, ye blockhead, come hither :
So now let us leave them together.*

L. Aim. Farewell, then !

Pat. ————— For ever !

Giles. ————— I vow and protest,

'Twas kind of his honour, 890

To gain thus upon her ;

We're so much beholden it can't be express'd,

The. I feel something here,

'Twill twist hoping and fear :

Haste, haste, friendly night,

To shelter our flight——

L. Aim. } A thousand distractions are rending my breast.
Pat. }

Pat. O mercy,

Giles. ————— Oh dear !

S. Har. Why miss, will you mind when you're spoke to,
or not ?

Must I stand in waiting,

While you're here a prating ?

L. Aim. } May ev'ry felicity fall to your lot.
The. }

Giles. She curtsies !—Look there,

What a shape, what an air !—

All. How happy, how wretched! how tir'd am I!
Your lordship's obedient; your servant; good bye.

ACT III. SCENE I.

The portico to Lord AIMWORTH's House.

Enter Lord AIMWORTH, Sir HARRY, Lady SYCAMORE.

Lady Sycamore.

A WRETCH ! a vile, inconsiderate wretch ! coming of such a race as mine ; and having an example like me before her !

L. Aim. I beg, madam, you will not disquiet yourself : you are told here, that a gentleman lately arrived from London has been about the place to-day ; that he has disguised himself like a gipsy, came hither, and had some conversation with your daughter ; you are even told, that there is a design formed for their going off together ; but possibly there may be some mistake in all this. 11

S. Har. Ay, but my lord, the lad tells us the gentleman's name ; we have seen the gipsies ; and we know she has had a hankering——

L. Syc. Sir Harry, my dear, why will you put in your word, when you hear others speaking—I protest, my lord, I'm in such confusion, I know not what to say : I can hardly support myself.——

L. Aim. This gentleman, it seems, is at a little inn at the bottom of the hill. 20

S. Har. I wish it was possible to have a file of musqueteers, my-lord; I could head them myself, being in the militia: and we would go and seize him directly.

L. Aim. Softly, my dear sir; let us proceed with a little less violence in this matter, I beseech you. We should first see the young lady——Where is Miss Sycamore, madam?

L. Syc. Really, my lord, I don't know; I saw her go into the garden about a quarter of an hour ago, from our chamber window. 31

S. Har. Into the garden! perhaps she has got an inkling of our being informed of this affair, and is gone to throw herself into the pond. Despair, my lord, makes girls do terrible things. 'Twas but the Wednesday before we left London, that I saw, taken out of Rosamond's pond, in Saint James's Park, as likely a young woman as ever you would desire to set your eyes on, in a new callimanco petticoat, and a pair of silver buckles in her shoes. 40

L. Aim. I hope there is no danger of any such fatal accident happening at present; but will you oblige me, Sir Harry?

S. Har. Surely, my lord——

L. Aim. Will you commit the whole direction of this affair to my prudence?

S. Har. My dear, you hear what his lordship says.

L. Syc. Indeed, my lord, I am so much ashamed, I don't know what to answer; the fault of my daughter.— 50

L. Aim. Don't mention it, madam; the fault has been mine, who have been innocently the occasion of

a young lady's transgressing a point of duty and decorum, which, otherwise, she would never have violated. But if you, and Sir Harry, will walk in and repose yourselves, I hope to settle every thing to the general satisfaction.

L. Syc. Come in, Sir Harry. [Exit.

L. Aim. I am sure, my good friend, had I known that I was doing a violence to Miss Sycamore's inclinations, in the happiness I proposed to myself— 61

S. Har. My lord, 'tis all a case—My grandfather, by the mother's side, was a very sensible man—he was elected knight of the shire in five successive parliaments; and died high sheriff of his county—a man of fine parts, fine talents, and one of the most curiofeste docker of horses in all England (but that he did only now and then for his amusement)—And he used to say, my lord, that the female sex were good for nothing but to bring forth children, and breed disturbance. 71

L. Aim. The ladies were very little obliged to your ancestor, Sir Harry: but for my part, I have a more favourable opinion——

S. Har. You are in the wrong, my lord: with submission, you are really in the wrong.

AIR.

To speak my mind of woman kind,

In one word 'tis this ;

By nature they're designed,

To say and do amiss.

*Be they maids, be they wives,
Alike they plague our lives :
Wanton, headstrong, cunning, vain ;
Born to cheat, and give men pain,*

*Their study day and night,
Is mischief, their delight ;
And if we should prevent,
At one door their intent ;
They quickly turn about,
And find another out.*

90

SCENE II.

“ Lord AIMWORTH,” Enter FAIRFIELD, “ RALPH.”

“ Ral. Dear goodness, my lord, I doubts I have
“ done some wrong here ; I hope your honour will
“ forgive me ; to be fartin, if I had known——

“ L. Aim. You have done nothing but what’s very
“ right, my lad ; don’t make yourself uneasy.”—How
now, master Fairfield, what brings you here ?

Fai. I am come, my lord, to thank you for your
bounty to me and my daughter this morning, and
most humbly to intreat your lordship to receive it at
our hands again. 100

L. Aim. Ay—why, what’s the matter ?

Fai. I don’t know, my lord ; it seems your gene-
rosity to my poor girl has been noised about the

neighbourhood; and some evil-minded people have put it into the young man's head, that was to marry her, that you would never have made her a present so much above her deserts and expectations; if it had not been upon some naughty account: now, my lord, I am a poor man, 'tis true, and a mean one; but I and my father, and my father's father, have lived tenants upon your lordship's estate, where we have always been known for honest men; and it shall never be said, that Fairfield, the miller, became rich in his old days by the wages of his child's shame.

L. Aim. What then, Master Fairfield, do you believe——

Fai. No, my lord, no, Heaven forbid: but when I consider the sum, it is too much for us; "it is indeed, my lord," and enough to make bad folks talk: besides, my poor girl is greatly alter'd; she us'd to be the life of every place she came into; but since her being at home, I have seen nothing from her but sadness and watery eyes. 123

L. Aim. The farmer then refuses to marry Patty, notwithstanding their late reconciliation.

Fai. Yes, my lord, he does indeed; and has made a wicked noise, and used us in a very base manner: I did not think farmer Giles would have been so ready to believe such a thing of us. 129

L. Aim. Well, Master Fairfield, I will not press on you a donation, the rejection of which does you so much credit; you may take my word, however, that your fears upon this occasion are entirely groundless: but this is not enough, as I have been the means of losing your daughter one husband, it is but just I

should get her another ; and, since the farmer is so scrupulous, there is a young man in the house here, whom I have some influence over, and I dare say he will be less squeamish. 139

Fai. To be sure, my lord, you have, in all honest ways, a right to dispose of me and mine, as you think proper.

L. Aim. Go then immediately, and bring Patty hither ; I shall not be easy till I have given you entire satisfaction. But, stay and take a letter, which I am stepping into my study to write : I'll order a chaise to be got ready, that you may go back and forward with greater expedition.

AIR.

*Let me fly——hence tyrant fashion,
Teach to servile minds your law ;
Curb in them each gen'rous passion,
Ev'ry motion keep in awe.*

150

*Shall I, in thy trammels going,
Quit the idol of my heart ?
While it beats, all fervent, glowing !
With my life I'll sooner part.*

SCENE III.

FANNY *following* RALPH.

Fan. Ralph, Ralph !

Ral. What do you want with me, eh ?

Fan. Lord, I never knowed such a man as you are, since I com'd into the world ; a body can't speak to you, but you falls strait ways into a passion : I followed you up from the house, only you run so, there was no such a thing as overtaking you, and I have been waiting there at the back door ever so long. 165

Ral. Well, and now you may go and wait at the fore door, if you like it : but I forewarn you and your gang not to keep lurking about our mill any longer ; for if you do, I'll send the constable after you, and have you every mother's skin, clapt into the county gaol, you are such a pack of thieves, one can't hang so much as a rag to dry for you : it was but the other day that a couple of them came into our kitchen to beg a handful of dirty flour to make them cakes, and before the wench could turn about, they had whipped off three brass candlesticks, and a pot-lid.

Fan. Well, sure it was not I.

Ral. Then you know that old rascal, that you call father ; the last time I catch'd him laying snares for the hares, I told him I'd inform the game-keeper, and I'll expose all—— 181

Fan. Ah, dear Ralph, don't be angry with me.

Ral. Yes I will be angry with you—what do you come nigh me for?—You shan't touch me—There's the skirt of my coat, and if you do but lay a finger on it, my lord's bailiff is here in the court, and I'll call him and give you to him.

Fan. If you'll forgive me, I'll go down on my knees. 189

Ral. I tell you I won't.—No, no, follow your gentleman; or go live upon your old fare, crows and polecats, and sheep that die of the rot; pick the dead fowl off the dung-hills, and squench your thirst at the next ditch, 'tis the fittest liquor to wash down such dainties—skulking about from barn to barn, and lying upon wet straw, on commons, and in green lanes—go and be whipt from parish to parish, as you used to be.

Fan. How can you talk so unkind? 199

Ral. And see whether you will get what will keep you as I did, by telling of fortunes, and coming with pillows under your apron, among the young farmers wives, to make believe you are a breeding, with “the Lord Almighty bless you, sweet mistress, you cannot tell how soon it may be your own case.” You know I am acquainted with all your tricks—and how you turn up the whites of your eyes, pretending you were struck blind by thunder and lightning.

Fan. Pray don't be angry, Ralph.

Ral. Yes but I will tho'; spread your cobwebs to catch flies, I am an old wasp, and don't value them a button. 212

AIR.

*When you meet a tender creature,
Neat in limb, and fair in feature,
Full of kindness and good nature,
Prove as kind again to she ;
Happy mortal ! to possess her,
In your bosom, warm, and press her,
Morning, noon, and night, caress her,
And be fond, as fond can be.*

220

*But if one you meet that's froward,
Saucy, jilting, and untoward,
Should you act the whining coward,
'Tis to mend her no'er the whit :
Nothing's tough enough to bind her ;
Then agog, when once you find her,
Let her go, and never mind her ;
Heart alive, you're fairly quit.*

228

SCENE IV.

FANNY.

" I wish I had a draught of water. I don't know
" what's come over me ; I have no more strength
" than a babe ; a straw would fling me down."
—He has a heart as hard as any parish-officer ; I
don't doubt now but he would stand by and see me
himself ; and we shall all be whipt, and all through my
means.—The devil run away with the gentleman, and
his twenty guineas too, for leading me astray: if I had

E

known Ralph would have taken it so, I would have hanged myself before I would have said a word—but I thought he had no more gall than a pigeon.

AIR.

O! what a simpleton was I, 240
 To make my bed at such a rate!
 Now lay thee down, vain fool and cry,
 Thy true love seeks another mate.
 No tears, alack,
 Will call him back,
 No tender words his heart allure;
 I could bite
 My tongue thro' spite——
 Some plague bewitch'd me, that's for sure.

SCENE V.

Changes to a Room in the Miller's House.

Enter GILES, followed by PATTY and THEODOSIA.

“AIR.

“Giles. Women's tongues are like mill-clappers, 250
 “And from thence they learn the knack,
 “Of for-ever-sounding clack.”——

Giles. Why, what the plague's the matter with you, what do you scold at me for? I am sure I did not say an uncivil word, as I do know of: I'll be judged by the young lady if I did.

Pat. 'Tis very well, farmer; all I desire is, that you will leave the house: you see my father is not at home at present; when he is, if you have any thing to say, you know where to come. 260

Giles. Enough said, I don't want to stay in the house, not I; and I don't much care if I had never come into it.

The. For shame, farmer, down on your knees and beg Miss Fairfield's pardon for the outrage you have been guilty of.

Giles. Beg pardon, miss, for what?—Icod that's well enough; why I am my own master, be'nt I?—If I have no mind to marry, there's no harm in that, I hope: 'tis only changing hands.—This morning she would not have me; and now I won't have she. 272

Pat. Have you!—Heavens and earth! do you think then 'tis the missing of you that gives me concern?—No; I would prefer a state of beggary a thousand times beyond any thing I could enjoy with you: and be assured, if ever I was seemingly consenting to such a sacrifice, nothing should have compelled me to it, but the cruelty of my situation.

Giles. Oh, as for that, I believes you; but you see the gudgeon would not bite as I told you a bit agoe you know: we farmers never love to reap what we don't sow. 283

Pat. You brutish fellow, how dare you talk——

Giles. So, now she's in her tantrums again, and all for no manner of yearthly thing.

Pat. But be assured my lord will punish you severely for daring to make free with his name.

Giles. Who made free with it ; did I ever mention my lord ? 'Tis a cursed lie.

Theo. Bless me ! farmer !

291

Giles. Why it is, miss—and I'll make her prove her words——Then what does she mean by being punished ? I am not afraid of nobody, nor beholding to nobody, that I know of ; while I pays my rent, my money, I believe, is as good as another's : egad, if it goes there, I think there be those deserve to be punished more than I.

Pat. Was ever unfortunate creature pursued as I am, by distresses and vexations !

300

The. My dear Patty—See, farmer, you have thrown her into tears—Pray be comforted.

AIR.

Patty. Oh leave me, in pity ! The falsehood I scorn ;

For slander the bosom untainted defies :

But rudeness and insult are not to be borne,

Tho' offer'd by wretches we've sense to despise.

Of woman defenceless, how cruel the fate !

Pass ever so cautious, so blameless her way,

Nature, and envy, lurk always in wait,

And innocence falls to their fury a prey. 310

SCENE VI.

MERVIN, THEODOSTIA.

The. You are a pretty gentleman, are not you, to suffer a lady to be at a rendezvous before you ?

Mer. Difficulties, my dear, and dangers—None of the company had two suits of apparel ; so I was obliged to purchase a rag of one, and a tatter from another, at the expence of ten times the sum they would fetch at the paper-mill.

The. Well, where are they ? 318

Mer. Here, in this bundle—and tho' I say it, a very decent habiliment, if you have art enough to stick the parts together : I've been watching till the coast was clear to bring them to you.

The. Let me see—I'll slip into this closet and equip myself—All here is in such confusion, there will no notice be taken.

Mer. Do so ; I'll take care nobody shall interrupt you in the progress of your metamorphosis [*She goes in*—and if you are not tedious, we may walk off without being seen by any one. 329

The. Ha! ha! ha!—What a concourse of atoms are here ? tho', as I live, they are a great deal better than I expected.

Mer. Well, pray make haste ; and don't imagine yourself at your toilette now, where mode prescribes two hours, for what reason would scarce allow three minutes.

The. Have patience ; the outward garment is on already ; and I'll assure you a very good stuff, only a little the worse for the mending. 339

Mer. Imagine it embroidery, and consider it is your wedding-suit.—Come, how far are you got ?

The. Stay, you don't consider there's some contrivance necessary.—Here goes the apron flounced and furbelow'd with a witness—Alas ! alas ! it has no strings ! what shall I do ? Come, no matter, a couple of pins will serve—And now the cap—oh, mercy ! here's a hole in the crown of it large enough to thrust my head through.

Mer. That you'll hide with your straw-hat ; or, if you should not—What, not ready yet ? 350

The. Only one minute more—Yes, now the work's accomplish'd.

AIR.

Who'll buy good luck, who'll buy, who'll buy

The gipsy's favours ?——Here am I !

Through the village, through the town,

What charming fav'ry scraps we'll earn !

Clean straw shall be our beds of down,

And our withdrawing-room a barn.

Young and old, and grave, and gay,

The miser and the prodigal ;

Cit, courtier, bumkin, come away ;

I warrant we'll content you all.

SCENE VII.

MERVIN, THEODOSIA, FAIRFIELD, GILES.

Mer. Plague, here's somebody coming.

Fai. As to the past, farmer, 'tis past; I bear no malice for any thing thou hast said.

Giles. Why, Master Fairfield, you do know I had a great regard for Miss Patty; but when I came to consider all in all, I finds as how it is not adviseable to change my condition yet awhile. 369

Fai. Friend Giles, thou art in the right; marriage is a serious point, and can't be considered too warily.—Ha, who have we here!—Shall I never keep my house clear of these vermin?—Look to the goods there, and give me a horse-whip—by the Lord Harry, I'll make an example—Come here, Lady Lightfingers, let me see what thou hast stolen.

Mer. Hold, miller, hold!

Fai. O gracious goodness! sure I know this face—Miss—young Madam Sycamore—Mercy heart, here's a disguise! 380

The. Discover'd!

Mer. Miller, let me speak to you.

The. What ill fortune is this!

Giles. Ill fortune——Miss! I think there be nothing but crosses and misfortunes of one kind or other.

Fai. Money to me, sir! not for the world; you want no friends but what you have already—Lack-a-day, lack-a-day—see how luckily I came in: I be-

lieve you are the gentleman to whom I am charged to give this, on the part of my lord Aimworth——Bless, you, dear Sir, go up to his honour, with my young lady——There is a chaise waiting at the door to carry you——I and my daughter will take another way.

SCENE VIII.

MERVIN, THEODOSIA, GILES.

Mer. Pr'ythee read this letter, “and tell me what “you think of it.”

The. Heavens, 'tis a letter from lord Aimworth! —We are betrayed.

Mer. By what means I know not. 399

The. I am so frightened and flurried, that I have scarce strength enough to read it.

“SIR,

“It is with the greatest concern I find, that I “have been unhappily the occasion of giving some “uneasiness to you and Miss Sycamore: be assured, “had I been apprized of your prior pretensions, and “the young lady's disposition in your favour, I “should have been the last person to interrupt your “felicity. I beg, sir, you will do me the favour to “come up to my house, where I have already so far “settled matters, as to be able to assure you, that “every thing will go entirely to your satisfaction.”

Mer. Well! what do you think of it!—Shall we go to the castle?

“*Well!*——

“*The.* Well!——

“*Mer.* What do you think of it?

“*The.* Nay, what do you think of it?

“*Mer.* Egad, I can’t very well tell——However, on the whole, I believe it would be wrong of us to proceed any further in our design of running away, even if the thing was practicable. 422

“*The.* I am entirely of your opinion. I swear this lord Aimworth is a charming man: I fancy ’tis lucky for you I had not been long enough acquainted with him to find out all his good qualities——But how the deuce came he to hear——

“*Mer.* No matter; after this, there can be nothing to apprehend.——What do you say, shall we go up to the castle?” 430

The. By all means! and in this very trim; to show what we were capable of doing, if my father and mother had not come to reason.——“But, perhaps, the difficulties being removed, may lessen your *penchant*: you men are such unaccountable mortals.—“Do you love me well enough to marry me, without making a frolic of it?

“*Mer.* Do I love you!——

“*The.* Ay, and to what degree?

“*Mer.* Why do you ask me?—— 440

AIR.

" *Who upon the oozy beech,
 " Can count the num'rous sands that lie ;
 " Or distinctly reckon each
 " Transparent orb that studs the sky ?*

 " *As their multitude betray,
 " And frustrate all attempts to tell :
 " So 'tis impossible to say
 " How much I love, I love so well."*

But hark you, Mervin, will you take after my father, and be a very husband now?—Or don't you think I shall take after my mother, and be a commanding wife !

552

Mer. Oh, I'll trust you.

The. But you may pay for your confidence.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IX.

GILES.

So, there goes a couple ! Icod, I believe Old Nick has got among the people in these parts. This is as queer a thing as ever I heard of.—Master Fairfield, and Miss Patty, it seems, are gone to the castle too ; where by what I larns from Ralph in the mill, my lord has promised to get her a husband among the

servants. Now set in case the wind sets in that corner, I have been thinking with myself who the plague it can be : there are no unmarried men in the family, that I do know of, excepting little Bob, the postillion, and master Jonathan, the butler ; and he's a matter of sixty or seventy years old. I'll be shot if it be'nt little Bob.—Icod, I'll take the way to the castle, as well as the rest ; for I'd fain see how the nail do drive. It is well I had wit enough to discern things, and a friend to advise with, or else she would have fallen to my lot.—But I have got a surfeit of going a courting, and burn me if I won't live a bachelor ; for, when all comes to all, I see nothing but ill blood and quarrels among folk when they are married.

AIR.

Then hey for a frolicksome life !

I'll ramble where pleasures are rise :

Strike up with the free-hearted lasses ;

And never think more of a wife.

Plague on it, men are but asses,

580

To run after noise and strife.

Had we been together buck'd ;

'Twould have prov'd a fine affair :

Dogs would have bark'd at the cuckold ;

And boys, pointing, cry'd——Look there.

SCENE X.

Changes to a grand Apartment in Lord AIMWORTH'S House, opening to a view of the Garden.

Lord AIMWORTH, FAIRFIELD, PATTY, RALPH.

L. Aim. Thus, Master Fairfield, I hope I have fully satisfied you with regard to the falsity of the imputation thrown upon your daughter and me —

Fai. My lord, I am very well content ; pray do not give yourself the trouble of saying any more. 590

Ral. No, my lord, you need not say any more.

Fai. Hold your tongue, sirrah.

L. Aim. I am sorry, Patty, you have had this mortification.

Pat. I am sorry, my lord, you have been troubled about it ; but really it was against my consent.

Fai. Well, come children, we will not take up his honour's time any longer ; let us be going towards home — Heaven prosper your lordship ; the pray'rs of me and my family shall always attend you. 600

L. Aim. Miller, come back — Patty, stay —

Fai. Has your lordship any thing further to command us ?

L. Aim. Why yes, Master Fairfield, I have a word or two still to say to you — In short, though you are satisfied in this affair, I am not ; and you seem to forget the promise I made you, that, since I had been the means of losing your daughter one husband, I would find her another.

Fai. Your honour is to do as you please. 610

L. Aim. What say you, Patty, will you accept of a husband of my chusing?

Pat. My lord, I have no determination; you are the best judge how I ought to act; whatever you command I shall obey.

L. Aim. Then, Patty, there is but one person I can offer you—and I wish, for your sake, he was more deserving—Take me—

Pat. Sir!

L. Aim. From this moment our interests are one, as our hearts; and no earthly power shall ever divide us.

622

Fai. "O the gracious!" Patty—my lord—Did I hear right!—You, sir, you marry a child of mine!

L. Aim. Yes, my honest old man, in me you behold the husband designed for your daughter; and I am happy that, by standing in the place of fortune, who has alone been wanting to her, I shall be able to set her merit in a light, where its lustre will be rendered conspicuous.

630

Fai. But good, noble sir, pray consider; don't go to put upon a silly old man: my daughter is unworthy—Patty, child, why don't you speak?

Pat. What can I say, father! what answer to such unlook'd-for, such unmerited, such unbounded generosity!

Ral. Down on your knees, and fall a crying.

Pat. Yes, sir, as my father says, consider—your noble friends, your relations—It must not, cannot be.—

640

"*L. Aim.* It must, and shall—Friends! relations!—
"from henceforth I have none, that will not acknow-

"ledge you: and I am sure, when they become acquainted with your perfections, those, whose suffrage I most esteem, will rather admire the justice of my choice, than wonder at its singularity."

AIR.

L. Aim. *My life, my joy, my blessing,
In thee, each grace possessing,
All must my choice approve:*

Patty. *To you my all is owing;
O! take a heart o'erflowing
With gratitude and love.*

L. Aim. *Thus infolding,
Thus beholding,*

Both. *One to my soul so dear:
Can there be pleasure greater!
Can there be bliss compleater!
'Tis too much to bear.*

SCENE XI.

*Enter Sir HARRY, Lady SYCAMORE, THEODOSIA,
MERVIN.*

S. Har. Well, we have followed your lordship's counsel, and made the best of a bad market—So my lord, please to know our son-in-law, that is to be.

L. Aim. You do me a great deal of honour—I wish you joy, sir, with all my heart.—And now, Sir Harry,

give me leave to introduce to you a new relation of mine——This, sir, is shortly to be my wife.

S. Har. My lord!

L. Syc. Your lordship's wife!

L. Aim. Yes, madam.

L. Syc. And why so, my lord? 669

L. Aim. Why, faith, ma'am, because I can't live happy without her——And I think she has too many amiable, too many estimable qualities to meet with a worse fate.

S. Har. Well, but you are a peer of the realm; you will have all the fleerers——

L. Aim. I know very well the ridicule that may be thrown on a lord's marrying a miller's daughter; and I own, with blushes, it has for some time had too great weight with me: but we should marry to please ourselves, not other people: and, on mature consideration, I can see no reproach justly merited, by raising a deserving woman to a station she is capable of adorning, let her birth be what it will. 683

S. Har. Why 'tis very true, my lord. I once knew a gentleman that married his cook-maid: he was a relation of my own——You remember fat Margery, my lady! She was a very good sort of a woman, indeed she was, and made the best suet dumplings I ever tasted.

L. Syc. Will you never learn, Sir Harry, to guard your expressions?——Well, but give me leave, my lord, to say a word to you——There are other ill consequences attending such an alliance. 693

L. Aim. One of them I suppose is, that I, a peer, should be obliged to call this good old miller father-

in-law. But where's the shame in that? He is as good as any lord, in being a man; and if we dare suppose a lord that is not an honest man, he is, in my opinion, the more respectable character. Come, Master Fairfield, give me your hand; from henceforth you have done with working; we will pull down your mill, and build you a house in the place of it; and the money I intended for the portion of your daughter, shall now be laid out in purchasing a commission for your son.

Ral. What, my lord, will you make me a captain?

L. Aim. Ay, a colonel, if you deserve it.

Ral. Then I'll keep Fan. 708

SCENE XII.

Lord AIMWORTH, Sir HARRY, Lady SYCAMORE, PATTY, THEODOSIA, MERVIN, FAIRFIELD, RALPH, GILES.

Giles. Ods bobs, where am I running—I beg pardon for my audacity. 710

Ral. Hip, farmer; come back, mon, come back—Sure my lord's going to marry sister himself; feyther's to have a fine house, and I'm to be a captain.

L. Aim. Ho, Master Giles, pray walk in; here is a lady who, I dare swear, will be glad to see you, and give orders that you shall always be made welcome.

Ral. Yes, farmer, you'll always be welcome in the kitchen. 719

L. Aim. What, have you nothing to say to your old acquaintance——Come, pray let the farmer salute you——Nay, a kifs—I insist upon it.

S. Har. Ha, ha, ha—hem !

L. Syc. Sir Harry, I am ready to sink at the monstrousness of your behaviour.

L. Aim. Fye, Master Giles, don't look so sheepish; you and I were rivals, but not less friends at present. You have acted in this affair like an honest Englishman, who scorned even the shadow of his dishonour, and thou shalt sit rent-free for a twelvemonth.

S. Har. Come, shan't we all salute——With your leave, my lord, I'll——

L. Syc. Sir Harry !

AIR.

L. Aim. Yield who will to forms a martyr,
While unaw'd by idle shame,
Pride for happiness I barter,
Heedless of the millions blame.
Thus with love my arms I quarter;
Women grac'd in nature's frame,
Ev'ry privilege, by charter,
Have a right from man to claim.

The. Eas'd of doubts and fears presaging,
What new joys within me rise !
While mama, her frowns assuaging,
Dares no longer tyrannize,

*So long storms and tempests raging,
When the blustering fury dies,
Ah! how lovely, how engaging,
Prospects fair, and cloudless skies!*

S. Har. *Dad but this is wond'rous pretty,
Singing each a roun-de-lay;
And I'll mingle in the ditty,
Tho' I scarce know what to say.
There's a daughter, brisk and witty;
Here's a wife, can wisely sway:
Trust me, masters, 'twere a pity,
Not to let them have their way.*

Patty. *My example is a rare one;
But the cause may be divin'd:
Women want not merit——dare one
Hope discerning men to find.
O! may each accomplish'd fair one,
Bright in person, sage in mind,
Viewing my good fortune, share one
Full as splendid, and as kind.*

Giles. *Laugh'd at, slighted, circumvented,
And expos'd for folks to see't,
'Tis as tho'f a man repented
For his follies in a sheet.
But my wrongs go unresented,
Since the fates have thought them meet:
This good company contented,
All my wishes are complete.*



ct III.



LIONEL and CLARISSA.

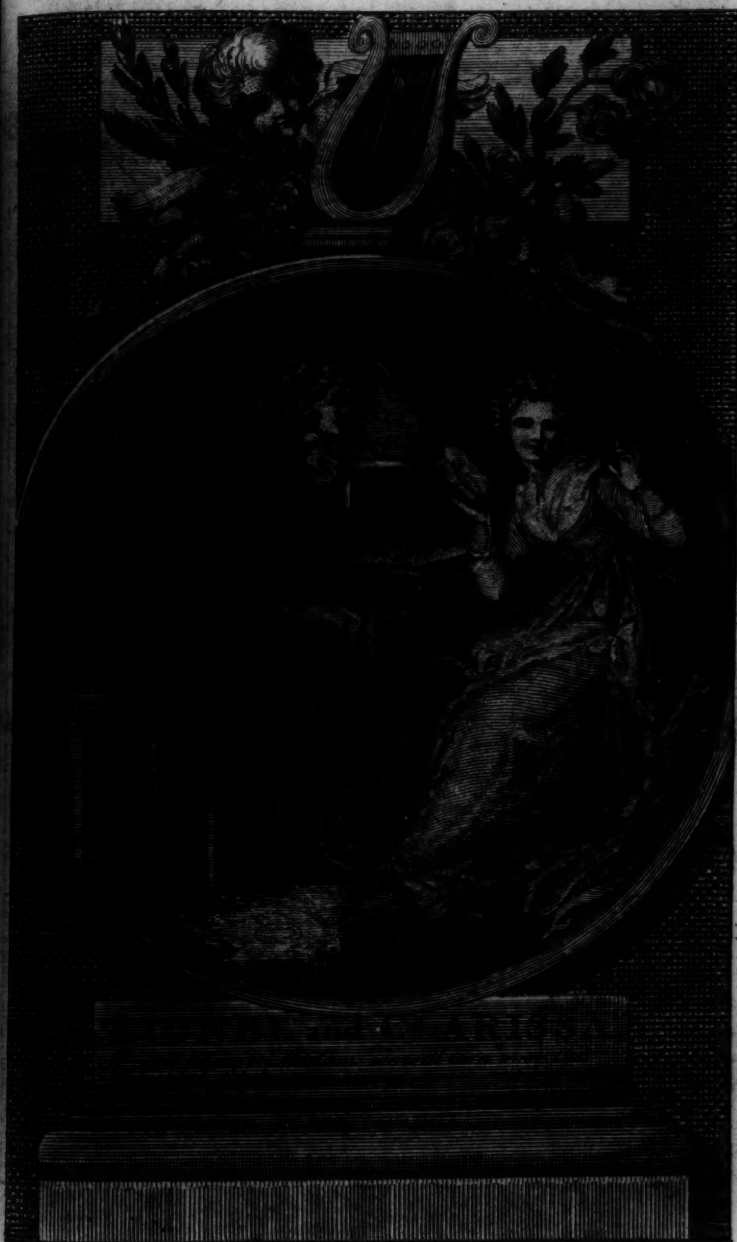


De Wilde del.

A. Kerguelin fecit.

MR. PARSONS as COL. OLDBOY.

Dublin Published by W. Jones N^o 86 Dame Street.



J. F. Burney del.

A. Ferguson sculp.

Dublin Published by W^m Jones N^o 88, Dame Street.



THE
SCHOOL FOR FATHERS:
OR,
LIONEL AND CLARISSA.

A
COMIC OPERA.

BY ISAAC BICKERSTAFF.

ADAPTED FOR
THEATRICAL REPRESENTATION,

AS PERFORMED AT THE

THEATRES-ROYAL
DRURY-LANE AND COVENT-GARDEN.

REGULATED FROM THE PROMPT-BOOK,

By Permission of the Managers.

"The Lines distinguished by inverted Commas, are omitted in the Representation."

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M DCC XCI.

SCHOOL FOR FATHERS

LIONEL AND CLARISSA

COMIC OPERA

BY ISAAC BICKERSTAFF



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THE BOOKS OF THE MONTH

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ISAAC BICKERSTAFF.

IN our mention of this man, prefacing the Opera of the *Maid of the Mill*, we were inadvertently led into an error respecting his having been *Secretary* to the Earl of Chesterfield, when Lord Lieutenant of the Kingdom of Ireland.—The fact is, Bickerstaff was then too young for such an employ. He was a page to Lady Chesterfield, and, as is usual in consequence, received the present of a pair of Colours in the Regulars.

We have some reason to suspect that the *Biographia* is mistaken in affirming Mr. Bickerstaff to have been in the marines. We believe he never served but in the regulars, and that he attained no higher rank than his Ensigncy.

SCHOOL FOR FATHERS;

OR,

LIONEL AND CLARISSA.

AUTHORS are commonly deceived in estimating their own powers. This Opera, Bickerstaff deemed his best production. The stage bills will show that the public think otherwise. Love in a Village is performed ten times for once that this piece is acted. Perhaps this preference may be attributed to *music* alone—for such *Character* and *Writing* as they exhibit, seem tolerably uniform:—a severe Critic might say uniformly intolerable.

ADVERTISEMENT.

HAVING for some years, met with very great success in my productions of the musical kind ; when I wrote the following opera, it was with unusual care and attention ; and it was the general opinion of all my friends, some of whom rank among the best judges, that of all my trifles, *Lionel and Clarissa* was the most pardonable : a decision in its favour which I was the prouder of, because, to the best of my knowledge, through the whole, I had not borrowed an expression, a sentiment, or a character, from any dramatic writer extant.

When Mr. GARRICK thought of performing this piece at Drury-lane theatre, he had a new singer to bring out, and every thing possible for her advantage was to be done ; this necessarily occasioned some new songs and airs to be introduced ; and other singers, with voices of a different compass from those who originally acted the parts, occasioned still more ; by which means the greatest part of the music unavoidably became new. This is the chief, and indeed the only alteration made in the opera ; and even to that, I should, in many places, have been forced, much against my will, had it not given a fresh opportunity to

Mr. Dibdin to display his admirable talents as a musical composer. And I will be bold to say, that his airs, serious and comic, in this opera, will appear to no disadvantage by being heard with those of some of the greatest masters.

The SCHOOL FOR FATHERS is added to the title, because the plot is evidently double ; and that of Lionel and Clarissa alluded to but one part of it, as the readers and spectators will easily perceive.

I. B.

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B.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

DRURY-LANE.

Men.

Sir JOHN FLOWERDALE	-	-	Mr. Aickin.
COLONEL OLDBOY	-	-	Mr. Suett.
LIONEL	-	-	Mr. Kelly.
Mr. JESSAMY	-	-	Mr. Dodd.
HARMAN	-	-	Mr. Dignum.
JENKINS	-	-	Mr. Sedgwick.

Women.

CLARISSA	-	-	Mrs. Crouch.
LADY MARY OLDBOY	-	-	Mrs. Hopkins.
DIANA	-	-	Miss Romanzini.
JENNY	-	-	Mrs. Willson.

COVENT-GARDEN.

Men.

Sir JOHN FLOWERDALE	-	-	Mr. Hull.
COLONEL OLDBOY	-	-	Mr. Quick.
LIONEL	-	-	Mr. Johnstone.
Mr. JESSAMY	-	-	Mrs. Achmet.
HARMAN	-	-	Mr. Duffey.
JENKINS	-	-	Mr. Bannister.

Women.

CLARISSA	-	-	Mrs. Mountain.
LADY MARY OLDBOY	-	-	Mrs. Webb.
DIANA	-	-	Mrs. Ward.
JENNY	-	-	Mrs.

SCHOOL FOR FATHERS;
OR,
LIONEL AND CLARISSA.

ACT I. SCENE I.

A Chamber in Colonel OLDBOY's House: Colonel OLDBOY is discovered at breakfast reading a news-paper; at a little distance from the tea-table sits JENKINS; and on the opposite side, DIANA, who appears playing upon a harpsichord. A Girl attending.

AIR.

*Ah how delightful the morning,
How sweet are the prospects it yields;
Summer luxuriant adorning
The gardens, the groves, and the fields.*

*Be grateful to the season,
Its pleasures let's employ;
Kind Nature gives, and Reason
Permits us to enjoy.*

Col. Well said Dy, thank you Dy. This, master Jenkins, is the way I make my daughter entertain me every morning at breakfast. Come here, and kifs me, you flut, come here, and kifs me, you baggage.

Dian. Lord, papa, you call one such names——

Col. A fine girl, master Jenkins, a devilish fine girl! she has got my eye to a twinkle. There's fire for you—spirit!—I design to marry her to a Duke: how much money do you think a Duke would expect with such a wench?

Jen. Why, Colonel, with submission, I think there is no occasion to go out of our own country here; we have never a Duke in it, I believe, but we have many an honest gentleman, who, in my opinion, might deserve the young lady. 23

Col. So, you would have me marry Dy to a country 'quire, eh! How say you to this, Dy! would not you rather be married to a Duke?

Dian. So my husband's a rake, papa, I don't care what he is.

Col. A rake! you damned confounded little baggage; why you wou'd not wish to marry a rake, wou'd you? So her husband is a rake, she does not care what he is! ha, ha, ha, ha, ha! 32

Dian. Well, but listen to me, papa—When you go out with your gun, do you take any pleasure in shooting the poor tame dueks, and chickens in your yard? No, the partridge, the pheasant, the woodcock are the game; there is some sport in bringing them down because they are wild; and it is just the same with a husband or a lover. I would not waste powder

and shot, to wound one of your sober pretty behaved gentlemen ; but to hit a libertine, extravagant, mad-cap fellow, to take him upon the wing— 42

Col. Do you hear her, master Jenkins? Ha, ha, ha !

Jen. Well, but, good Colonel, what do you say to my worthy and honourable patron here, Sir John Flowerdale? He has an estate of eight thousand pounds a year, as well paid rents as any in the kingdom, and but one only daughter to enjoy it; and yet he is willing, you see, to give this daughter to your son. 49

Dian. Pray, Mr. Jenkins, how does Miss Clarissa and our university friend Mr. Lionel? That is the only grave young man I ever liked, and the only handsome one I ever was acquainted with, that did not make love to me.

Col. Ay, master Jenkins, who is this Lionel? They say, he is a damn'd witty knowing fellow; and egad I think him well enough for one brought up in a college. 58

Jen. His father was a general officer, a particular friend of Sir John's, who, like many more brave men, that live and die in defending their country, left little else than honour behind him. Sir John sent this young man, at his own expence, to Oxford; where, while his son lived, they were upon the same footing: and since our young gentleman's death, which you know unfortunately happened about two years ago, he has continued him there. During the vacation, he is come to pay us a visit, and Sir John intends that he shall shortly take orders for a very considerable benefice in the gift of the family, the present incumbent of which is an aged man. 71

Dian. The last time I was at your house, he was teaching Miss Clarissa mathematics and philosophy. Lord, what a strange brain I have! If I was to sit down to distract myself with such studies—

Col. Go, hussy, let some of your brother's rascals inform their master that he has been long enough at his toilet; here is a message from Sir John Flowerdale—You a brain for mathematics indeed! We shall have women wanting to head our regiments to-morrow or next day. 81

Dian. Well, papa, and suppose we did. I believe, in a battle of the sexes, you men would hardly get the better of us.

AIR.

*To rob them of strength, when wise Nature thought fit
By women to still do her duty,
Instead of a sword she endu'd them with wit,
And gave them a shield in their beauty.*

*Sound, sound the trumpet, both sexes to arms
Our tyrants at once, and protectors!
We quickly shall see whether courage or charms,
Decide for the Helens or Hector.* 90

SCENE II.

Colonel OLDBOY, JENKINS.

Col. Well, master Jenkins! don't you think now that a Nobleman, a Duke, an Earl, or a Marquis, might be content to share his title——I say, you understand me——with a sweetener of thirty or forty thousand pounds, to pay off Mortgages? Besides, there's a prospect of my whole estate; for I dare swear her brother will never have any children. 99

Jen. I should be concerned at that, Colonel, when there are two such fortunes to descend to his heirs, as your's and Sir John Flowerdale's.

Col. Why look you, master Jenkins, Sir John Flowerdale is an honest gentleman; our families are nearly related; we have been neighbours time out of mind; and if he and I have an odd dispute now and then, it is not for want of a cordial esteem at bottom. He is going to marry his daughter to my son; she is a beautiful girl, an elegant girl, a sensible girl, a worthy girl, and—a word in your ear—damn me if I a'n't very sorry for her. 111

Jen. Sorry! Colonel?

Col. Ay——between ourselves, master Jenkins, my son won't do.

Jen. How do you mean?

Col. I tell you, master Jenkins, he won't do—he is not the thing, a prig—At sixteen years old, or thereabouts, he was a bold, sprightly boy, as you should

see in a thousand; could drink his pint of port, or his bottle of claret——now he mixes all his wine with water. 121

Jen. Oh! if that be his only fault, Colonel, he will ne'er make the worse husband, I'll answer for it.

Col. You know my wife is a woman of quality——I was prevailed upon to send him to be brought up by her brother Lord Jeffamy, who had no children of his own, and promised to leave him an estate——he has got the estate indeed, but, the fellow has taken his Lordship's name for it. Now, master Jenkins, I would be glad to know, how the name of Jeffamy is better than that of Oldboy. 131

Jen. Well! but Colonel, it is allowed on all hands that his Lordship has given your son an excellent education.

Col. Psha! he sent him to the university, and to travel forsooth; but what of that; I was abroad, and at the university myself, and never a rush the better for either. I quarrel'd with his Lordship about six years before his death, and so had not an opportunity of seeing how the youth went on; if I had, master Jenkins, I would no more have suffered him to be made such a monkey of——He has been in my house but three days, and it is all turned topsy-turvey by him and his rascally servants——then his chamber is like a perfumer's shop, with wash-balls, pastes, and pomatum——and do you know, he had the impudence to tell me yesterday at my own table, that I did not know how to behave myself? 148

Jen. Pray, Colonel, how does my Lady Mary?

Col. What, my wife? In the old way, master Jenkins; always complaining; ever something the matter with her head, or her back, or her legs—but we have had the devil to pay lately—she and I did not speak to one another for three weeks.

Jen. How so, Sir?

Col. A little affair of jealousy—you must know, my game-keeper's daughter has had a child, and the plaguy baggage takes it into her head to lay it to me—Upon my soul it is a fine fat chubby infant as ever I set my eyes on; I have sent it to nurse; and between you and me, I believe I shall leave it a fortune.

Jen. Ah, Colonel, you will never give over.

Col. You know my Lady has a pretty vein of poetry; she writ me an heroic epistle upon it, where she calls me her dear false Damon; so I let her cry a little, promised to do so no more, and now we are as good friends as ever.

Jen. Well, Colonel, I must take my leave; I have delivered my message, and Sir John may expect the pleasure of your company to dinner. 170

Col. Ay, ay, we'll come—pox o' ceremony among friends. But won't you stay to see my son? I have sent to him, and suppose he will be here as soon as his valet-de-chambre will give him leave.

Jen. There is no occasion, good Sir: present my humble respects, that's all.

Col. Well, but, zounds, Jenkins, you must not go till you drink something—let you and I have a bottle of hock—

Jen. Not for the world, Colonel; I never touch any thing strong in the morning. 181

Col. Never touch any thing strong! Why one bottle won't hurt you, man, this is old, and as mild as milk.

Jen. Well, but, Colonel, pray excuse me.

AIR.

*To tell you the truth,
In the days of my youth,
As mirth and nature bid,
I lik'd a glafs,
And I lov'd a las,
And I did as younkers did.*

*But now I am old,
With grief be it told,
I must those freaks forbear;
At sixty-three,
Twixt you and me,
A man grows worse for wear.*

SCENE III.

Mr. JESSAMY, Lady MARY OLDBOY, and then Colonel OLDBOY.

Lady M. Shut the door, why don't you shut the door there? Have you a mind I should catch my death? This house is absolutely the cave of Æolus; one had as good live on the eddy-stone, or in a wind-mill. 201

Mr. Jes. I thought they told your Ladyship, that there was a messenger here from Sir John Flowerdale.

Col. Well, sir, and so there was; but he had not patience to wait upon your curling-irons. Mr. Jenkins was here, Sir John Flowerdale's steward, who has lived in the family these forty years.

Mr. Jes. And pray, Sir, might not Sir John Flowerdale have come himself: if he had been acquainted with the rules of good breeding, he would have known that I ought to have been visited.

Lady M. Upon my word, Colonel, this is a solecism.

Col. 'Sblood, my Lady, it's none. Sir John Flowerdale came but last night from his sister's seat in the West, and is a little out of order. But I suppose he thinks he ought to appear before him with his daughter in one hand, and his rent-roll in the other, and cry, Sir, pray do me the favour to accept them. 218

Lady M. Nay, but, Mr. Oldboy, permit me to say—

Col. He need not give himself so many affected airs; I think it's very well if he gets such a girl for going for; she's one of the handsomest and richest in this country, and more than he deserves.

Mr. Jes. That's an exceeding fine china jar your ladyship has got in the next room; I saw the fellow of it the other day at Williams's, and will send to my agent to purchase it: it is the true matchless old blue and white. Lady Betty Barebones has a couple that she gave an hundred guineas for, on board an Indiaman; but she reckons them at a hundred and twenty-five, on account of half a dozen plates, four Nankeen beakers, and a couple of shaking Mandarins, that the custom-house officers took from under her petticoats. 234

Col. Did you ever hear the like of this! He's chattering about old china, while I am talking to him of a fine girl. I tell you what, Mr. Jeffamy, since that's the name you choose to be called by, I have a good mind to knock you down.

Mr. Jes. Knock me down! Colonel? What do you mean? I must tell you, Sir, this is a language to which I have not been accustomed; and, if you think proper to continue to repeat it, I shall be under a necessity of quitting your house?

Col. Quitting my house?

Mr. Jes. Yes, Sir, incontinently.

Col. Why, Sir, am not I your father, Sir, and have I not a right to talk to you as I like? I will, firrah. But, perhaps, I mayn't be your father, and I hope not. 250

Lady M. Heavens and earth, Mr. Oldboy!

Col. What's the matter, Madam? I mean, Madam, that he might have been changed at nurse, Madam; and I believe he was.

Mr. Jes. Huh! huh! huh!

Col. Do you laugh at me, you saucy jackanapes!

Lady M. Who's there? somebody bring me a chair. Really, Mr. Oldboy, you throw my weakly frame into such repeated convulsions—but I see your aim; you want to lay me in my grave, and you will very soon have that satisfaction. 261

Col. I can't bear the sight of him.

Lady M. Open that window, give me air, or I shall faint.

Mr. Jes. Hold, hold, let me tie a handkerchief about my neck first. This cursed sharp north wind—Antoine, bring down my muff.

Col. Ay, do, and his great-coat.

Lady M. Marg'ret, some harts-horn. My dear Mr. Oldboy, why will you fly out in this way, when you know how it shocks my tender nerves?

Col. 'Sblood, Madam, it's enough to make a man mad.

Lady M. Hartshorn! Hartshorn!

Mr. Jes. Colonel!

Col. Do you hear the puppy?

Mr. Jes. Will you give me leave to ask you one question?

Col. I don't know whether I will or not. 279

Mr. Jes. I should be glad to know, that's all, what single circumstance in my conduct, carriage, or figure you can possibly find fault with—Perhaps I

may be brought to reform—Pr'ythee let me hear from your own mouth, then, seriously what it is you do like, and what it is you do not like.

Col. Hum!

Mr. Jes. Be ingenuous, speak and spare not.

Col. You would know?

AIR.

*Zounds, Sir! then I'll tell you without any jest,
The thing of all things, which I hate and detest;*

A coxcomb, a fop,

290

A dainty milk-fop;

*Who, essenc'd and dizen'd from bottom to top,
Looks just like a doll for a milliner's shop.*

A thing full of prate,

And pride and conceit;

All fashion, no weight;

Who sbrugs, and takes snuff,

And carries a muff;

A minikin,

Finiking,

300

French powder-puff:

And now, Sir, I fancy, I've told you enough.

SCENE IV.

Lady MARY OLDBOY, Mr. JESSAMY.

Mr. Jes. What's the matter with the Colonel, Madam; does your ladyship know?

Lady M. Heigho ! don't be surpris'd, my dear ; it was the same thing with my late dear brother, Lord Jeffamy ; they never could agree : that good natured friendly soul, knowing the delicacy of my constitution, has often said, sister Mary, I pity you. Not but your father has good qualities, and I assure you I remember him a very fine gentleman himself. In the year of the hard frost, one thousand seven hundred and thirty-nine, when he first paid his addresses to me, he was called agreeable Jack Oldboy, though I married him without the consent of your noble grandfather. 316

Mr. Jes. I think he ought to be proud of me : I believe there's many a Duke, nay Prince, who would esteem themselves happy in having such a son——

Lady M. Yes, my dear ; but your sister was always your father's favourite : he intends to give her a prodigious fortune, and sets his heart upon seeing her a woman of quality.

Mr. Jes. He should wish to see her look a little like a gentlewoman first. When she was in London last winter, I am told she was taken notice of by a few men. But she wants air, manner.—— 327

Lady M. And has not a bit of the genius of our family, and I never knew a woman of it, but herself, without. I have tried her : about three years ago I set her to translate a little French song : I found she had not even an idea of versification ; and she put down love and joy for rhyme—so I gave her over.

Mr. Jes. Why, indeed, she appears to have more of the Thalestris than the Sappho about her.

Lady M. Well, my dear, I must go and dress myself, though I protest I am fitter for my bed than my coach. And condescend to the Colonel a little—Do my dear, if it be only to oblige your mamma. 339

SCENE V.

Mr. JESSAMY.

Let me consider : I am going to visit a country Baronet here : who would fain prevail upon me to marry his daughter : the old gentleman has heard of my parts and understanding ; Miss of my figure and address. But, suppose I should not like her when I see her ? Why, positively, then I will not have her ; the treaty's at an end, and, sans compliment, we break up the congress. But, won't that be cruel, after having suffered her to flatter herself with hopes, and shewing myself to her. She's a strange dowdy I dare believe : however, she brings provision with her for a separate maintenance. 351

Antoine, appreztez la toilet. I am going to spend a cursed day ; that I perceive already ; I wish it was over, I dread it as much as a general election.

AIR.

When a man of fashion condescends,

To herd among his country friends,

They watch his looks, his motions :

One booby gapes, another stares,

And all he says, does, eats, drinks, wears,

Must suit their rustic notions.

*But as for this brutish old clown here ;
 S't death, why did I ever come down here ;
 The savage will now never quit me :
 Then a consort to take,
 For my family's sake,
 I'm in a fine jeopardy, split me !*

SCENE VI.

*Changes to a Study in Sir JOHN FLOWERDALE's House ;
 two Chairs and a Table, with Globes and Mathema-
 tical Instruments. CLARISSA enters, followed by
 JENNY.*

AIR.

*Clar. Immortal powers protect me,
 Assist, support, direct me :
 Relieve a heart oppress'd :
 Ah ! why this palpitation ?
 Cease, busy perturbation,
 And let me, let me rest.*

Jen. My dear lady, what ails you ?

Clar. Nothing, Jenny, nothing.

*Jen. Pardon me, Madam, there is something ails
 you indeed. Lord ! what signifies all the grandeur
 and riches in this world, if they can't procure one
 content. I am sure it vexes me to the heart, so it
 does, to see such a dear, sweet, worthy young Lady,
 as you are, pining yourself to death.*

Clar. Jenny, you are a good girl, and I am very much obliged to you for feeling so much on my account; but in a little time, I hope I shall be easier.

Jen. Why, now, here to day, Madam, for fertain you ought to be merry to day, when there's a fine gentleman coming to court you; but, if you like any one else better, I am sure, I wish you had him, with all my soul.

Clar. Suppose, Jenny, I was so unfortunate, 'as to like a man without my father's approbation; would you wish me married to him? 391

Jen. I wish you married to any one, Madam, that could make you happy.

Clar. Heigho!

Jen. Madam! Madam! yonder's Sir John and Mr. Lionel on the terrace; I believe they are coming up here. Poor, dear Mr. Lionel, he does not seem to be in over great spirits either. To be sure, Madam, it's no business of mine; but I believe, if the truth was known, there are those in the house, who would give more than ever I shall be worth, or any the likes of me, to prevent the marriage of a fertain person that shall be nameless. 403

Clar. What do you mean? I don't understand you?

Jen. I hope you are not angry, Madam?

Clar. Ah! Jenny——

Jen. Lauck! Madam, do you think, when Mr. Lionel's a clergyman, he'll be obliged to cut off his hair? I'm sure it will be a thousand pities, for it is the sweetest colour, and looks the nicest put up in a cue—and your great pudding-sleeves! Lord! they'll

quite spoil his shape, and the fall of his shoulders. Well ! Madam, if I was a lady of large fortune, I'll be hanged if Mr. Lionel should be a parson, if I could help it. 416

Clar. I'm going into my dressing room—It seems then Mr. Lionel is a great favourite of yours ; but pray Jenny, have a care how you talk in this manner to any one else.

Jen. Me talk ! Madam, I thought you knew me better ; and, my dear Lady, keep up your spirits. I'm sure I have dressed you to-day as nice as hands and pins can make you.

AIR.

I'm but a poor servant, 'tis true, Ma'am ;

But was I a lady like you, Ma'am,

In grief would I sit ? The dickens a bit ;

No, faith, I would search the world thro', Ma'am,

To find what my liking could hit.

Set in case a young man,

In my fancy there ran ;

It might anger my friends and relations :

But if I had regard,

It should go very hard,

Or I'd follow my own inclinations.

430

SCENE VII.

Sir JOHN FLOWERDALE, LIONEL.

Sir John. Indeed, Lionel, I will not hear of it. What! to run from us all of a sudden, this way: and at such a time too; the eve of my daughter's wedding, as I may call it; when your company must be doubly agreeable, as well as necessary to us? I am sure you have no studies at present, that require your attendance at Oxford: I must, therefore, insist on your putting such thoughts out of your head.

Lion. Upon my word, Sir, I have been so long from the university, that it is time for me to think of returning. It is true, I have no absolute studies; but, really, Sir, I shall be obliged to you, if you will give me leave to go. 448

Sir John. Come, come, my dear Lionel, I have for some time observed a more than ordinary gravity growing upon you, and I am not to learn the reason of it: I know, to minds serious, and well inclined, like yours, the sacred functions you are about to embrace—

Lion. Dear Sir, your goodness to me, of every kind, is so great, so unmerited! Your condescension, your friendly attentions—in short, Sir, I want words to express my sense of obligations—

Sir John. Fie, fie, no more of them. By my last letters, I find that my old friend, the rector, still continues in good health, considering his advanced years. You may imagine I am far from desiring the death of

so worthy and pious a man ; yet, I must own, at this time, I could wish you were in orders, as you might then perform the ceremony of my daughter's marriage ; which would give me a secret satisfaction.

Lion. No doubt, Sir, any office in my power that could be instrumental to the happiness of any in your family, I should perform with pleasure. 469

Sir John. Why, really, Lionel, from the character of her intended husband, I have no room to doubt, but this match will make Clarissa perfectly happy : to be sure, the alliance is the most eligible, for both families.

Lion. If the gentleman is sensible of his happiness in the alliance, Sir.

Sir John. The fondness of a father is always suspected of partiality ; yet, I believe, I may venture to say, that few young women will be found more unexceptionable than my daughter : her person is agreeable, her temper sweet, her understanding good ; and, with the obligations she has to your instruction——

Lion. You do my endeavours too much honour, Sir : I have been able to add nothing to Miss Flowerdale's accomplishments, but a little knowledge in matters of small importance to a mind already so well improved.

Sir John. I don't think so ; a little knowledge, even in those matters, is necessary for a woman, in whom, I am far from considering ignorance as a desirable characteristic : when intelligence is not attended with impertinent affectation, it teaches them to judge with precision, and gives them a degree of solidity necessary for the companion of a sensible man. 493

Lion. Yonder's Mr. Jenkins : I fancy he's looking for you, Sir.

Sir John. I see him ; he's come back from Colonel Oldboy's ; I have a few words to say to him ; and will return to you again in a minute.

SCENE VIII.

LIONEL : afterwards CLARISSA, and then JENNY, who enters abruptly, and runs out again.

Lion. To be a burthen to one's self, to wage continual war with one's own passions, forced to combat, unable to overcome ! But see, she appears, whose presence turns all my sufferings into transport, and makes even misery itself delightful. 503

Perhaps, Madam, you are not at leisure now ; otherwise, if you thought proper, we would resume the subject we were upon yesterday.

Clar. I am sure, Sir, I give you a great deal of trouble.

Lion. Madam, you give me no trouble ; I should think every hour of my life happily employed in your service ; and as this is probably the last time I shall have the satisfaction of attending you upon the same occasion——

Clar. Upon my word, Mr. Lionel, I think myself extremely obliged to you ; and shall ever consider the enjoyment of your friendship——

Lion. My friendship, Madam, can be of little moment to you ; but if the most perfect adoration, if the warmest wishes for your felicity, though I should never be witness of it : if these, Madam, can have any merit to continue in your remembrance, a man once honoured with a share of your esteem—— 522

Clar. Hold, Sir—I think I hear somebody.

Lion. If you please, Madam, we'll turn over this celestial globe once more—Have you looked at the book I left you yesterday?

Clar. Really, Sir, I have been so much disturbed in my thoughts for these two or three days past, that I have not been able to look at any thing. 529

Lion. I am sorry to hear that, Madam ; I hope there was nothing particular to disturb you. The care Sir John takes to dispose of your hand in a manner suitable to your birth and fortune.

Clar. I don't know, Sir ;—I own I am disturbed ; I own I am uneasy ; there is something weighs upon my heart, which I would fain disclose.

Lion. Upon your heart, Madam ! did you say your heart ?

Clar. I—did Sir,——I—— 539

Jen. Madam ! Madam ! Here's a coach and six driving up the avenue : It's Colonel Oldboy's family ; and, I believe the gentleman is in it, that's coming to court you.—Lord, I must run and have a peep at him out of the window.

Lion. Madam, I'll take my leave.

Clar. Why so, Sir ?—Bless me, Mr. Lionel, what's the matter !—You turn pale.

Lion. Madam !

Clar. Pray speak to me, Sir.—You tremble.—Tell me the cause of this sudden change.—How are you?—Where's your disorder? 551

Lion. Oh fortune! fortune!

AIR.

*You ask me in vain,
Of what ills I complain,
Where harbours the torment I find;
In my head and my heart,
It invades ev'ry part,
And subdues both my body and mind.
Each effort I try,
Ev'ry med'cine apply, 560
The pangs of my soul to appease;
But doom'd to endure,
What I mean for a cure,
Turns poison and feeds the disease.*

SCENE IX.

CLARISSA, DIANA.

Dian. My dear Clarissa—I'm glad I have found you alone.—For Heaven's sake, don't let any one break in upon us;—and give me leave to sit down with you a little:—I am in such a tremour, such a panic——

Clar. Mercy on us, what has happened? 569

Dian. You may remember I told you, that when I was last winter in London, I was followed by an odious fellow, one Harman; I can't say but the wretch pleased me, though he is but a younger brother, and not worth sixpence: And, in short, when I was leaving town, I promised to correspond with him.

Clar. Do you think that was prudent?

Dian. Madness! But this is not the worst, for what do you think, the creature had the assurance to write to me about three weeks ago, desiring permission to come down and spend the summer at my father's. 581

Clar. At your father's!

Dian. Ay, who never saw him, knows nothing of him, and would as soon consent to my marrying a horse jockey. He told me a long story of some tale he intended to invent to make my father receive him as an indifferent person; and some gentlemen in London, he said, would procure him a letter that should give it a face; and he longed to see me so, he said, he could not live without it; and if he could be permitted but to spend a week with me——

Clar. Well, and what answer did you make?

Dian. Oh! abused him, and refused to listen to any such thing—But—I vow I tremble while I tell it you—Just before we left our house, the impudent monster arrived there, attended by a couple of servants, and is now actually coming here with my father.

Clar. Upon my word, this is a dreadful thing.

Dian. Dreadful, my dear!—I happened to be at the window as he came into the court, and I declare I had like to have fainted away.

Clar. Isn't my Lady below? 603

Dian. Yes, and I must run down to her. You'll have my brother here presently too, he would fain have come in the coach with my mother and me, but my father insisted on his walking with him over the fields.

Clar. Well, Diana, with regard to your affair—I think you must find some method of immediately informing this gentleman that you consider the outrage he has committed against you, in the most heinous light, and insist upon his going away directly.

Dian. Why, I believe that will be the best way—but then he'll be begging my pardon and asking to stay.

Clar. Why then you must tell him positively you won't consent to it; and if he persists in so extravagant a design, tell him you'll never see him again as long as you live. 620

Dian. Must I tell him so?

AIR.

*Ah! pr'ythee spare me, dearest creature!
How can you prompt me to so much ill-nature?
Kneeling before me,
Shou'd I hear him implore me;
Cou'd I accuse him,
Cou'd I refuse him*

*The boon he shou'd ask ?
Set not a lover the cruel task.
No, believe me, my dear,
Was he now standing here,
In spite of my frights, and alarms,
I might rate him, might scold him——
But shou'd still strive to hold him——
And sink at last into his arms.*

SCENE X.

CLARISSA.

How easy to direct the conduct of others, how hard to regulate our own ! I can give my friend advice, while I am conscious of the same indiscretions in myself. Yet is it criminal to know the most worthy, most amiable man in the world, and not to be insensible to his merit ? But my father, the kindest, best of fathers, will he approve the choice I have made ? Nay, has he not made another choice for me ? And, after all, how can I be sure that the man I love, loves me again ? He never told me so : but his looks, his actions, his present anxiety sufficiently declare what his delicacy, his generosity, will not suffer him to utter.——

AIR.

*'Tis gloomy thoughts, ye fears perverse,
 Like sullen vapours all disperse,
 And scatter in the wind;
 Delusive phantoms, brood of night,
 No more my sickly fancy fright,
 No more my reason blind.*

*'Tis done; I feel my soul releas'd:
 The visions fly, the mists are chas'd,
 Nor leave a cloud behind.*

SCENE XI.

*Changes to a Side View of Sir JOHN FLOWERDALE'S
 House, with Gates, and a prospect of the Garden.*

HARMAN enters with Colonel OLDBOY.

Col. Well, and how does my old friend Dick Rantum do? I have not seen him these twelve years: he was an honest worthy fellow as ever breathed; I remember he kept a girl in London, and was cursedly plagued by his wife's relations. 660

Har. Sir Richard was always a man of spirit, Colonel.

Col. But as to this business of yours, which he tells me of in his letter—I don't see much in it—An affair

with a citizen's daughter—pinked her brother in a duel—Is the fellow likely to die?

Har. Why, Sir, we hope not; but as the matter is dubious, and will probably make some noise, I thought it was better to be for a little time out of the way; when hearing my case, Sir Richard Rantum mentioned you; he said, he was sure you would permit me to remain at your house for a few days, and offered me a recommendation.

Col. And there's likely to be a brat in the case—And the girl's friends are in business—I'll tell you what will be the consequence then—They will be for going to law with you for a maintenance—but no matter, I'll take the affair in hand for you—make me your solicitor; and, if you are obliged to pay for a single spoonful of pap, I'll be content to father all the children in the Foundling Hospital. 681

Har. You are very kind, Sir.

Col. But hold—hark you—you say there's money to be had—suppose you were to marry the wench?

Har. Do you think, Sir, that would be so right after what has happened? Besides, there's a stronger objection—To tell you the truth, I am honourably in love in another place.

Col. Oh! you are. 689

Har. Yes, Sir, but there are obstacles—A father—In short, Sir, the mistress of my heart lives in this very county, which makes even my present situation a little irksome.

Col. In this county! Zounds! Then I am sure I am acquainted with her, and the first letter of her name is——

Har. Excuse me, Sir, I have some particular reasons——

Col. But look who comes yonder—Ha! ha! ha! My son picking his steps like a dancing-master. Pr'ythee, Harman, go into the house, and let my wife and daughter know we are come, while I go and have some sport with him: they will introduce you to Sir John Flowerdale.

Har. Then, Sir, I'll take the liberty——

Col. But d'ye hear, I must have a little more discourse with you about this girl; perhaps she's a neighbour of mine, and I may be of service to you.

Har. Well, remember, Colonel, I shall try your friendship.

710

AIR.

*Indulgent pow'rs, if ever
You mark'd a tender vow,
O bend in kind compassion,
And hear a lover now:*

*For titles, wealth, and honours,
While others crowd your shrine;
I ask this only blessing,
Let her I love be mine.*

SCENE XII.

Colonel OLDBOY, Mr. JESSAMY, and several Servants.

Col. Why, Zounds ! one would think you had never put your feet to the ground before ; you make as much work about walking a quarter of a mile, as if you had gone a pilgrimage to Jerusalem. 722

Mr. Jes. Colonel, you have used me extremely ill, to drag me through the dirty roads in this manner ; you told me the way was all over a bowling-green ; only see what a condition I am in !

Col. Why, how did I know the roads were dirty ? is that my fault ? Besides, we mistook the way. Zounds, man, your legs will be never the worse when they are brushed a little. 730

Mr. Jes. Antoine ! have you sent La Roque for the shoes and stockings ? Give me the glass out of your pocket—not a dust of powder left in my hair, and the frisure as flat as the fore-top of an attorney's clerk—get your comb and pomatum ; you must borrow some powder ; I suppose there's such a thing as a dressing-room in the house ?

Col. Ay, and a cellar too, I hope, for I want a glass of wine cursedly—but hold ! hold ! Frank, where are you going ? Stay, and pay your devoirs here, if you please ; I see there's somebody coming out to welcome us. 742

SCENE XIII.

Colonel OLDBOY, Mr. JESSAMY, LIONEL, DIANA,
CLARISSA.

Lion. Colonel, your most obedient ; Sir John is walking with my Lady in the garden, and has commissioned me to receive you.

Col. Mr. Lionel, I am heartily glad to see you—come here, Frank—this is my son, Sir.

Lion. Sir, I am exceeding proud to——

Mr. Jes. Can't you get the powder then ? 749

Col. Miss Clary, my little Miss Clary—give me a kiss, my dear—as handsome as an angel, by heavens—Frank, why don't you come here ? this is Miss Flowerdale.

Dian. Oh Heavens, Clarissa ! Just as I said, that impudent devil is come here with my father.

Mr. Jes. Had'nt we better go into the house ?

AIR.

To be made in such a pickle !

Will you please to lead the way, Sir ?

Col. No, but if you please, you may, Sir,

For precedence none will stickle. 760

Dian. Brother, no politeness ? Bless me !

Will you not your hand bestow ?

Lead the Lady.

Clar. ———— *Don't distress me ;*

Dear Diana let him go.

Mr. Jes. *Ma'am permit me.*

Col. ——— *Smoke the beau.*

A. 2. *Cruel must I, can I bear ?*

Oh adverse stars !

Oh fate severe !

770

Beset, tormented,

Each hope prevented :

Col. *None but the brave deserve the fair.*

Come Ma'am let me lead you :

Now, Sir, I precede you.

A. 5. *Lovers must ill usage bear.*

Oh adverse stars ! oh fate severe !

None but the brave deserve the fair.

ACT II. SCENE I.

A Hall in Sir John FLOWERDALE's House, with the View of a grand Stair-case, through an Arch. On either side of the Stair-case below, two Doors, leading from different Apartments.

LIONEL enters, followed by JENNY.

Jenny.

WELL, but Mr. Lionel, consider, pray consider now ; how can you be so prodigious undiscreeet as you are, walking about the hall here, while the gentle-

folks are within in the parlour! Don't you think they'll wonder at your getting up so soon after dinner, and before any of the rest of the company?

Lion. For Heaven's sake, Jenny, don't speak to me: I neither know where I am, nor what I am doing; I am the most wretched and miserable of mankind.

10

Jen. Poor dear soul, I pity you. Yes, yes, I believe you are miserable enough indeed; and I assure you I have pitied you a great while, and spoke many a word in your favour, when you little thought you had such a friend in a corner.

Lion. But, good Jenny, since, by some accident or other, you have been able to discover what I would willingly hide from all the world, I conjure you, as you regard my interest, as you value your Lady's peace and honour, never let the most distant hint of it escape you; for it is a secret of that importance—

Jen. And, perhaps, you think I can't keep a secret. Ah! Mr. Lionel, it must be hear, see, and say nothing in this world, or one has no business to live in it; besides, who would not be in love with my Lady? There's never a man this day alive but might be proud of it; for she is the handsomest, sweetest temperdest! And I am sure, one of the best mistresses, ever poor girl had.

Lion. Oh Jenny! She's an angel.

Jen. And so she is, indeed—Do you know that she gave me her blue and silver sack to-day, and it is every crum as good as new; and, go things as they will, don't you be fretting and vexing yourself, for I am mortally certain she would liverer see a road, than

this Jessamy. Though I must say, to my thinking, he's a very likely man ; and a finer pair of eye-brows, and a more delicate nose I never saw on a face.

Lion. By Heavens I shall run mad.

Jen. And why so ? It is not beauty that always takes the fancy : moreover, to let you know, if it was, I don't think him any more to compare to you, than a thistle is to a carnation : and so's a sign ; for, mark my words, my Lady loves you, as much as she hates him.

Lion. What you tell me, Jenny, is a thing I neither merit nor expect : No, I am unhappy, and let me continue so ; my most presumptuous thoughts shall never carry me to a wish that may affect her quiet, or give her cause to repent. 50

Jen. That's very honourable of you, I must needs say ! but for all that, liking's liking, and one can't help it ; and if it should be my Lady's case, it is no fault of yours. I am sure, when she called me into her dressing-room, before she went down to dinner, there she stood with her eyes brim full of tears : and so I fell a crying for company—and then she said she could not abide the chap in the parlour ; and at the same time, she bid me take an opportunity to speak to you, and desire you to meet her in the garden this evening after tea ; for she has something to say to you. 62

Lion. Jenny, I see you are my friend ; for which I thank you, though I know it is impossible to do me any service ; take this ring and wear it for my sake.

Jen. I am very much obliged to your honour ; I am your friend indeed—but, I say, you won't forget to

be in the garden now ; and in the mean time keep as little in the house as you can, for walls have eyes and ears ; and I can tell you the servants take notice of your uneasiness, though I am always desiring them to mind their own business. 72

Lion. Pray have a care, Jenny, have a care, my dear girl, a word may breed suspicion.

Jen. Psha ! have a care, yourself : it is you that breeds suspicion, sighing and pining about ; you look, for all the world like a ghost ; and, if you don't pluck up your spirits, you will be a ghost soon ; letting things get the better of you. Though, to be sure, when I think with myself, being cross'd in love is a terrible thing—There was a young man in the town where I was born, made away with himself upon the account of it. 83

Lion. Things shan't get the better of me, Jenny.

Jen. No more they don't ought. And once again I say, fortune is thrown in your dish, and you are not to fling it out ; my lady's estate will be better than three bishopricks, if Sir John could give them to you. Think of that, Mr. Lionel, think of that.

Lion. Think of what ? 90

AIR.

*Oh talk not to me of the wealth she possesses,
My hopes and my views to herself I confine ;
The splendour of riches but slightly impresses
A heart that is fraught with a passion like mine.*

*By love, only love, should our souls be cemented ;
No int'rest, no motive, but that wou'd I own ;
With her in a cottage be blest and contented,
And wretched without her, tho' plac'd on a throne.*

SCENE II.

JENNY, Colonel OLDBOY.

Col. Very well, my Lady, I'll come again to you presently, I am only going into the garden for a mouthful of air. Aha! my little Abigail! Here, Molly! Jenny! Betty! What's your name? Why don't you answer me, hussy, when I call you?

Jen. If you want any thing, Sir, I'll call one of the footmen.

Col. The footmen! the footmen! Damn me, I never knew one of them, in my life, that wouldn't prefer a rascal to a gentleman—Come here, you slut, put your hands about my neck and kiss me.

Jen. Who, I, Sir!

Col. Ay, here's money for you; what the devil are you afraid of? I'll take you into keeping; you shall go and live at one of my tenant's houses.

Jen. I wonder you aren't ashamed, Sir, to make an honest girl any such proposal; you that have a worthy gentlewoman, nay, a Lady of your own—To be sure she's a little stricken in years; but why shouldn't she grow elderly as well as yourself?

Col. Burn a lady, I love a pretty girl—

Jen. Well, then you may go 'look for one, Sir, I have no pretensions to the title. 121

Col. Why, you pert baggage, you don't know me.

Jen. What do you pinch my fingers for? Yes, yes, I know you well enough, and your charekter's well known all over the country, running after poor young creatures as you do, to ruinate them.

Col. What, then people say——

Jen. Indeed, they talk very bad of you; and whatever you may think, Sir, though I'm in a menial station, I'm come of people that wou'dn't see me put upon; there are those that wou'd take my part against the proudest he in the land, that should offer any thing uncivil. 133

Col. Well, come, let me know now, how does your young Lady like my son?

Jen. You want to pump me, do you? I suppose you would know whether I can keep my tongue within my teeth.

Col. She dosen't like him then?

Jen. I don't say so, Sir—Isn't this a shame, now—I suppose to-morrow or next day it will be reported that Jenny has been talking, Jenny said that, and t'other—But here, Sir, I ax you, Did I tell you any such thing?

Col. Why, yes, you did.

Jen. I!—Lord bless me! how can you——

Col. Ad, T'll mouzle you.

Jen. Ah! ah!

Col. What do you bawl for?

Jen. Ah! ah! ah! 149

AIR.

*Indeed, forsooth, a pretty youth,
To play the am'rous fool;
At such an age, methinks your rage
Might be a little cool.*

Fie, let me go, Sir.

Kiss me!—No, no, Sir.

*You pull me, and shake me,
For what do you take me,
This figure to make me?*

I'd have you to know

160

I'm not for your game, Sir;

Nor will I be tame, Sir.

Lord, have you no shame, Sir,

To tumble one so?

SCENE III.

Colonel Oldboy, Lady Mary, Diana, Harman.

Lady M. Mr. Oldboy, won't you give me your hand to lead me up stairs, my dear?—Sir, I am prodigiously obliged to you; I protest I have not been so well, I don't know when: I have had no return of my bilious complaint after dinner to day; and eat so voraciously! Did you observe Miss? Doctor Arsnic will be quite astonished when he hears it; surely his new invented medicine has done me a prodigious deal of service.

Col. Ah ! you'll always be taking one sloop or other, till you poison yourself. 174

Lady M. It brought Sir Barnaby Drugg from death's door, after having tried the Spaw and Bristol waters without effect : it is good for several things, in many sovereign ; as in colds and consumptions, and lowness of spirits : it corrects the humours, rectifies the juices, regulates the nervous system, creates an appetite, prevents flushings and sickness after meals, as also vain fears and head-achs ; it is the finest thing in the world for an asthma ; and no body that takes it, is ever troubled with hystericks. 184

Col. Give me a pinch of your Ladyship's snuff.

Lady M. This is a mighty pretty sort of a man, Colonel, who is he !

Col. A young fellow, my Lady, recommended to me.

Lady M. I protest he has the sweetest taste for poetry !—He has repeated to me two or three of his own things ; and I have been telling him of the poem my late brother Lord Jeffamy made on the mouse that was drowned. 194

Col. Ay, a fine subject for a poem ; a mouse that was drowned in a——

Lady M. Hush, my dear Colonel, don't mention it ; to be sure the circumstance was vastly indelicate ; but for the number of lines, the poem was as charming a morsel—I hear the earl of Punley say, who understood Latin, that it was equal to any thing in Catullus. 202

Col. Well, how did you like your son's behaviour at dinner, Madam ? I thought the girl looked a little

askew at him—Why, he found fault with every thing and contradicted every body.

L. M. Softly, Miss Flowerdale, I understand, has desired a private conference with him.

Col. What, Harman, have you got entertaining my daughter there? Come hither, Dy; has he been giving you a history of the accident that brought him down here? 212

Dian. No, Papa, the gentleman has been telling—he——

Lady M. No matter what, Miss—'tis not polite to repeat what has been said.

Col. Well, well, my Lady, you know the compact we made; the boy is yours, the girl mine——Give me your hand, Dy. 219

Lady M. Colonel, I have done—Pray, Sir, was there any news when you left London; any thing about the East-Indies, the ministry, or politics of any kind? I am strangely fond of politics; but I hear nothing since my Lord Jeffamy's death; he used to write to me all the affairs of the nation, for he was a very great politician himself. I have a manuscript speech of his in my cabinet—He never spoke it, but it is as fine a thing as ever came from man?

Col. What is that crawling on your Ladyship's petticoat? 230

Lady M. Where! Where!

Col. Zounds! a spider with legs as long as my arm.

Lady M. Oh Heavens! Ah don't let me look at it! I shall faint, I shall faint! A spider! a spider! a spider!

SCENE IV.

Colonel OLDBOY, DIANA, HARMAN.

Col. Hold ; zounds let her go ; I knew the spider would fet her a galloping, with her damned fufs about her brother, my Lord Jeffamy.—Harman, come here.—How do you like my daughter ? Is the girl you are in love with as handsome as this ? 240

Har. In my opinion, Sir.

Col. What, as handsome as Dy!—I'll lay you twenty pounds she has not fuch a pair of eyes.—He tells me he's in love, Dy; raging mad for love, and, by his talk, I begin to believe him.

Dian. Now, for my part, Papa, I doubt it very much ; though, by what I heard the gentleman fay juft now within, I find he imagines the lady has a violent partiality for him ; and yet he may be mistaken there too.

Col. For shame, Dy, what the mischief do you mean ? How can you talk fo tartly to a poor young fellow under misfortunes ! Give him your hand, and ask his pardon.—Don't mind her, Harman.—For all this, she is as good natured a little devil, as ever was born.

Har. You may remember, Sir, I told you before dinner, that I had for fome time carried on a private correspondence with my lovely girl ; and that her father, whose consent we despair of obtaining, is the great obstacle to our happiness. 259

Col. Why don't you carry her off in spight of him, then?—I ran away with my wife—ask my Lady Mary, she'll tell you the thing herself.—Her old conceited Lord of a father thought I was not good enough; but I mounted a garden-wall, notwithstanding their cheveux-de-frize of broken glass bottles, took her out of a three pair of stairs window, and brought her down a ladder in my arms——By the way, she would have squeezed through a cat-hole to get at me.—And I would have taken her out of the Tower of London, damme, if it had been surrounded with the three regiments of guards.

271

Dian. But, surely, Papa, you would not persuade the gentleman to such a proceeding as this is; consider the noise it will make in the country; and if you are known to be the adviser and abettor—

Col. Why, what do I care? I say, if he takes my advice he'll run away with her, and I'll give him all the assistance I can.

Har. I am sure, Sir, you are very kind; and, to tell you the truth, I have more than once had the very scheme in my head, if I thought it was feasible, and knew how to go about it.

Col. Feasible, and knew how to go about it! The thing's feasible enough, if the girl's willing to go off with you, and you have spirit sufficient to undertake it.

Har. O, as for that, Sir, I can answer.

Dian. What, Sir, that the lady will be willing to go off with you?

289

Har. No, Ma'am, that I have spirit enough to take her, if she is willing to go; and thus far I dare ven-

ture to promise, that between this and to-morrow morning I will find out whether she is or not.

Col. So he may; she lives but in this county; and tell her, Harman, you have met with a friend, who is inclined to serve you. You shall have my post-chaise at a minute's warning; and if a hundred pieces will be of any use to you, you may command 'em.

Har. And are you really serious, Sir? 300

Col. Serious; damme if I an't. I have put twenty young fellows in the way of getting girls that they never would have thought of: and bring her to my house; whenever you come, you shall have a supper and a bed; but you must marry her first, because my Lady will be squeamish.

Dian. Well, but, my dear Papa, upon my word you have a great deal to answer for: suppose it was your own case to have a daughter in such circumstances, would you be obliged to any one—— 310

Col. Hold your tongue, huffy, who bid you put in your oar? However, Harman, I don't want to set you upon any thing; 'tis no affair of mine to be sure; I only give you advice, and tell you how I would act, if I was in your place.

Har. I assure you, Sir, I am quite charm'd with the advice; and since you are ready to stand my friend, I am determined to follow it.

Col. You are——

Har. Positively—— 320

Col. Say no more then; here's my hand:—You understand me—No occasion to talk any further of it at present—When we are alone—Dy, take Mr. Har-

man into the drawing-room, and give him some tea.
—I say, Harman, Mum.—

Har. O, Sir.

Col. What do you mean by your grave looks, mistress?

AIR.

*How curstly vext the old fellow will be,
When he finds you have snapt up his daughter;
But shift as he will, leave the matter to me,
And I warrant you soon shall have caught her.*

*What a plague and a pox,
Shall an ill natur'd fox
Prevent youth and beauty
From doing their duty?
He ought to be set in the stocks.
He merits the law;
And if we can't bite him,
By gad we'll indite him.
Ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha!*

340

SCENE V.

DIANA, HARMAN.

Dian. Sir, I desire to know what gross acts of imprudence you have ever discovered in me, to authorize

you in this licence, or make you imagine I should not shew such marks of my resentment as your monstrous treatment of me deserves.

Har. Nay, my dear Diana, I confess I have been rather too bold;—but consider, I languish'd to see you : and when an opportunity offer'd to give me that pleasure without running any risque, either of your quiet or reputation, how hard was it to be resisted ? 'Tis true, I little thought my visit would be attended with such happy consequences as it now seems to promise.

Dian. What do you mean ?

Har. Why, don't you see your father has an inclination I should run away with you, and is contriving the means himself ?

Dian. And do you think me capable of concurring ?
Do you think I have no more duty ? 360

Har. I don't know that, Madam ; I am sure your refusing to seize such an opportunity to make me happy, gives evident proofs that you have very little love.

Dian. If there is no way to convince you of my love but by my indiscretion, you are welcome to consider it in what light you please.

Har. Was ever so unfortunate a dog ?

Dian. Very pretty this upon my word ; but is it possible you can be in earnest ? 370

Har. It is a matter of too much consequence to jest about.

Dian. And you seriously think I ought——

Har. You are sensible there are no hopes of your father's coolly and wittingly consenting to our mar-

riage ; chance has thrown in our way a whimsical method of surprizing him into a compliance, and why should not we avail ourselves of it ?

Dian. And so you would have me—

Har. I shall say no more, Ma'am. 380

Dian. Nay, but, for Heaven's sake——

Har. No, Madam, no ; I have done.

Dian. And are you positively in this violent fufs about the matter, or only giving yourself airs ?

Har. You may suppose what you think proper, Madam.

Dian. Well, come ;—let us go into the drawing-room and drink tea, and afterwards we'll talk of matters.

Har. I won't drink any tea. 390

Dian. Why so ?

Har. Because I don't like it.

Dian. Not like it ! Ridiculous.

Har. I wish you would let me alone.

Dian. Nay, pr'ythee——

Har. I won't.

Dian. Well, will you, if I consent to act as you please ?

Har. I don't know whether I will or not.

Dian. Ha, ha, ha, poor Harman. 400

AIR.

*Come then, pining, peevish lover,
Tell me what to do and say ;
From your doleful dumps recover,
Smile, and it shall have its way.*

*With their humours, thus to teaze us,
Men are sure the strangest elves !
Silly creatures, would you please us,
You should still seem pleas'd yourselves.*

SCENE VI.

HARMAN.

Say'st thou so, my girl ! Then Love renounce me, if I drive not old Truepenny's humour to the uttermost.—Let me consider ;—what ill consequence can possibly attend it ?—The design is his own, as in part will be the execution.—He may perhaps 'be angry when he finds out the deceit.—Well ;—he deceives himself ; and faults we commit ourselves, we seldom find much difficulty in pardoning.

AIR.

*Hence with caution, hence with fear,
Beauty prompts, and nought shall stay me ;
Boldly for that prize I steer ;
Rocks, nor winds, nor waves dismay me. 420*

*Yet, rash lover, look behind,
Think what evils may betide you ;
Love and fortune both are blind,
And you have none else to guide you.*

SCENE VII.

Changes to a handsome Dressing-room, supposed to be CLARISSA'S. On one side, between the Wings, is a Table with a Glass, Boxes, and two Chairs. DIANA enters before JESSAMY.

Dian. Come, brother, I undertake to be mistress of the ceremony upon this occasion, and introduce you to your first audience.—Miss Flowerdale is not here, I perceive; but no matter.—

Mr. Jes. Upon my word, a pretty elegant dressing room this; but confound our builders, or architects, as they call themselves, they are all errant stonemasons; not one of them know the situation of doors, windows, or chimnies; which are as essential to a room as eyes, nose and mouth to a countenance. Now, if the eyes are where the mouth should be, and the nose out of proportion and its place: *quelle horrible physionomie?*

Dian. My dear brother, you are not come here as a virtuoso to admire the temple; but as a votary to address the deity to whom it belongs. Shew, I beseech you, a little more devotion, and tell me, how do you like Miss Flowerdale? don't you think her very handsome?

Mr. Jes. Pale;—but that I am determined she shall remedy; for, as soon as we are married, I will make her put on rouge:—Let me see;—has she got any in her boxes here; *Veritable toilet à l'Angloise.* Nothing but a bottle of Hungary-water, two or three

rows of pins, a paper of patches, and a little bole-armoniack by way of tooth-powder. 450

Dian. Brother, I would fain give you some advice upon this occasion, which may be of service to you; You are now going to entertain a young Lady—Let me prevail upon you to lay aside those airs, on account of which, some people are impertinent enough to call you a coxcomb; for, I am afraid, she may be apt to think you a coxcomb too, as I assure you, she is very capable of distinguishing.

Mr. Jes. So much the worse for me.—If she is capable of distinguishing, I shall meet with a terrible repulse. I don't believe she'll have me.

Dian. I don't believe she will, indeed.

Mr. Jes. Go on, sister,—ha, ha, ha!

Dian. I protest I am serious—Though, I perceive, you have more faith in the counsellor before you there, the looking-glass. But give me leave to tell you, it is not a powder'd head, a lac'd coat, a grimace, a shrug, a bow, or a few pert phrases, learnt by rote, that constitutes the power of pleasing all women. 470

Mr. Jes. You had better return to the gentleman, and give him his tea, my dear.

Dian. These qualifications we find in our parrots and monkies. I would undertake to teach Poll, in three weeks, the fashionable jargon of half the fine men about town; and I am sure it must be allowed, that pug, in a scarlet coat, is a gentleman as degagé and alluring as most of them.

AIR.

*Ladies, pray admire a figure,
 Fait selon le dernier gout. 480
 First, his hat, in size no bigger
 Than a Chinese woman's shoe ;
 Six yards of ribbon bind
 His hair en baton behind :
 While his fore-top's so high,
 That in crown he may vie
 With the tufted cockatoo.*

*Then his waist so long and taper,
 'Tis an absolute thread-paper :
 Maids resist him, you that can, 490
 Odd's life, if this is all th' affair,
 I'll clap a hat on, club my hair,
 And call myself a Man.*

SCENE VIII.

CLARISSA, Mr. JESSAMY.

Clar. Sir, I took the liberty to desire a few moment's private conversation with you—I hope you will excuse it—I am, really, greatly embarrassed. But, in an affair of such immediate consequence to us both—

Mr. Jes. My dear creature, don't be embarrass'd before me ; I should be extremely sorry to strike you

with any awe; but, this is a species of *mauvaise honte*, which the company I shall introduce you to, will soon cure you of.

Clar. Upon my word, Sir, I don't understand you.

Mr. Jes. Perhaps you may be under some uneasiness lest I should not be quite so warm in the prosecution of this affair, as you could wish: it is true with regard to quality, I might do better; and, with regard to fortune, full as well—But, you please me—Upon my soul, I have not met with any thing more agreeable to me a great while.

Clar. Pray, Sir, keep your seat.

Mr. Jes. *Mauvaise honte* again. My dear, there is nothing in these little familiarities between you and me—When we are married, I shall do every thing to render your life happy.

509

Clar. Ah! Sir, pardon me. The happiness of my life depends upon a circumstance——

Mr. Jes. Oh! I understand you—You have been told, I suppose, of the Italian opera girl—Rat peoples' tongues—However, 'tis true, I had an affair with her at Naples, and she is now here. But, be satisfied: I'll give her a thousand pounds, and send her about her business.

Clar. Me, Sir! I protest nobody told me—Lord! I never heard any such thing, or enquired about it.

Mr. Jes. No! have they not been chattering to you of my affair at Pisa, with the Principessa del——

Clar. No, indeed, Sir.

Mr. Jes. Well, I was afraid they might, because, in this rude country—But, why silent on a sudden?—don't be afraid to speak.

Clar. No, Sir, I will come to the subject, on which I took the liberty to trouble you—Indeed, I have great reliance on your generosity.

Mr. Jes. You'll find me generous as a prince, depend on't. 530

Clar. I am blest'd, Sir, with one of the best of fathers: I never yet disobeyed him; in which I have had little merit; for his commands hitherto have only been to secure my own felicity. 540

Mr. Jes. Apres ma chere—

Clar. But now, Sir, I am under the shocking necessity of disobeying him, or being wretched for ever.

Mr. Jes. Hem!

Clar. Our union is impossible—my present situation—the gloomy prospect before me—the inquietude of my mind——

AIR.

Poor panting heart, ah! wilt thou ever

Throb within my troubled breast;

Shall I see the moment never,

That is doom'd to give thee rest? 550

Cruel stars! that thus torment me,

Still I seek for ease in vain,

All my efforts but present me

With variety of pain.

SCENE IX.

JESSAMY, JENKINS.

Mr. Jes. Who's there?

Jen. Do you call, Sir?

Mr. Jes. Hark you, old gentleman! who are you?

Jen. Sir, my name is Jenkins.

Mr. Jes. Oh! you are Sir John Flowerdale's steward; a servant he puts confidence in. 561

Jen. Sir, I have served Sir John Flowerdale many years: he is the best of masters; and, I believe, he has some dependance on my attachment and fidelity.

Mr. Jes. Then, Mr. Jenkins, I shall condescend to speak to you. Does your master know who I am? Does he know, Sir, that I am likely to be a Peer of Great Britain? That I have ten thousand pounds a year; that I have passed through all Europe with distinguished eclat; that I refused the daughter of Mynheer Van Slokenfolk, the great Dutch burgomaster; and, that, if I had not had the misfortune of being bred a protestant, I might have married the niece of his present holiness the Pope, with a fortune of two hundred thousand piafters?

Jen. I am sure, Sir, my master has all the respect imaginable——

Mr. Jes. Then, Sir, how comes he, after my shewing an inclination to be allied to his family; how comes he, I say, to bring me to his house to be affronted? I have let his daughter go; but, I think, I

was in the wrong ; for a woman that insults me, is no more safe than a man. I have brought a Lady to reason before now, for giving me saucy language ; and left her male friends to revenge it.

Jen. Pray, good Sir, what's the matter ?

Mr. Jes. Why, Sir, this is the matter, Sir—your master's daughter, Sir, has behaved to me with damn'd insolence, and impertinence : and you may tell Sir John Flowerdale, first, with regard to her, that I think she is a silly, ignorant, awkward, ill-bred country pufs.

Jen. Oh ! Sir, for Heaven's sake——

Mr. Jes. And, that with regard to himself, he is, in my opinion, an old, doating, ridiculous, country 'squire ; without the knowledge of either men or things ; and, that he is below my notice, if it were not to despise him.

Jen. Good Lord ! Good Lord !

Mr. Jes. And, advise him and his daughter to keep out of my way ; for, by gad I will affront them, in the first place I meet them——And, if your master is for carrying things further ; tell him, I fence better than any man in Europe.

AIR.

In Italy, Germany, France have I been ;

*Where princes I've liv'd with, where monarchs I've
seen ;*

The great have caress'd me,

The fair have address'd me,

Nay, smiles I have had from a queen.

*And, now, shall a pert,
Insignificant flirt,
With insolence use me,
Presume to refuse me!
She fancies my pride will be hurt.*

*But tout au contraire,
I'm pleas'd I declare,
Quite happy, to think, I escape from the snare :
Serviteur Mam'selle ; my claim I withdraw.
Hey, where are my people? Fal, lal, lal, lal, la. 619*

SCENE X.

JENKINS.

I must go and inform Sir John of what has happened ; but, I will not tell him of the outrageous behaviour of this young spark ; for he is a man of spirit, and would resent it. Egad, my own fingers itched to be at him, once or twice ; and, as stout as he is, I fancy these old fists would give him a bellyful. He complains of Miss Clarissa : but she is incapable of treating him in the manner he says. Perhaps, she may have behaved with some coldness towards him ; and yet, that is a mystery to me too.

AIR.

*We all say the man was exceedingly knowing, 630
 And knowing most surely was he,
 Who found out the cause of the ebbing and flowing,
 The flux and reflux of the sea.*

*Nor was he in knowledge far from it,
 Who first mark'd the course of a comet ;
 To what it was owing,
 Its coming and going,
 Its wanderings hither and thither ;
 But the man that divines
 A Lady's designs, 640
 Their cause or effect,
 In any respect,
 Is wiser than both put together.*

SCENE XI.

*Changes to Sir JOHN FLOWERDALE's Garden ; with a
 View of a Canal, by Moon-light : the Side Scenes re-
 present Box-hedges, intermixed with Statues and Flow-
 ering Shrubs, LIONEL enters, leading CLARISSA.*

Lion. Hift—methought I heard a noise—should
 we be surpris'd together, at a juncture so critical ;
 what might be the consequence—I know not how it

is; but, at this the happiest moment of my life, I feel a damp, a tremor, at my heart——

Clar. Then, what should I do? If you tremble, I ought to be terrified indeed, who have discovered sentiments, which, perhaps, I should have hid, with a frankness, that, by a man less generous, less noble minded than yourself, might be construed to my disadvantage.

654

Lion. Oh! wound me not with so cruel an expression—You love me, and have condescended to confess it—You have seen my torments, and been kind enough to pity them—The world, indeed, may blame you——

Clar. And, yet, was it proclaimed to the world, what could the most malicious suggest? They could but say, that, truth and sincerity got the better of forms; that the tongue dar'd to speak the honest sensations of the mind; that, while you aimed at improving my understanding, you engaged, and conquered my heart.

Lion. And, is it! is it possible!

Clar. Be calm, and listen to me: what I have done has not been lightly imagined, nor rashly undertaken: it is the work of reflection, of conviction; my love is not a sacrifice to my own fancy, but a tribute to your worth; did I think there was a more deserving man in the world——

Lion. If, to doat on you more than life, be to deserve you, so far I have merit; if, to have no wish, no hope, no thought, but you, can entitle me to the envied distinction of a moment's regard, so far I dare pretend.

678

Clar. That, I have this day refused a man, with whom I could not be happy, I make no merit : born for quiet and simplicity, the crouds of the world, the noise attending pomp and distinction, have no charms for me: I wish to pass my life in rational tranquility, with a friend, whose virtues I can respect, whose talents I can admire ; who will make my esteem the basis of my affection.

Lion. O charming creature ! yes, let me indulge the flattering idea ; form'd with the same sentiments, the same feelings, the same tender passion for each other ; Nature design'd us to compose that sacred union, which nothing but death can annul. 691

Clar. One only thing remember. Secure in each other's affections, here we must rest ; I would not give my father a moment's pain, to purchase the empire of the world.

Lion. Command, dispose of me as you please ; angels take cognizance of the vows of innocence and virtue ; and, I will believe that ours are already registered in Heaven.

Clar. I will believe so too. 700

AIR.

*Go, and, on my truth relying,
Comfort to your cares applying,
Bid each doubt and sorrow flying,
Leave to peace, and love your breast.*

*Go, and may the Pow'rs that bear us,
Still, as kind protectors near us,
Through our troubles safely steer us
To a port of joy and rest.*

SCENE XII.

LIONEL, Sir JOHN FLOWERDALE.

Sir John. Who's there? Lionel?

Lion. Heav'n's! 'tis Sir John Flowerdale. 710

Sir John. Who's there?

Lion. 'Tis I, Sir; I am here, Lionel.

Sir John. My dear lad, I have been searching for you this half hour, and was at last told you had come into the garden: I have a piece of news, which I dare swear will shock and surprize you; my daughter has refused Colonel Oldboy's son, who is this minute departed the house in violent resentment of her ill-treatment.

Lion. Is he gone, Sir? 720

Sir John. Yes, and the family are preparing to follow him. Oh! Lionel, Clarissa has deceived me: in this affair she has suffered me to deceive myself. The measures which I have been so long preparing, are broken in a moment—my hopes frustrated! and both parties, in the eye of the world, rendered light and ridiculous.

Lion. I am sorry to see you so much moved; pray, Sir, recover yourself. 729

Sir John. I am sorry, Lionel, she has profited no better by your lessons of philosophy, than to impose upon and distress so kind a father.

Lion. Have juster thoughts of her, Sir: she has not imposed on you, she is incapable—have but a little patience and things may yet be brought about.

Sir John. No, Lionel, no; the matter is past, and there's an end to it; yet I would conjecture to what such an unexpected turn in her conduct can be owing; I would fain be satisfied of the motive that could urge her to so extraordinary a proceeding, without the least intimation, the least warning to me, or any of her friends.

742

Lion. Perhaps, Sir, the gentleman may have been too impetuous, and offended Miss Flowerdale's delicacy—certainly nothing else could occasion—

Sir John. Heaven only knows—I think, indeed, there can be no settled aversion, and surely her affections are not engaged elsewhere.

Lion. Engag'd, Sir—No, Sir.

Sir John. I think not, Lionel.

Lion. You may be positive, Sir—I'm sure—

Sir John. O worthy young man, whose integrity, openness, and every good quality have rendered dear to me as my own child, I see this affair troubles you as much as it does me.

Lion. It troubles me indeed, Sir.

Sir John. However, my particular disappointment ought not to be detrimental to you, nor shall it: I well know how irksome it is to a generous mind to live in a state of dependance, and have long had it in my thoughts to make you easy for life.

761

Lion. Sir John, the situation of my mind at present is a little disturb'd—spare me—I beseech you, spare me; why will you persist in a goodness that makes me ashamed of myself?

Sir John. There is an estate in this county, which I purchased some years ago; by me it will never be missed, and who ever marries my daughter will have little reason to complain of my disposing of such a trifle for my own gratification. On the present marriage I intended to perfect a deed of gift in your favour, which has been for some time preparing; my lawyer has this day completed it, and it is yours, my dear Lionel, with every good wish that the warmest friend can bestow.

Lion. Sir, If you presented a pistol with design to shoot me, I would submit to it; but you must excuse me, I cannot lay myself under more obligations.

Sir John. Your delicacy carries you too far; in this I confer a favour on myself: however, we'll talk no more on the subject at present, let us walk towards the house, our friends will depart else without my bidding them adieu.

783

SCENE XIII.

DIANA, CLARISSA, and afterwards LIONEL.

Dian. So then, my dear Clarissa, you really give credit to the ravings of that French wretch, with regard to a plurality of worlds?

Clar. I don't make it an absolute article of belief, but I think it an ingenious conjecture with great probability on its side. 789

Dian. And we are a moon to the moon! Nay, child, I know something of astronomy, but—that that little shining thing there, which seems not much larger than a silver plate, should, perhaps, contain great cities like London; and who can tell but they may have kings there and parliaments, and plays and operas, and people of fashion! Lord, the people of fashion in the moon must be strange creatures.

Clar. Methinks Venus shines very bright in yonder corner. 799

Dian. Venus! O pray let me look at Venus; I suppose, if there are any inhabitants there, they must be all lovers.

Lion. Was ever such a wretch—I can't stay a moment in a place; where is my repose?—fled with my virtue. Was I then born for falsehood and dissimulation? I was, I was, and I live to be conscious of it; to impose upon my friend; to betray my benefactor and lie to hide my ingratitude—a monster in a moment—No, I may be the most unfortunate of men, but I will not be the most odious; while my heart is yet capable of dictating what is honest, I will obey its voice. 812

SCENE XIV.

DIANA, CLARISSA, LIONEL, Colonel OLDBOY, HAR-
MAN.

Col. Dy, where are you? What the mischief, is this a time to be walking in the garden? The coach has been ready this half hour, and your Mamma is waiting for you.

Dian. I am learning astronomy, Sir; do you know, Papa, that the moon is inhabited?

Col. Huffy, you are half a lunatic yourself; come here, things have gone just as I imagin'd they wou'd, the girl has refus'd your brother, I knew he must disgust her. 822

Dian. Women will want taste now and then, Sir.

Col. But I must talk to the young Lady a little.

Har. Well, I have had a long conference with your father about the elopement, and he continues firm in his opinion that I ought to attempt it: in short, all the necessary operations are settled between us, and I am to leave his house to-morrow morning, if I can but persuade the young Lady—— 830

Dian. Ay, but I hope the young Lady will have more sense—Lord, how can you teaze me with your nonsense? Come, Sir, is'nt it time for us to go in? Her Ladyship will be impatient.

Col. Friend Lionel, good night to you; Miss Clarissa, my dear, though I am father to the puppy who

has displeased you, give me a kiss ; you serv'd him right, and I thank you for it.

AIR.

Col. *O what a night is here for love !
Cynthia brightly shining above ;
Among the trees,
To the sighing breeze,
Fountains tinkling ;
Stars a twinkling,*

Dian. *O what a night is here for love !
So may the morn propitious prove ;*

Har. *And so it will, if right I guess ;
For sometimes light,
As well as night,
A lover's hopes may bless.*

A. 2. *Farewell my friend,
May gentle rest
Calm each tumult in your breast,
Every pain and fear remove.*

Lion. *What have I done ?
Where shall I run,
With grief and shame at once oppress ;
How my own upbraiding shun,
Or meet my friend distress ?*

A. 3. *Hark to Philomel, how sweet,
From yonder elm.*

Col. *Tweet, tweet, tweet, tweet.*

A. 5. *O what a night is here for love !
 But vainly nature strives to move.
 Nor nightingale among the trees,
 Nor twinkling stars, nor sighing breeze,
 Nor murm'ring streams,
 Nor Phæbe's beams,
 Can charm, unless the heart's at ease.*

ACT III. SCENE I.

A Room in Colonel OLDROY's House. HARMAN enters with his Hat, Boots, and Whip, followed by DIANA.

Diana.

PR'YTHEE, hear me.

Har. My dear, what would you say ?

Dian. I am afraid of the step we are going to take ; indeed, I am : 'tis true my father is the contriver of it ; but, really, on consideration, I think I should appear less culpable if he was not so ; I am at once criminal myself, and rendering him ridiculous.

Har. Do you love me ?

8

Dian. Suppose I do, you give me a very ill proof of your love for me, when you would take advantage of my tenderness, to blind my reason : how can you have so little regard for my honour as to sacrifice it to a vain triumph ? For it is in that light I see the rash action you are forcing me to commit ; nay, methinks my consenting to it should injure me in your own

esteem. When a woman forgets what she owes herself, a lover should set little value upon any thing she gives to him. 18

Har. Can you suppose then, can you imagine, that my passion will ever make me forget the veneration—And, an elopement is nothing, when it is on the road to matrimony.

Dian. At best, I shall incur the censure of disobedience, and indiscretion; and is it nothing to a young woman, what the world says of her? Ah! my good friend, be assured, such a disregard of the world is the first step towards deserving its reproaches.

Har. But, the necessity we are under—Mankind has too much good sense, too much good nature—

Dian. Every one has good sense enough to see other peoples' faults, and good nature enough to overlook their own. Besides, the most sacred things may be made an ill use of, and even marriage itself, if indecently and improperly— 34

Har. Come, get yourself ready: where is your band-box, hat, and cloak? Slip into the garden: be there at the iron-gate, which you shewed me just now; and, as the post-chaise comes round, I will step and take you in.

Dian. Dear Harman, let me beg of you to desist.

Har. Dear Diana, let me beg of you to go on. 41

Dian. I shall never have resolution to carry me through it.

Har. We shall have four horses, my dear, and they will assist us.

Dian. In short—I——cannot go with you.

Har. But before me—into the garden—Won't you?

AIR.

Dian. *How can you, inhuman! persist to distress me?
 My danger, my fears, 'tis in vain to disguise:
 You know them, yet still to destruction you press me,
 And force that from passion which prudence denies.*

*I fain would oppose a perverse inclination; 52
 The visions of fancy, from reason divide;
 With fortitude baffle the wiles of temptation,
 And let love no longer make folly its guide.*

SCENE II.

Colonel OLDBOY, HARMAN.

Col. Hey-day! what's the meaning of this? Who is it went out of the room, there? Have you and my daughter been in conference, Mr. Harman?

Har. Yes, faith, Sir, she has been taking me to task here very severely, with regard to this affair; and she has said so much against it, and put it into such a strange light—— 62

Col. A busy, impertinent baggage; egad I wish I had caught her meddling, and after I ordered her not: but you have sent to the girl, and you say she is ready to go with you; you must not disappoint her now.

Har. No, no, Colonel ; I always have politeness enough to hear a lady's reasons ; but constancy enough to keep a will of my own. 69

Col. Very well—now let me ask you,—don't you think it would be proper, upon this occasion, to have a letter ready writ for the father, to let him know who has got his daughter, and so forth ?

Har. Certainly, Sir ; and I'll write it directly.

Col. You write it! you be damn'd ! I won't trust you with it ; I tell you, Harman, you'll commit some cursed blunder, if you don't leave the management of this whole affair to me : I have writ the letter for you myself.

Har. Have you, Sir ?

80

Col. Ay—here, read it ; I think it's the thing : however, you are welcome to make any alteration.

Har. “ Sir, I have loved your daughter a great while, secretly ; she assures me there is no hope of your consenting to our marriage ; I therefore take her without it. I am a gentleman who will use her well : and, when you consider the matter, I dare swear you will be willing to give her a fortune. If not, you shall find I dare behave myself like a man—A word to the wife—You must expect to hear from me in another stile.” 91

Col. Now, Sir, I will tell you what you must do with this letter : as soon as you have got off with the girl, Sir, send your servant back to leave it at the house, with orders to have it delivered to the old gentleman.

Har. Upon my honour, I will, Colonel.

Col. But, upon my honour, I don't believe you'll get the girl: come, Harman, I'll bet you a buck, and six dozen of Burgundy, that you won't have spirit enough to bring this affair to a crisis. 101

Har. And, I say done first, Colonel.

Col. Then look into the court there, Sir; a chaise with four of the prettiest bay geldings in England, with two boys in scarlet and silver jackets, that will whisk you along.

Har. Boys! Colonel? Little cupids, to transport me to the summit of my desires. 108

Col. Ay, but for all that, it mayn't be amiss for me to talk to them a little out of the window for you. Dick, come hither; you are to go with this gentleman, and do whatever he bids you; and take into the chaise whoever he pleases; and, drive like devils, do you hear; but be kind to the dumb beasts.

Har. Leave that to me, Sir——And so, my dear Colonel—

AIR.

*To fear a stranger,
Behold the soldier arm;
He knows no danger,
When honour sounds the alarm; 120
Out dauntless goes,
Among his foes.*

*In Cupid's militia,
So fearless I issue;
And, as you see,
Arm'd cap-a-pie,
Resolve on death or victory. 127*

SCENE III.

Colonel Oldboy, Lady Mary, and then Jenny.

Lady M. Mr. Oldboy, here is a note from Sir John Flowerdale, it is addressed to me, intreating my son to come over there again this morning. A maid brought it: she is in the anti-chamber—We had better speak to her—Child, child, why don't you come in?

Jen. I chuse to stay where I am, if your ladyship pleases.

Lady M. Stay where you are! why so?

Jen. I am afraid of the old gentleman there.

Col. Afraid of me, huffy.

Lady M. Pray, Colonel, have patience—Afraid—Here is something at the bottom of this—What did you mean by that expression, child? 141

Jen. Why, the Colonel knows very well, Madam, he wanted to be rude with me yesterday.

Lady M. Oh Mr. Oldboy!

Col. Lady Mary, don't provoke me, but let me talk to the girl about her business. How came you to bring this note here?

Jen. Why, Sir John gave it to me, to deliver to my uncle Jenkins, and I took it down to his house; but while we were talking together, he remembered that he had some business with Sir John, so he desired me to bring it, because he said it was not proper to be sent by any of the common servants. 153

Lady M. Colonel, look in my face, and help blushing if you can.

Col. What the plague's the matter, my Lady! I have not been wronging you, now, as you call it.

Jen. Indeed, Madam, he offer'd to make me his kept Madam: I am sure his usage of me put me into such a twitter, that I did not know what I was doing all the day after. 161

Lady M. I don't doubt it, though I so lately forgave him: but, as the poet says, his sex is all deceit. Read Pamela, child, and resist temptation.

Jen. Yes, Madam, I will.

Col. Why, I tell you, my Lady, it was all a joke.

Jen. No, Sir, it was no joke, you made me a prof-fer of money, so you did, whereby I told you, you had a lady of your own, and that though she was old, you had no right to despise her. 170

Lady M. And how dare you, mistress, make use of my name? Is it for such trollops as you to talk of persons of distinction behind their backs?

Jen. Why, Madam, I only said you was in years.

Lady M. Sir John Flowerdale shall be inform'd of your impertinence, and you shall be turned out of the family; I see you are a confident creature, and I believe you are no better than you should be.

Jen. I scorn your words, Madam.

Lady M. Get out of the room; how dare you stay in this room to talk impudently to me? 181

Jen. Very well, Madam, I shall let my Lady know how you have us'd me? but, I shan't be turn'd out of my place, Madam, nor at a loss, if I am; and if you are angry with every one that won't say you are

young, I believe, there is very few you will keep friends with.

AIR.

*I wonder, I'm sure, why this fuss should be made ;
For my part, I'm neither asham'd, nor afraid 190
Of what I have done, nor of what I have said,
A servant, I hope, is no slave ;
And tho', to their shames,
Some ladies call names,
I know better how to behave.
Times are not so bad,
If occasion I had,
Nor my character such I need starve on't.
And, for going away,
I don't want to stay, 200
And so I'm your Ladyship's servant.*

SCENE IV.

Colonel OLDBOY, *Lady* MARY, *Mr.* JESSAMY.

Mr. Jes. What is the matter here?

Lady M. I will have a separate maintenance, I will, indeed. Only a new instance of your father's infidelity, my dear. Then with such low wretches, farmers' daughters, and servant wenches : but any thing with a cap on, 'tis all the same to him.

Mr. Jes. Upon my word, Sir, I am sorry to tell you, that those practices very ill suit the character which you ought to endeavour to support in the world.

Lady M. Is this a recompence for my love and regard; I, who have been tender and faithful as a turtle dove?

Mr. Jes. A man of your birth and distinction should, methinks, have views of a higher nature, than such low, such vulgar libertinism.

Lady M. Consider my birth and family too, Lady Mary Jessamy might have had the best matches in England.

Mr. Jes. Then, Sir, your grey hairs. 220

Lady M. I, that have brought you so many lovely, sweet babes.

Mr. Jes. Nay, Sir, it is a reflection on me.

Lady M. The heinous sin too——

Mr. Jes. Indeed, Sir, I blush for you.

Col. 'Sdeath and fire, you little effeminate puppy, do you know who you talk to?—And you, Madam, do you know who I am!—Get up to your chamber, or zounds I'll make such a——

Lady M. Ah! my dear, come away from him. 230

SCENE V.

Colonel OLDBOY, Mr. JESSAMY, a Servant.

Col. Am I to be tutor'd and call'd to an account? How now, you scoundrel, what do you want?

Serv. A letter, Sir.

Col. A letter, from whom, sirrah?

Serv. The gentleman's servant, a'n't please your honour, that left this, just now, in the post-chaise—the gentleman my young lady went away with.

Col. Your young lady, firrah—Your young lady went away with no gentleman, you dog—What gentleman! What young lady, firrah! 240

Mr. Jes. There is some mystery in this—With your leave, Sir, I'll open the letter: I believe it contains no secrets.

Col. What are you going to do, you jackanapes? you shan't open a letter of mine—Dy—Diana—Somebody call my daughter to me there—"To John "Oldboy, Esq.—Sir, I have loved your daughter "a great while secretly—Consenting to our marriage—

Mr. Jes. So, so.

Col. You villain—you dog, what is it you have brought me here? 251

Serv. Please your honour, if you'll have patience, I'll tell your honour—As I told your honour before the gentleman's servant that went off just now in the post-chaise, came to the gate, and left it after his master was gone. I saw my young lady go into the chaise with the gentleman.

Mr. Jes. A very fine joke indeed; pray, Colonel, do you generally write letters to yourself? why, this is your own hand. 260

Col. Call all the servants in the house, let horses be saddled directly—every one take a different road.

Serv. Why, your honour, Dick said it was by your own orders.

Col. My orders! you rascal? I thought he was going to run away with another gentleman's daughter—Dy—Diana Oldboy.

Mr. Jes. Don't waste your lungs to no purpose, Sir, your daughter is half a dozen miles off by this time.

Col. Sirrah, you have been bribed to further the scheme of a pick-pocket here. 271

Mr. Jes. Besides, the matter is entirely of your own contriving, as well as the letter and spirit of this elegant epistle.

Col. You are a coxcomb, and I'll disinherit you; the letter is none of my writing, it was writ by the devil, and the devil contrived it. Diana, Margaret, my Lady Mary, William, John—— 278

Mr. Jes. I am very glad of this, prodigiously glad of it, upon my honour—he! he! he!—it will be a jest this hundred years. (*bells ring violently on both sides.*) What's the matter now? O! her Ladyship has heard of it, and is at her bell; and the Colonel answers her. A pretty duet; but a little too much upon the fortè methinks: it would be a diverting thing now, to stand unseen at the old gentleman's elbow.

AIR.

*Hist, soft; let's hear how matters go;
I'll creep and listen;—so, so, so,
They're all together by the ears;—
Oh, horrid! how the savage swears.*

290

*There too again; ay, you may ring;
Sound out th' alarm-bell—ding, ding, ding—
Dispatch your scouts, 'tis all in vain,
Stray maids are seldom found again.*

*But hark, the uproar hither sounds ;
The Colonel comes with all his hounds ;
I'll wisely leave them open way,
To hunt with what success they may.*

299

SCENE VI.

*Colonel OLDBOY re-enters, with one Boot, a Great-Coat
on his Arm, &c. followed by several Servants.*

Col. She's gone, by the Lord ; fairly stole away, with that poaching, coney-catching rascal ! However, I won't follow her ; no, damme ? take my whip, and my cap, and my coat, and order the groom to unsaddle the horses ; I won't follow her the length of a spur-leather. Come here, you Sir, and pull off my boot ; (*whistles*) she has made a fool of me once, she shan't do it a second time ; not but I'll be revenged too, for I'll never give her sixpence ; the disappointment will put the scoundrel out of temper, and he'll thrash her a dozen times a day ; the thought pleases me, I hope he'll do it. 311

What do you stand gaping and staring at, you impudent dogs ? are you laughing at me ? I'll teach you to be merry at my expence.——

AIR.

*A rascal, a buffy ; zounds ! she that I counted
 In temper so mild, so unpractis'd in evil :
 I set her a horse-back, and no sooner mounted,
 Than, crack, whip and spur, she rides post to the devil,
 But there let her run,
 Be ruin'd, undone ;
 If I go to catch her,
 Or back again fetch her,
 I'm worse than the son of a gun.*

320

*A mischief possess'd me to marry ;
 And further my folly to carry,
 To be still more a sot,
 Sons and daughters I got,
 And pretty ones, by the Lord Harry.*

SCENE VII.

Changes to CLARISSA's Dressing-room, CLARISSA enters melancholy, with a Book in her hand, followed by JENNY.

Clar. Where have you been, Jenny ? I was enquiring for you—why will you go out without letting me know ?

331

Jen. Dear Ma'am, never any thing happened so unlucky ; I am sorry you wanted me—But I was sent

to Colonel Oldboy's with a letter ; where I have been so used—Lord have mercy upon me—quality indeed—I say, quality—pray, Madam, do you think that I looks any ways like an immodest parson—to be sure I have a gay air, and I can't help it, and I loves to appear a little genteelish, that's what I do. 339

Clar. Jenny, take away this book.

Jen. Heaven preserve me, Madam, you are crying.

Clar. O my dear Jenny !

Jen. My dear mistress, what's the matter ?

Clar. I am undone.

Jen. No, Madam ; no, Lord forbid !

Clar. I am indeed—I have been rash enough to discover my weakness for a man, who treats me with contempt.

Jen. Is Mr. Lionel ungrateful, then ? 349

Clar. I have lost his esteem for ever, Jenny. Since last night, that I fatally confessed what I should have kept a secret from all the world, he has scarce condescended to cast a look at me, nor given me an answer when I spoke to him, but with coldness and reserve.

Jen. Then he is a nasty, barbarous, inhuman brute.

Clar. Hold, Jenny, hold ; it is all my fault. 357

Jen. Your fault, Madam ! I wish I was to hear such a word come out of his mouth : if he was a minister to-morrow, and to say such a thing from his pulpit, and I by, I'd tell him it was false upon the spot: 361

Clar. Somebody's at the door ; see who it is.

Jen. You in fault indeed—that I know to be the most virtuous, nicest, most delicatest——

Clar. How now ?

Jen. Madam, it's a message from Mr. Lionel. If you are alone, and at leisure, he would be glad to wait upon you: I'll tell him, Madam, that you are busy.

Clar. Where is he, Jenny? 370

Jen. In the study, the man says.

Clar. Then go to him, and tell him I should be glad to see him: but do not bring him up immediately, because I will stand upon the balcony a few minutes for a little air.

Jen. Do, so, dear Madam, for your eyes are as red as ferret's, you are ready to faint too; mercy on us! for what do you grieve and vex yourself—if I was as you—

Clar. Oh! 380

AIR.

*Why with sighs my heart is swelling,
Why with tears my eyes o'erflow;
Ask me not, 'tis past the telling,
Mute involuntary woe.*

*Who to winds and waves a stranger,
Vent'rous tempts th' inconstant seas,
In each billow fancies danger,
Shrinks at ev'ry rising breeze.* 388

SCENE VIII.

Sir JOHN FLOWERDALE, JENKINS.

Sir John. So then, the mystery is discovered,—but is it possible that my daughter's refusal of Colonel Oldboy's son should proceed from a clandestine engagement, and that engagement with Lionel?

Jenk. My niece, Sir, is in her young Lady's secrets, and Lord knows she had little design to betray them; but having remarked some odd expressions of her's yesterday, when she came down to me this morning with the letter, I questioned her; and, in short, drew the whole affair out; upon which I feigned a recollection of some business with you, and desired her to carry the letter to Colonel Oldboy's herself, while I came up hither. 401

Sir John. And they are mutually promised to each other, and that promise was exchanged yesterday?

Jenk. Yes, Sir, and it is my duty to tell you; else I would rather die than be the means of wounding the heart of my dear young lady; for if there is one upon earth of truly noble, and delicate sentiments—

Sir John. I thought so once, Jenkins. 408

Jenk. And think so still: O, good Sir John, now is the time for you to exert that character of worth and gentleness, which the world, so deservedly, has given you. You have, indeed, cause to be offended; but, consider, Sir, your daughter is young, beautiful, and

amiable ; the poor youth unexperienced, sensible, and at a time of life when such temptations are hard to be resisted : their opportunities were many, their cast of thinking, the same. —

Sir John. Jenkins, I can allow for all these things ; but the young hypocrites, there's the thing, Jenkins ; their hypocrisy, their hypocrisy wounds me. 420

Jenk. Call it by a gentler name, Sir, modesty on her part, apprehension on his.

Sir John. Then, what opportunity have they had ? They never were together but when my sister or myself made one of the company ; besides, I had so firm a reliance on Lionel's honour and gratitude —

Jenk. Sir, I can never think that nature stamped that gracious countenance of his, to mask a corrupt heart. 429

Sir John. How ! at the very time that he was conscious of being himself the cause of it, did he not shew more concern at this affair than I did ? Nay, don't I tell you that last night, of his own accord, he offered to be a mediator in the affair, and desired my leave to speak to my daughter ? I thought myself obliged to him, consented ; and, in consequence of his assurance of success, wrote that letter to Colonel Oldboy, to desire the family would come here again to-day. 439

Jenk. Sir, as we were standing in the next room, I heard a message delivered from Mr. Lionel, desiring leave to wait upon your daughter : I dare swear they will be here presently ; suppose we were to step into that closet, and overhear their conversation ?

Sir John. What, Jenkins, after having lived so many years in confidence with my child, shall I become an eves-dropper to detect her?

Jenk. It is necessary at present.—Come in, my dear master, let us only consider that we were once young like them; subject to the same passions, the same indiscretions; and it is the duty of every man to pardon errors incident to his kind.

452

AIR.

*When love gets into a youthful brain,
Instruction is fruitless, and caution vain:
Prudence may cry, do so;
But if Love says No;
Poor Prudence may go,
With her preaching,
And teaching,
To Jericho.*

460

*Dear Sir, in old age,
'Tis not hard to be sage,
And 'tis easy to point the way;
But do or say,
What we may,
Love and youth will have their day.*

SCENE IX.

CLARISSA, LIONEL.

Clar. Sir, you desired to speak to me ; I need not tell you the present situation of my heart ; it is full. Whatever you have to say, I beg you will explain yourself ; and, if possible, rid me of the anxiety under which I have laboured for some hours.

Lion. Madam, your anxiety cannot be greater than mine ; I come, indeed, to speak to you ; and yet, I know not how, I come to advise you, shall I say as a friend ? yes, as a friend to your glory, your felicity ; dearer to me than my life.

Clar. Go on, Sir.

Lion. Sir John Flowerdale, Madam, is such a father as few are blessed with ; his care, his prudence has provided for you a match—Your refusal renders him inconsolable. Listen to no suggestions that would pervert you from your duty, but make the worthiest of men happy by submitting to his will.

Clar. How, Sir, after what passed between us yesterday evening, can you advise me to marry Mr. Jeffamy ?

Lion. I would advise you to marry any one, Madam, rather than a villain.

Clar. A villain, Sir.

Lion. I should be the worst of villains, Madam, was I to talk to you in any other strain : Nay, am I not a villain, at once treacherous and ungrateful ? Received into this house as an asylum : what have I

done! Betrayed the confidence of the friend that trusted me; endeavoured to sacrifice his peace, and the honour of his family, to my own unwarrantable desires.

Clar. Say no more, Sir; say no more; I see my error too late; I have parted from the rules prescribed to my sex; I have mistaken indecorum for a laudable sincerity; and it is just I should meet with the treatment my imprudence deserves. 502

Lion. 'Tis I, and only I, am to blame; while I took advantage of the father's security, I practised upon the tenderness and ingenuity of the daughter; my own imagination gone astray, I artfully laboured to lead yours after it: but here, Madam, I give you back those vows which I insidiously extorted from you; keep them for some happier man, who may receive them without wounding his honour, or his peace. 511

Clar. For Heaven's sake!

Lion. Why do you weep?

Clar. Don't speak to me.

Lion. Oh! my Clarissa, my heart is broke; I am hateful to myself for loving you;—yet, before I leave you for ever, I will once more touch that lovely hand—indulge my fondness with a last look—pray for your health and prosperity.

Clar. Can you forsake me?—Have I then given my affections to a man who rejects and disregards them?—Let me throw myself at my father's feet; he is generous and compassionate:—He knows your worth—

Lion. Mention it not; were you stript of fortune, reduced to the meanest station, and I monarch of the

globe, I should glory in raising you to universal empire;
but as it is——

Clar. Yet hear me——

Lion. Farewel, farewel!

AIR.

O dry those tears ! like melted ore, 350

Fast dropping on my heart they fall :

Think, think no more of me ; no more

The mem'ry of past scenes recall.

On a wild sea of passion tost,

I split upon the fatal self ;

Friendship and love at once are lost,

And now I wish to lose myself.

SCENE X.

CLARISSA, JENNY, then Sir JOHN FLOWERDALE,
JENKINS, and afterwards LIONEL.

Jen. O, Madam ! I have betray'd you. I have
gone and said something I should not have said to my
uncle Jenkins ; and, as sure as day, he has gone and
told it all to Sir John. 541

Clar. My father !

Sir John. Go, Jenkins, and desire that young gen-
tleman to come back—stay where you are—But what

have I done to you, my child? How have I deserv'd that you should treat me like an enemy? Has there been any undesigned rigour in my conduct, or terror in my looks?

Clar. Oh, Sir!

Jenk. Here is Mr. Lionel. 550

Sir John. Come in—When I tell you that I am instructed in all your proceedings, and that I have been ear-witness to your conversation in this place; you will, perhaps, imagine what my thoughts are of you, and the measures which justice prescribes me to follow.

Lion. Sir, I have nothing to say in my own defence; I stand before you, self-convicted, self-condemn'd, and shall submit without murmuring to the sentence of my judge. 560

Sir John. As for you, Clarissa, since your earliest infancy, you have known no parent but me; I have been to you, at once, both father and mother; and, that I might the better fulfill those united duties, tho' left a widower in the prime of my days, I would never enter into a second marriage—I loved you for your likeness to your dear mother; but that mother never deceiv'd me—and there the likeness fails—you have repaid my affection with dissimulation—Clarissa, you should have trusted me. 570

Jen. O my dear sweet Lady.

Sir John. As for you, Mr. Lionel, what terms can I find strong enough to paint the excess of my friendship!—I loved, I esteemed, I honoured your father: he was a brave, a generous, and a sincere man; I thought you inherited his good qualities—you were

left an orphan, I adopted you, put you upon the footing of my own son; educated you like a gentleman; and designed you for a profession, to which I thought your virtues would have been an ornament.

Jen. Dear me, dear me. 581

Jenk. Hold your tongue.

Sir John. What return you have made me, you seem to be acquainted with yourself; and, therefore, I shall not repeat it—Yet, remember, as an aggravation of your guilt, that the last mark of my bounty was conferr'd upon you in the very instant, when you were undermining my designs. Now, Sir, I have but one thing more to say to you—Take my daughter: was she worth a million, she is at your service.

Lion. To me, Sir!—your daughter—do you give her to me?—Without fortune—without friends!—without——

Sir John. You have them all in your heart; him whom virtue raises, fortune cannot abase.

Clar. O, Sir, let me on my knees kiss that dear hand—acknowledge my error, and entreat forgiveness and blessing.

Sir John. You have not erred, my dear daughter; you have distinguish'd. It is I should ask pardon, for this little trial of you; for I am happier in the son-in-law you have given me, than if you had married a prince—— 603

Lion. My patron—my friend—my father—I would fain say something; but, as your goodness exceeds all bounds——

Sir John. I think I hear a coach drive into the court; it is Colonel Oldboy's family; I will go and

receive them. Don't make yourself uneasy at this ; we must endeavour to pacify them as well as we can. My dear Lionel, if I have made you happy, you have made me so, Heaven blefs you, my children, and make you deserving of one another.

SCENE XI.

CLARISSA, LIONEL, JENNY.

Jen. O dear, Madam, upon my knees, I humbly beg your forgiveness—Dear Mr. Lionel, forgive me—I did not design to discover it, indeed—and you won't turn me off, Madam, will you? I'll serve you for nothing.

Clar. Get up, my good Jenny ; I freely forgive you if there is any thing to be forgiven. I know you love me ; and, I am sure here is one who will join with me in rewarding your services. 622

Jen. Well, if I did not know, as sure as could be, that some good would happen, by my left eye itching this morning.

AIR.

Lion. O blifs unexpected ! my joys overpower me !

My love, my Clarissa, what words shall I find !

Remorse, desperation, no longer devour me—

He blest'd us, and peace is restor'd to my mind.

Clar. *He blest'd us! O rapture! Like one I recover
Whom death had appal'd, without hope, with-
out aid;* 630

*A moment depriv'd me of father and lover;
A moment restores, and my pangs are repaid.*

Lion. *Forfaken, abandoned,*

Clar. ——— *What folly! what blindness!*

Lion. *We fortune accus'd;*

Clar. *And the fates that decreed:*

A. 2. *But pain was inflicted by Heaven, out of kindness,
To heighten the joys that were doom'd to suc-
ceed.*

Our day was o'ercast: 640

But brighter the scene is,

The sky more serene is,

And softer the calm for the hurricane past.

SCENE XII.

*Lady MARY OLDBOY, leaning on a Servant, Mr.
JESSAMY leading her; JENNY, and afterwards Sir
JOHN FLOWERDALE, with Colonel OLDBOY.*

Lady M. 'Tis all in vain, my dear;—set me down
any where; I can't go a step further—I knew, when
Mr. Oldboy insisted upon my coming, that I should
be seized with a meagrim by the way; and it's well
I did not die in the coach.

Mr. Jes. But, pr'ythee, why will you let yourself
be affected with such trifles—Nothing more common

than for young women of fashion to go off with low fellows.

Lady M. Only feel, my dear, how I tremble ! Not a nerve but what is in agitation ; and my blood runs cold, cold !

Mr. Jes. Well, but, Lady Mary, don't let us expose ourselves to those people ; I see there is not one of the rascals about us, that has not a grin upon his countenance.

Lady M. Expose ourselves, my dear ! Your father will be as ridiculous as Hudibras, or Don Quixote.

Mr. Jes. Yes, he will be very ridiculous indeed.

Sir John. I give you my word, my good friend, and neighbour, the joy I feel upon this occasion, is greatly allayed by the disappointment of an alliance with your family ; but I have explained to you how things have happened——You see my situation ; and, as you are kind enough to consider it yourself, I hope you will excuse it to your son.

Lady M. Sir John Flowerdale, how do you do ? You see we have obey'd your summons ; and I have the pleasure to assure you that my son yielded to my entreaties with very little disagreement : in short, if I may speak metaphorically, he is content to stand candidate again, notwithstanding his late repulse, when he hopes for an unanimous election.

Col. Well, but, my Lady, you may save your rhetoric ; for the borough is disposed of to a worthier member.

Mr. Jes. What do you say, Sir ?

SCENE XIX.

Sir JOHN FLOWERDALE, Lady MARY OLDBOY, Mr. JESSAMY, Colonel OLDBOY, LIONEL, CLARRISSA, JENNY.

Sir John. Here are my son and daughter.

Lady M. Is this pretty, Sir John?

Sir John. Believe me, Madam, it is not for want of a just sense of Mr. Jessamy's merit, that this affair has gone off on any side: but the heart is a delicate thing; and after it has once felt, if the object is meritorious, the impression is not easily effac'd; it would therefore have been an injury to him, to have given him in appearance what another in reality possessed.

Mr. Jes. Upon my honour, upon my soul, Sir John, I am not in the least offended at this *contre temps*—Pray, Lady Mary, say no more about it.

Col. Tol, lol, lol, lol.

Sir John. But, my dear Colonel, I am afraid, after all, this affair is taken amifs by you; yes, I see you are angry on your son's account; but let me repeat it, I have a very high opinion of his merit. 661

Col. Ay! that's more than I have. Taken amifs! I don't take any thing amifs; I never was in better spirits, or more pleased in my life.

Sir John. Come, you are uneasy at something, Colonel.

Col. Me ! Gad I am not uneasy—Are you a justice of peace ? Then you could give me a warrant, cou'dn't you ? You must know, Sir John, a little accident has happen'd in my family since I saw you last, you and I may shake hands—Daughters, Sir, daughters ! Your's has snapt at a young fellow without your approbation ; and how do you think mine has served me this morning ?—only run away with the scoundrel I brought to dinner here yesterday.

Sir John. I am excessively concerned.

Col. Now I'm not a bit concerned—No, damn me, I am glad it has happened ; yet, thus far, I'll confess, I should be sorry that either of them would come in my way, because a man's temper may sometimes get the better of him, and I believe I should be tempted to break her neck, and blow his brains out. 682

Clar. But pray, Sir, explain this affair.

Col. I can explain it no farther—Dy, my daughter Dy, has run away from us.

SCENE XIV.

Sir JOHN FLOWERDALE, Colonel OLDBOY, Lady MARY OLDBOY, Mr. JESSAMY, CLARISSA, LIONEL, JENNY, DIANA, HARMAN, JENKINS.

Dian. No, my dear papa, I am not run away ; and upon my knees, I entreat your pardon for the folly I have committed ; but, let it be some alleviation, that duty, and affection, were too strong to suffer me to

carry it to extremity: and, if you knew the agony I have been in, since I saw you last—— 691

Lady M. How's this?

Har. Sir, I restore your daughter to you; whose fault, as far as it goes, I must also take upon myself; we have been known to each other for some time; as Lady Richly, your sister, in London, can acquaint you——

Col. Dy. come here——Now, you rascal, where's your sword; if you are a gentleman, you shall fight me; if you are a scurvy, I'll horse-whip you—Draw, Sirrah—Shut the door there, don't let him escape.

Har. Sir, don't imagine I want to escape; I am extremely sorry for what has happened, but am ready to give you any satisfaction you think proper.

Col. Follow me into the garden then—Zounds! I have no sword about me—Sir John Flowerdale—lend us a case of pistols, or a couple of guns; and, come and see fair play.

Clar. My dear papa!

709

Dian. Sir John Flowerdale—O my indiscretion—we came here, Sir, to beg your mediation in our favour.

Lady M. Mr. Oldboy, if you attempt to fight, I shall expire.

Sir John. Pray, Colonel, let me speak a word to you in private.

Col. Slugs and a saw-pit——

Mr. Jes. Why, Miss Dy, you are a perfect heroine for a romance——And, pray who is this courteous knight?

720

Lady M. O Sir, you that I thought such a pretty behav'd gentleman!

Mr. Jes. What business are you of, friend?

Har. My chief trade, Sir, is plain dealing; and, as that is a commodity you have no reason to be very fond of, I would not advise you to purchase any of it by impertinence.

Col. And is this what you would advise me to?

Sir John. It is, indeed, my dear old friend; as things are situated, there is in my opinion, no other prudent method of proceeding; and it is the method I would adopt myself, was I in your case.

Col. Why, I believe you are in the right of it—say what you will for me then.

Sir John. Well! young people, I have been able to use a few arguments, which have softened my neighbour here; and in some measure pacified his resentment. I find, Sir, you are a gentleman by your connections?

739

Har. Sir, till it is found that my character and family will bear the strictest scrutiny, I desire no favour—And for fortune——

Col. Oh! rot your fortune, I don't mind that—I know you are a gentleman, or Dick Rantum would not have recommended you. And so, Dy, kifs and friends.

Mr. Jes. What, Sir, have you no more to say to the man who has used you so ill?

Col. Us'd me ill!—That's as I take it—he has done a mettled thing; and, perhaps, I like him the better for it; it's long before you would have spirit enough to run away with a wench—Harman give me your

hand; let's hear no more of this now——Sir John Flowerdale, what say you? shall we spend the day together, and dedicate it to love and harmony?

Sir John. With all my heart.

Col. Then take off my great coat.

AIR.

Lion. *Come then, all ye social pow'rs,*
Shed your influence o'er us,
Crown with bliss the present hours, 760
And lighten those before us.
May the just, the gen'rous kind,
Still see that you regard'em;
And Lionels for ever find,
Clarissas to reward'em.

Clar. *Love, thy godhead I adore,*
Source of sacred passion;
But will never bow before
Those idols, wealth, or fashion.
May, like me, each maiden wife, 770
From the fop defend her;
Learning, sense, and virtue prize,
And scorn the vain pretender.

Har. *Why the plague should men be sad,*
While in time we moulder?
Grave, or gay, or vex'd, or glad,
We ev'ry day grow older.
Bring the flask, the music bring,
Joy will quickly find us;
Drink, and laugh, and dance, and sing, 780
And cast our cares behind us.

Dian. *How shall I escape—so naught,
On filial laws to trample ;
I'll e'en curtsy, own my fault,
And plead papa's example.
Parents 'tis a hint to you,
Children oft are shameless ;
Oft transgress—the thing's too true—
But are you always blameless ?*

790

*One word more before we go ;
Girls and boys have patience ;
You to friends must something owe,
As well as to relations.
These kind gentlemen address—
What tho' we forgave 'em
Still they must be lost, unless
You lend a hand to save 'em.*

A

TABLE OF THE SONGS,

With the NAMES of the several COMPOSERS.

N. B. Those marked thus **, are new, both words and music: but those marked thus *, are only new set.

A New Overture by Mr. DIBDIN.

ACT I.

Ah how delightful the morning	z	Duet
*To rob them of strength	z z	Mr. Dibdin
*To tell you the truth	- z	Dibdin
Zounds, Sir! then I'll tell you	z	Dibdin
When a man of fashion condescends		Dibdin
*I'm but a poor servant	z z	Dibdin
You ask me in vain	- z z	Dibdin
Ah! pry'thee spare me	- -	Gallupi
**Ye gloomy thoughts	z z	Dibdin
Quintetto	z z	Dibdin



A TABLE OF THE SONGS.

ACT II.

Talk not to me	- - - -	Vento
Indeed, forsooth, a pretty youth	-	Scolari
How cursedly vexed	- - -	Arne
Come then, pining, peevish lover	-	Ciampi
*To fear a stranger	- -	Dibdin
**Ladies pray admire a figure	-	Dibdin
**Poor panting heart	- -	Dibdin
In Italy, Germany, France have I been		Dibdin
**We all say the man	- -	Dibdin
Go, and on my truth relying	-	Vento
Quintetto	- - -	Dibdin

ACT III.

**How can you inhuman !	- -	Dibdin
*I wonder, I'm sure,	- -	Dibdin
**Hift, soft ; let's hear how matters go		Dibdin
**A rascal, a huffy	- -	Dibdin
Why with sighs my heart is swelling		Ciampi
*O blifs unexpected	- -	Dibdin
Chorus	- - -	Dibdin

A TABLE OF THE SONGS

ACT II.

Vento I ask not to me
 Scolar I asked, forsooth, a pretty youth
 Anne How rarely vexed
 Clangie Come then, singing, bewitch'd lover
 Dibdin To tell a stranger
 Dibdin * Ladies may admire a figure
 Dibdin * Poor painting hear
 Dibdin In Italy, Germany, France have I been
 Dibdin * We all say the man
 Vento Good and on my faith, relying
 Dibdin Quaint



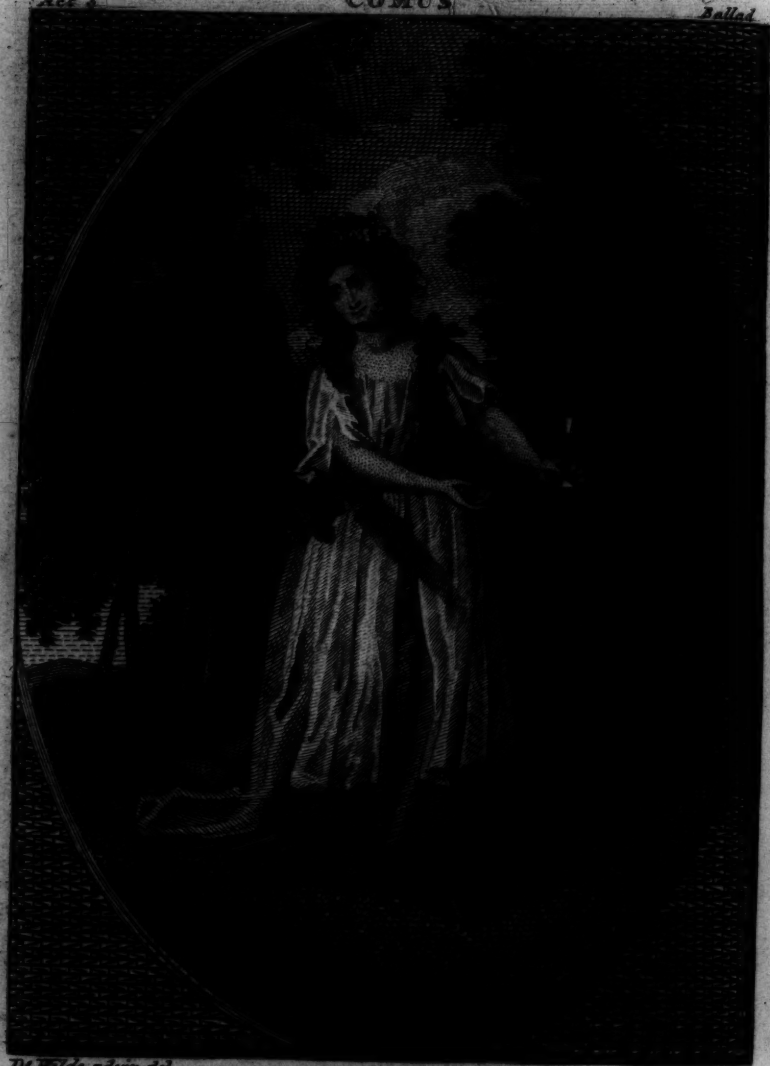
Dibdin * How can you inquire
 Dibdin I wonder, I'm sure
 Dibdin * Still, tell me how matters go
 Dibdin * A truce, a truce
 Clangie With wings my heart is swelling
 Dibdin * O this unexpected
 Dibdin



Act 3

COMUS

Ballad



De Wilde advix del.

H. Brocas sculp.

MISS STORACE in EUPHROSYNE.

*But the Nymph disdains to pine,
Who bathes the Wound in rosy Wine.*

Dublin Publish'd by W^m Jones N^o 86 Dame Street.



ET. Durney del.

H. Brocas sc.

Dublin Publish'd by William Jones N^o 86 Dame Street.



COMUS.

A

MASK.

BY JOHN MILTON.

[Comus.] c

ADAPTED FOR

THEATRICAL REPRESENTATION,

AS PERFORMED FIRST AT THE

THEATRE-ROYAL, COVENT-GARDEN,

IN THE YEAR 1744.

REGULATED FROM THE PROMPT-BOOK,

By Permission of the Managers.

"The Lines distinguished by inverted Commas, are omitted in the Representation."

DUBLIN :

PRINTED BY GRAISBERRY AND CAMPBELL,
FOR WILLIAM JONES, NO. 86, DAME-STREET.

M DCC XCI.

COMUS

MASK

BY JOHN LUTON



PRESENTATION

AS RECEIVED FIRST AT THE

THEATRE ROYAL, COVENT-GARDEN

IN THE YEAR 1744

RECEIVED FROM THE PROMT-BOOK

By Thomas of the Library

of the British Museum, as entered in the Register

DUBLIN

PRINTED BY GRANGER AND LAMBERT

MR WILLIAM JONES NO. 28, DART-STREET

MDCCLXII

NOT THE WHOLE
BIOGRAPHER TO THE WORLD.

IT may be necessary exactly to state what are the pretensions specifically of the brief BIOGRAPHY prefixed to these Volumes:—that expectation may not be disappointed, and that blame may not be imputed to him for omissions of what were by no means comprehended in his plan.

All that is here to be sought, is a concise characteristic SKETCH of the Author, to whose play it is prefixed. ANECDOTES that are entirely new, can scarcely be hoped at this period. Most of these Lives have been narrated in various forms, with minuteness of research, and length of detail. The confined space that can here be allotted, rather prescribes selection from what is known already, than research after novelties to swell the amount.

If, multum in parvo, much in a narrow compass be found; if the philosophising spirit of Biography render character more perspicuous, and peculiarities prominent; if, exemplifying upon habits and manners, a lesson neither inelegant nor tedious be offered to leisure and curiosity; if the errors of the mind be in any degree corrected and reformed, and the social propensities of mankind strengthened and extended; I have my wish.

THE BIOGRAPHER.

JOHN MILTON.

TO write at this time the life of an Author like the Poet abovementioned, would be superfluous and impertinent.—Every circumstance that attended him is so generally known; his admirers have so minutely recorded his *excellencies*, and his enemies have taken the same kind care of his *failings*, that little more is left for us than to consider him in the particular province of a DRAMATIC POET.

MILTON appears to have been but slenderly gifted for the effects of Tragedy.—His powers inclined little to the *pathetic*, though EURIPIDES was his favourite author. The other grand principle of tragic effort seemed as little within his attainment.—The *terror* that his conception would excite is rendered less vivid by the solemn prolongation of his period, and the concatenation of his lines.—The nervous brevity of Shakespeare he admired, but he did not imitate. His two dramatic poems, exquisite as they are, considered as the vehicles of florid imagination and elegant expression, are nevertheless utterly remote from modern sentiment and modern language. There is little to regret that, following the obvious bias of his mind, he soared into the epic field of unbounded invention, and permitted the Drama of his country, gothic and barbarous as he deemed it, to remain without a contest in those hands to which NATURE seemed to have consigned the portraiture of MANNERS and of MAN.

Fortune is frequently favourable in the arrangement of events : an escape from the enthusiasm of his politics might have rendered the great MILTON an uncouth Historian, and an unsuccessful Dramatist. The extent of his attainments made him little doubtful of their capabilities. It was the most felicitous circumstance of his life, that abandoning the *DRAMA religiously*, and History from calamity, he fixed upon a Theme of such exquisite beauty as enabled him to bear the evils of blindness and adversity, soothed by the nightly harmonies of heaven, and sustained unfalteringly by the holy fervour of inspired POESY.

COMUS.

THIS beautiful MASK has given rise to much Criticism, respecting circumstances of the scene to which objections are applied:—we shall briefly consider them with all possible respect—as the authorities are of high eminence.

FIRST—It is objected, that there is a considerable impropriety in the SPIRIT addressing the Audience to acquaint them with his nature and mission, in a monologue of extreme length, in the First Scene.—The remark is, however, attempted to be repelled by a reference to the continued CHORUS of the *Greek drama* never vacating the stage.—This palliation will, notwithstanding its tone of triumph, be of little avail, until it is shewn that there is in Comus any CHORUS whatever. The Greek audiences were not Choroides; that constant occupant of their Theatres, denominated the CHORUS, was relevant to the Drama, and as expedience demanded, either of VIRGINS or SENATORS, SOLDIERS or PRIESTS. The Address is, in truth, an elegant absurdity—and intended to the audience.

TO the SECOND—Dr. JOHNSON has hinted at the ridiculous expedient to celebrate the beauty of Philosophy, and the sanctity of Virginitv, in the disputation of the Brothers overtaken by night; and by darkness divided from their Sister. From this charge the

Bard may be more easily vindicated—Why they were so long absent is another question—I have to account for the disputation: we find them in the double obscurity of night and a thick shade formed by innumerable boughs. To dissipate the fear of the Younger Brother for his Sister's safety, the Elder descants upon the unaffailable nature of virgin purity. In the uncertainty of their situation, to move was dangerous; to expatiate, therefore, while it fortified their minds against alarming apprehension, deceived the weariness of time, combined with the aking privations of *silence* and *darkness*.

COMUS, as it is here given, is an adaptation to the modern stage—by the retrenchment of much Dialogue, and the addition of many *Airs*.—That the Poetry of this beautiful piece suffers by a modern hand can be little doubted. Veneration for the Author might wish it in the original state; but a dramatic exhibition must please to be repeated;—the aim should be to venture at as little innovation as possible. The Music of ARNE, in the modern *Comus*, is well known; it is as intelligent as modern music can be.

Let not this article be closed without paying to deceased merits the praise so deservedly their due:—From the late Mr. HENDERSON's performance of *Comus* was derived one of the most luxuriant feasts that the writer of this article ever banquetted upon. The jocundity—plausibility—festivity, and voluptuousness he assumed, were among the finest effects of his consummate abilities. His manner of reciting the

rich melody of his first speech, and the happy contempt of

“The *blabbing* Eastern Scout, the nice Morn, &c.”

he who *has* heard will never forget—he who has *not* will never *conceive*.

PREFACE.

THIS Mask was first represented at Ludlow-Castle on Michaelmas-day 1634, before the Right Hon. the Earl of BRIDGEWATER, Lord President of Wales : the principal Performers were the Lord Brackly, Mr. Thomas Egerton, and the Lady Alice Egerton*. In the year 1774 it was abridged, and has ever since been performed as an Afterpiece at the Theatre-Royal in Covent-Garden. The following were the reasons offered to the Public in favour of the Abridgment, and were prefixed to an edition of the piece then published in its curtailed state.

“ Pure Poetry, unnixt with passion, however admired in the closet, has scarce ever been able to sustain itself on the stage. In this Abridgment of Milton’s *Comus* no circumstance of the drama contained in the original Mask is omitted. The divine arguments on temperance and chastity, together with many descriptive passages, are indeed expunged or contracted ; but, divine as they are, the most accomplished declaimers have been embarrassed in the recitation of them : the speaker vainly laboured to prevent a coldness and languor in the audience : and it cannot be dissembled that The Mask of *Comus*, with all its poetical beauties, not only maintained its place on the theatre chiefly

* The Music was originally composed by Sir Henry Lawes, who also represented the Attendant Spirit. The present Music is the composition of Dr. Arne.

“ by the assistance of music, but the music itself, as if
“ overwhelmed by the weight of the drama, almost
“ sunk with it, and became in a manner lost to the
“ stage. That music, formerly heard and applauded
“ with rapture, is now restored, and the Mask, on
“ the above considerations, is curtailed.

“ As a further argument in favour of the drama in
“ its present form, it might perhaps be urged, that
“ the festivity of the character of Comus is heightened
“ by his assisting in the vocal parts as well as in the
“ dialogue, and that theatrical propriety is no longer
“ violated in the character of the Lady, who now
“ invokes the Echo in her own person, without ab-
“ surdly leaving the scene vacant as heretofore, while
“ another voice warbled out the song which the Lady
“ was to be supposed to execute.

“ To conclude, it may not be impertinent to ob-
“ serve, that *The Faithful Shepherdess* of Beaumont
“ and Fletcher, which is esteemed one of the most
“ beautiful compositions in our language, not only
“ afforded our Author the first hint of this Mask, but
“ that several brilliant passages of Comus are imitated
“ from that excellent performance ; yet it is remark-
“ able that the play of *The Faithful Shepherdess*,
“ being merely poetical, was condemned on its first
“ representation ; for which hard fate, though suc-
“ ceeding critics have reprehended the barbarism of
“ that age, yet no attempt has ever been hazarded to
“ restore the hapless drama to the stage.”

PROLOGUE.

OUR stedfast Bard, to his own genius true,
Still bade his Muse* "fit audience find tho' few;"
Scorning the judgment of a trifling age
To choicer spirits he bequeath'd his page.
He too was scorn'd, and to Britannia's shame
She scarce for half an age knew Milton's name:
But now, his fame by ev'ry trumpet blown,
We on his deathless trophies raise our own.
Nor art nor nature did his genius bound;
Heav'n, hell, earth, chaos, he survey'd around.
All things his eye, thro' wit's bright empire thrown,
Beheld, and made what it beheld his own.

Such Milton was: 'tis ours to bring him forth,
And your's to vindicate neglected worth.
Such heav'n-taught numbers should be more than read,
More wide the manna thro' the nation spread.
Like some bless'd spirit he to-night descends,
Mankind he visits, and their steps befriends;
Thro' mazy errors dark perplexing wood
Points out the path of true and real good,
Warns erring youth, and guards the spotless maid
From spell of magic vice by reason's aid.

*Attend the strains ; and should some meaner phrase
Hang on the style and clog the nobler lays,
Excuse what we with trembling hand supply,
To give his beauties to the public eye :
His the pure essence, ours the grosser mean
Thro' which his spirit is in action seen.
Observe the force, observe the flame divine
That glows, breathes, acts, in each harmonious line.
Great objects only strike the gen'rous heart ;
Praise the sublime, o'erlook the mortal part :
Be there your judgment, here your candour shewn ;
Small is our portion—and we wish 'twere none.*

DEPARTMENT OF THE ARMY

OFFICE OF THE ADJUTANT GENERAL

1. The Adjutant General is the principal administrative officer of the Army, and is responsible for the management of the personnel files of all active and reserve components of the Army.

2. The Adjutant General is also responsible for the management of the personnel files of all active and reserve components of the Army, and for the management of the personnel files of all active and reserve components of the Army.

ADJUTANT GENERAL'S OFFICE

3. The Adjutant General's Office is the principal administrative office of the Army, and is responsible for the management of the personnel files of all active and reserve components of the Army.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

DRURY-LANE.

Men.

COMUS, - - - - -	Mr. Wroughton.
FIRST SPIRIT, - - - - -	Mr. Haymes.
ELDER BROTHER, - - - - -	Mr. Benfon.
YOUNGER BROTHER, - - - - -	Mr. Banks.
BACCHANALS, - - - - -	{ Mr. Kelly.
	{ Mr. Dignum, &c.
	{ Mr. Sedgwick.

Women.

LADY, - - - - -	Mrs. Kemble.
EUPHROSYNE, - - - - -	Mrs. Storacce.
BACCHANTES, - - - - -	{ Mrs. Edwards,
	{ Miss Barnes,
	{ Mrs. Fox, &c.
SABRINA and PASTORAL NYMPH, -	Miss Romanzini.

Bacchanals, Naiads, Spirits, &c.

COVENT-GARDEN.

Men.

COMUS, - - - - -	Mr. Farren.
FIRST SPIRIT, - - - - -	Mr. Thompson.
ELDER BROTHER, - - - - -	Mr. M'Ready.
YOUNGER BROTHER, - - - - -	Mr. Evett.
BACCHANALS, - - - - -	{ Mr. Darley,
	{ Mr. Cubit.

Women.

LADY, - - - - -	Mrs. Pope.
EUPHROSYNE, - - - - -	Mrs. Martyr.
BACCHANTES, - - - - -	{ Mrs. Kennedy,
	{ Mrs. Morton.
SABRINA and PASTORAL NYMPH, -	Mrs. Mountain.

Bacchanals, Naiads, Spirits, &c.

COMUS.

ACT I.

The SCENE discovers a wild Wood.

The first Attendant Spirit enters.

“ BEFORE the starry threshold of Jove’s court
“ My mansion is, where those immortal shapes
“ Of bright aerial spirits live inspher’d
“ In regions mild of calm and serene air,
“ Above the smoke and stir of this dim spot
“ Which men call earth, and with low-thoughted care
“ Confin’d and pester’d in this pinfold here
“ Strive to keep up a frail and fev’rish being,
“ Unmindful of the crown that virtue gives,
“ After this mortal change, to her true servants
“ Amongst the enthron’d gods on faintest seats.
“ Yet some there are that by due steps aspire
“ To lay their just hands on that golden key
“ That opes the palace of Eternity ;

" To such my errand is ; and but for such
 " I would not soil these pure ambrosial weeds
 " With the rank vapours of this sin-worn mould.
 " But whence yon' slanting stream of purer light
 " Which streaks the midnight gloom, and hither darts
 " Its beamy point ? Some messenger from Jove 20
 " Commission'd to direct or share my charge,
 " And if I ken him right a spirit pure
 " As treads the spangled pavement of the sky,
 " The gentle Philadel : but swift as thought
 " He comes——

" The second Attendant Spirit descends.

" Declare on what strange errand bent
 " Thou visitest this clime to me assign'd,
 " So far remote from thy appointed sphere.
S. Spi. " On no appointed task thou see'st me now ;
 " But, as returning from Elysian bow'rs 30
 " (Whither from mortal coil a soul I wafted)
 " Along this boundless sea of waving air
 " I steer'd my flight, betwixt the gloomy shade
 " Of these thick boughs thy radiant form I spy'd,
 " Gliding as streams the moon thro' dusky clouds ;
 " Instant I stoop'd my wing, and downward sped
 " To learn thy errand, and with thine to join
 " My kindred aid, from mortals ne'er withheld
 " When Virtue on the brink of peril stands.

F. Spi. " Then mark th' occasion that demands it
 here. 40

" Neptune, I need not tell, besides the sway
 " Of every salt flood and each ebbing stream,
 " Took in by lot, 'twixt high and nether Jove,

“ Imperial rule of all the sea-girt isles
“ That, like to rich and various gems, inlay
“ The unadorned bosom of the deep ;
“ Which he, to grace his tributary gods,
“ By course commits to sev’ral government,
“ And gives them leave to wear their sapphire crowns,
“ And wield their little tridents ; but this isle, 50
“ The greatest and the best of all the main,
“ He quarters to his blue-hair’d deities ;
“ And all this track that fronts the falling sun
“ A noble peer of mickle trust and pow’r
“ Has in his charge, with temper’d awe to guide
“ An old and haughty nation proud in arms.

S. Spi. “ Does any danger threat his legal sway
“ From bold sedition or close-ambush’d treason ?

F. Spi. “ No danger thence ; but to his lofty seat,
“ Which borders on the verge of this wide vale, 60
“ His blooming offspring, nurs’d in princely lore,
“ Are coming to attend their father’s state
“ And new entrusted sceptre, and their way
“ Lies thro’ the perplex’d path of this drear wood,
“ The nodding horror of whose shady brows
“ Threats the forlorn and wand’ring passenger ;
“ And here their tender age might suffer peril,
“ But that by quick command from sov’reign Jove
“ I was dispatch’d for their defence and guard.

S. Spi. “ What peril can their innocence assail 70
“ Within these lonely and unpeopled shades ?

F. Spi. “ Attend my words. No place but har-
bours danger ;
“ In ev’ry region Virtue finds a foe.

" Bacchus, that first from out the purple grape
 " Crush'd the sweet poison of misused wine,
 " After the Tuscan mariners transform'd,
 " Coasting the Tyrrhene shore as the winds lifted
 " On Circe's island fell : (who knows not Circe,
 " The daughter of the Sun, whose charmed cup
 " Whoever tasted lost his upright shape,
 " And downward fell into a grov'ling swine ?)
 " This nymph, that gaz'd upon his clust'ring locks,
 " With ivy berries wreath'd, and his blithe youth,
 " Had by him, ere he parted thence, a son
 " Much like his father, but his mother more,
 " Whom therefore she brought up and Comus nam'd.
S. Spi. " Ill-omen'd birth to Virtue and her sons !
F. Spi. " He, ripe and frolick of his full grown age,
 " Roving the Celtick and Iberian fields,
 " At last betakes him to this ominous wood,
 " And in thick shelter of black shades imbower'd
 " Excels his mother at her mighty art,
 " Off'ring to ev'ry weary traveller
 " His orient liquor in a cryстал glass
 " To quench the drought of Phœbus, which as they
 taste,
 " (For most do taste thro' fond intemp'rate thirst)
 " Soon as the potion works, their human count'nance,
 " Th' express resemblance of the gods, is chang'd
 " Into some brutish form of wolf or bear,
 " Or ounce or tiger, hog or bearded goat,
 " All other parts remaining as they were :
 " Yet, when he walks his tempting rounds, the forcerer
 " By magic pow'r their human face restores
 " And outward beauty to delude the sight.

S. Spi. " Lose they the mem'ry of their former
state ?

F. Spi. " No, they (so perfect is their misery)
" Not once perceive their foul disfigurement,
" But boast themselves more comely than before ;
" And all their friends and native home forget,
" To roll with pleasure in a sensual sty. 110

S. Spi. " Degrading fall ! from such a dire distress
" What pain too great our mortal charge to save ?

F. Spi. " For this, when any favour'd of high Jove
" Chances to pass thro' this advent'rous glade,
" Swift as the sparkle of a glancing star
" I shoot from heaven to give him safe convoy,
" As now I do ; and opportune thou com'st
" To share an office which thy nature loves.
" This be our task ; but first I must put off
" These my sky robes spun out of Iris' woof, 120
" And take the weeds and likeness of a swain
" That to the service of this house belongs,
" Who with his soft pipe and smooth-ditty'd song
" Well knows to still the wild winds when they roar,
" And hush the waving woods ; nor of less faith,
" And in this office of his mountain watch
" Likeliest and nearest to the present aid
" Of this occasion. Veil'd in such disguise.
" Be it my care the sever'd youths to guide
" To their distress'd and lonely sister ; thine 130
" To cheer her footsteps thro' the magic wood.
" Whatever blessed spirit hovers near,
" On errands bent to wand'ring mortal good,
" If need require him summon to thy side ;
" Unseen of mortal eye such thoughts inspire,

"Such heaven-born confidence, as need demands
 "In hour of trial.

S. Spi. "Swift as winged winds

"To my glad charge I fly. [*Exit.*

F. Spi. "—— I'll wait a while 140

"To watch the forcerer, for I hear the tread
 "Of hateful steps : I must be viewless now."

*COMUS enters with a charming rod in one hand, his glass
 in the other, with him a rout of Men and Women dressed
 as Bacchanals ; they come in making a riotous and un-
 ruly noise, with torches in their hands.*

Comus speaks.] The star that bids the shepherd fold
 Now the top of heav'n doth hold,
 And the gilded car of day
 His glowing axle doth allay
 In the steep Atlantic stream ;
 And the slope sun his upward beam
 Shoots against the dusky pole,
 Pacing tow'rd the other goal 150
 Of his chamber in the east ;
 Mean-while welcome joy and feast.

SONG.

*Now Phæbus sinketh in the west,
 Welcome song and welcome jest,
 Midnight shout and revelry,
 Tipsy dance and jollity :
 Braid your locks with rosy twine,
 Dropping odours, dropping wine.*

*Rigour now is gone to bed;
And Advice with scrup'lous head, 160
Strict Age and sour Severity,
With their grave saws, in slumber lie.*

We, that are of purer fire,
Imitate the starry choir,
Who, in their nightly watchful spheres,
Lead in swift round the months and years.
The sounds and seas, with all their finny drove,
Now to the moon in wav'ring morrice move,
And, on the tawny sands and shelves,
Trip the pert Fairies and the dapper Elves. 170

SONG. *By a Woman.*

*By dimpled brook and fountain brim
The Wood-nymphs, deck'd with daisies trim,
Their merry wakes and pastimes keep;
What has night to do with sleep?
Night has better sweets to prove;
Venus now wakes and wakens Love:
Come, let us our rites begin;
'Tis only day-light that makes sin.*

Comus. Hail, goddess of nocturnal sport,
Dark-veil'd Cotytto! to whom the secret flame 180
Of midnight torches burn. Mysterious dame!
That ne'er art call'd but when the dragon-womb
Of Stygian darkness spits her thickest gloom,
And makes one blot of all the air,
Stay thy cloudy ebon chair,

Wherein thou rid'st with Hecat', and befriend
 Us thy vow'd priests, till utmost end
 Of all thy dues be done, and none left out ;
 Ere the blabbing eastern scout,
 The nice Morn, on th' Indian steep 190
 From her cabin loop-hole peep,
 And to the tell-tale Sun descry
 Our conceal'd solemnity.

SONG. By COMUS and Woman.

*From tyrant laws and customs free
 We follow sweet variety ;
 By turns we drink, and dance, and sing,
 Love for ever on the wing.*

*Why should niggard rules control
 Transports of the jovial soul ?
 No dull stinting hour we own ; 200
 Pleasure counts our time alone.*

Comus. Come, knit hands and beat the ground
 In a light fantastic round.

A Dance.

Break off, break off ; I feel the diff'rent pace
 Of some chaste footing near about this ground.
 Run to your shrouds within these brakes and trees ;
 Our number may affright. Some virgin sure
 (For so I can distinguish by mine art)
 Benighted in these woods. Now to my charms,
 And to my wily trains. I shall ere long 210

Be well stock'd with as fair a herd as graz'd
About my mother Circe. Thus I hurl
My dazzling spells into the spungy air,
Of pow'r to cheat the eye with blear illusion,
And give it false presentments, lest the place
And my quaint habits breed astonishment,
And put the damsel to suspicious flight;
Which must not be, for that's against my course.
I, under fair pretence of friendly ends,
And well-plac'd words of glozing courtesy, 220
Baited with reasons not unplaussible,
Wind me into the easy-hearted man,
And hug him into snares. When once her eye
Hath met the virtue of this magic dust,
I shall appear some harmless villager
Whom thrift keeps up about his country gear.
But here she comes; I fairly step aside
And hearken if I may her bus'ness here.

Enter the Lady.

Lady. This way the noise was, if mine ear be true,
My best guide now: methought it was the sound 230
Of riot and ill-manag'd merriment;
"Such as the jocund flute or gamesome pipe
"Stirs up among the loose unletter'd hinds,
"When, for their teeming flocks and granges full,
"In wanton dance they praise the bounteous Pan,
"And thank the gods amiss." I should be loath
To meet the rudeness and swill'd insolence
Of such late rioters; yet oh! where else

Shall I inform my unacquainted feet
In the blind mazes of this tangled wood? 240

Comus aside.] I'll ease her of that care, and be her
guide.

Lady. My brothers, when they saw me weary'd
out

"With this long way, resolving here to lodge

"Under the spreading favour of these pines,"

Stepp'd, as they said, to the next thickest side

To bring me berries, or such cooling fruit

As the kind hospitable woods provide.

"They left me then when the grey-hooded Even,

"Like a sad votarist in palmer's weeds, 249

"Rose from the hindmost wheels of Phœbus' wain;"

But where they are, and why they come not back,

Is now the labour of my thoughts: 'tis likeliest

They had engag'd their wand'ring steps too far.

"This is the place, as well as I may guess,

"Whence, ev'n now, the tumult of loud mirth

"Was rife, and perfect in my list'ning ear,

"Yet nought but single darkness do I find.

"What might this be? A thousand fantasies

"Begin to throng into my memory,

"Of calling shapes and beck'ning shadows dire, 260

"And aery tongues, that syllable mens' names

"On sands, and shores, and desert wildernesses.

"These thoughts may startle well, but not astound,

"The virtuous mind, that ever walks attended

"By a strong siding champion, Conscience.

"O! welcome pure-ey'd Faith, white-handed Hope,

"Thou hov'ring angel, girt with golden wings,

"And thou unblemish'd form of Chastity!

" I see you visibly, and now believe,
 " That he, the supreme Good (to whom all things ill
 " Are but as slavish officers of vengeance) 271
 " Would send a glist'ring guardian, if need were,
 " To keep my life and honour unassail'd.
 " Was I deceiv'd, or did a fable cloud
 " Turn forth her silver lining on the night ?
 " I did not err; there does a fable cloud
 " Turn forth her silver lining on the night,
 " And casts a gleam over this tufted grove."
 I cannot halloo to my brothers, but
 Such noise as I can make to be heard farthest 280
 I'll venture, for my new enliven'd spirits
 Prompt me, and they perhaps are not far off.

SONG.

*Sweet Echo, sweetest nymph ! that liv'st unseen
 Within thy aery cell,
 By slow Maander's margent green,
 And in the violet-embroider'd vale,
 Where the lovelorn nightingale
 Nightly to thee her sad song mourneth well,
 Canst thou not tell me of a gentle pair
 That likest thy Narcissus are ? 290
 Oh ! if thou have
 Hid them in some flow'ry cave,
 Tell me but where,
 Sweet queen of parly, daughter of the Sphere !
 So may'st thou be translated to the skies,
 And give resounding grace to all heav'n's harmonies.*

Comus aside.] Can any mortal mixture of earth's
mould

Breathe such divine enchanting ravishment ?

" Sure something holy lodges in that breast,

" And with these raptures moves the vocal air 300

" To testify his hidden residence :

" How sweetly did they float upon the wings

" Of silence through the empty-vaulted night,

" At ev'ry fall smoothing the raven down

" Of darkness till it smil'd ! I have oft' heard

" My mother Circe, with the Sirens three,

" Amidst the flow'ry-kirtled Naiades,

" Culling their potent herbs and baleful drugs,

" Who, as they sung, would take the prison'd soul

" And lap it in Elysium: Scylla wept, 310

" And chid her barking waves into attention,

" And fell Charybdis murmur'd soft applause ;

" Yet they in pleasing slumber lull'd the sense,

" And sweet in madness robb'd it of itself ;

" But such a sacred and home-felt delight,

" Such sober certainty of waking bliss,

" I never heard till now."—I'll speak to her,

And she shall be my queen.—Hail, foreign wonder!

Whom certain these rough shades did never breed,

Unless the goddesses that, in rural shrine, 320

Dwell'ft here with Pan or Silvan, by blest'd song

Forbidding ev'ry bleak unkindly fog

To touch the prosp'rous growth of this tall wood.

Lady. Nay, gentle Shepherd ! ill is lost that
praise

That is address'd to unattending ears :

Not any boast of skill, but extreme shift
How to regain my sever'd company,
Compell'd me to awake the courteous Echo
To give me answer from her mossy couch.

Com. What chance, good Lady, hath bereft you
thus?

Lady. Dim darkness and this leafy labyrinth. 331

Com. Could that divide you from near-ush'ring
guides?

Lady. They left me weary on a grassy turf.

Com. "By falsehood or discourtesy, or why?"

"*Lady.*" To seek it th' valley some cool friendly
spring.

Com. And left your fair side all unguarded, Lady!

Lady. They were but twain, and purpos'd quick re-
turn.

Com. "Perhaps forestalling night prevented them?"

Lady. "How easy my misfortune is to hit!"

Com. Imports their loss beside the present need?

Lady. No less than if I should my brothers lose. 341

Com. Were they of manly prime or youthful bloom?

Lady. As smooth as Hebe's their unrazor'd lips.

Com. Two such I saw "what time the labour'd ox
"In his loose traces from the furrow came,

"And the swink't hedger at his supper sat;

"I saw them" under a "green" mantling vine,

That crawls along the side of yon' small hill,

Plucking ripe clusters from the tender shoots:

Their port was more than human; "as they stood

"I took it for a fairy vision. 351

"Of some gay creatures of the element,

"That in the colours of the rainbow live,

" And play i' th' plighted clouds. I was awe-struck,
 " And as I pass'd I worshipp'd:" if those you seek
 It were a journey like the path to heav'n
 To help you find them.

Lady. Gentle Villager,
 What readiest way would bring me to that place?

Com. " Due west it rises from this shrubby point.

Lady. " To find out that, good Shepherd, I suppose,

" In such a scant allowance of star-light, 362

" Would overtake the best land pilot's art,

" Without the sure guesses of well-practis'd feet."

Com. I know each lane and ev'ry alley green,
 Dingle or bushy dell, of this wide wood,
 " And ev'ry bosky bourn from side to side,"
 My daily walks and ancient neighbourhood;
 And if your stray attendants be yet lodg'd,
 Or shroud within these limits, I shall know 370

Ere morrow wake, " or the low-roofed lark

" From her thatch'd pallat rouse: if" otherwise,

I can conduct you Lady to a low

But loyal cottage, where you may be safe

Till farther quest.

Lady. Shepherd, I take thy word,

And trust thy honest offer'd courtesy,

" Which oft' is sooner found in lowly sheds,

" With smoky rafters, than in tap'stry halls

" And courts of princes, where it first was nam'd, 380

" And yet is most pretended." In a place

Less warranted than this, or less secure,

I cannot be, that I should fear to change it.

Eye me, blest'd Providence, and square my trial
To my proportion'd strength—Shepherd, lead on.

[*Exeunt.*]

Enter COMUS' Crew from behind the trees.

SONG. *By a Man.*

*Fly swiftly, ye Minutes ! till Comus receive
The nameless soft transports that beauty can give ;
The bowl's frolick joys let him teach her to prove,
And she in return yield the raptures of love.*

*Without love and wine, wit and beauty are vain,
All grandeur insipid, and riches a pain, 391
The most splendid palace grows dark as the grave :
Love and wine give, ye Gods, or take back what you gave.*

CHORUS.

*Away, away, away,
To Comus' court repair ;
There night outshines the day,
There yields the melting fair. 397*

ACT II.

“Enter the two BROTHERS.

“Elder Brother.

“UNMUFFLE, ye faint Stars! and thou, fair Moon!

“That won't to love the traveller's benison,

“Stoop thy pale visage thro' an amber cloud,

“And disinherit Chaos, that reigns here

“In double night of darkness and of shades ;

“Or if your influence be quite damm'd up

“With black usurping mists, some gentle taper,

“Tho' a rush candle, from the wicker-hole

“Of some clay habitation, visit us

“With thy long levell'd rule of streaming light, 10

“And thou shalt be our star of Arcady

“Or Tyrian Cynosure.

Y. Bro. “Or, if our eyes

“Be barr'd that happiness, might we but hear

“The folded flocks penn'd in their wattled cotes,

“Or sound of past'ral reed with oaten stops,

“Or whistle from the lodge, or village cock

“Count the night-watches to his feathery dames,

“'Twould be some solace yet, some little cheering,

“In this close dungeon of innum'rous boughs. 20

“But oh ! that hapless virgin, our lost sister !

“Where may she wander now, whither betake her

“From the chill dew, amongst rude burs and thistles ?

“Perhaps some cold bank is her bolster now,

- “ Or ’gainst the rugged bark of some broad elm
“ Leans her unpillow’d head, fraught with sad fears :
“ What if in wild amazement and affright ?
“ Or, while we speak, within the direful grasp
“ Of savage hunger or of savage heat ?
 E. Bro. “ Peace brother; be not over exquisite 30
“ To cast the fashion of uncertain evils ;
“ For, grant they be so, while they rest unknown
“ What need a man forecast his date of grief,
“ And run to meet what he would most avoid ?
“ Or if they be but false alarms of fear
“ How bitter is such self-delusion !
“ I do not think my sister so to seek,
“ Or so unprincipled in virtue’s book,
“ And the sweet peace that goodness bosoms ever,
“ As that the single want of light and noise 40
“ (Not being in danger, as I trust she is not)
“ Could stir the constant mood of her calm thoughts,
“ And put them into misbecoming plight.
“ Virtue could see to do what Virtue would
“ By her own radiant light tho’ sun and moon
“ Were in the flat sea sunk ; and Wisdom’s self
“ Oft’ seeks to sweet retired solitude,
“ Where with her best nurse, Contemplation,
“ She plumes her feathers and lets grow her wings,
“ That in the various bustle of resort 50
“ Were allto ruffled, and sometimes impair’d.
“ He, that has light within his own clear breast,
“ May sit i’ th’ centre and enjoy bright day ;
“ But he, that hides a dark soul and foul thoughts,
“ Benighted walks under the mid-day sun ;
“ Himself is his own dungeon.

T. Bro. " 'Tis most true

- " That musing Meditation most affects
" The pensive secrecy of desert cell,
" Far from the chearful haunt of men and herds, 60
" And sits as safe as in a senate house ;
" For who would rob a hermit of his weeds,
" His few books, or his beads, or mapledish,
" Or do his grey hairs any violence ?
" But Beauty, like the fair Hesperian tree
" Laden with blooming gold, had need the guard
" Of dragon watch with unenchanted eye,
" To save her blossoms, and defend her fruit
" From the rash hand of bold Incontinence.
" You may as well spread out the unsunn'd heaps 70
" Of misers' treasure by an outlaw's den
" And tell me it is safe, as bid me hope
" Danger will wink on opportunity,
" And let a single helpless maiden pass
" Uninjur'd in this wild surrounding waste.
" Of night or loneliness it recks me not ;
" I fear the dread events that dog them both,
" Lest some ill-greeting touch attempt the person
" Of our unowned sister.

E. Bro. " I do not, brother, 80

- " Infer as if I thought my sister's state
" Secure, without all doubt or controversy ;
" Yet, where an equal poise of hope and fear
" Does arbitrate th' event, my nature is
" That I incline to hope rather than fear,
" And gladly banish squint suspicion.
" My sister is not so defenceless left

" As you imagine ; she has a hidden strength

" Which you remember not.

T. Bro. " What hidden strength 90

" Unless the strength of Heav'n ? if you mean that.

E. Bro. " I mean that too ; but yet a hidden
strength,

" Which, if Heav'n gave it, may be term'd her own ;

" 'Tis chastity, my brother, chastity :

" She that has that is clad in complete steel,

" And like a quiver'd nymph with arrows keen

" May trace huge forests and unharbour'd heaths,

" Infamous hills and sandy perilous wilds,

" Where thro' the sacred rays of chastity

" No savage fierce, bandit, or mountaineer, 100

" Will dare to soil her virgin purity ;

" Yea, there where very desolation dwells,

" By grotts and caverns shagg'd with horrid shades,

" She may pass on with unblench'd majesty,

" Be it not done in pride or in presumption.

" Some say no evil thing that walks by night

" In fog or fire, by lake or moorish fen,

" Blue meagre hag, or stubborn unlaid ghost,

" That breaks his magick chains at curfew time,

" No goblin, or swart Fairy of the mime, 110

" Hath hurtful pow'r o'er true virginity.

" Do ye believe me yet, or shall I call

" Antiquity from the old schools of Greece

" To testify the arms of Chastity ?

" Hence had the huntress Dian her dread bow,

" Fair silver-shafted queen, for ever chaste !

" Wherewith she tam'd the brinded lioness

" And spotted mountain pard, but set at nought

" The friv'lous bolt of Cupid : gods and men
" Fear'd her stern frown, and she was Queen o' th'
Woods. 120

" What was the sneaky-headed Gorgon shield
" That wise Minerva wore, unconquer'd virgin !
" Wherewith she freez'd her foes to congeal'd stone,
" But rigid looks of chaste austerity
" And noble grace, that dash'd brute violence
" With sudden adoration and blank awe ?
" So dear to Heav'n is faintly chastity,
" That, when a soul is found sincerely so,
" A thousand livery'd angels lacquey her,
" Driving far off each thing of sin and guilt, 130
" And in clear dream and solemn vision
" Tell her of things that no gross ear can hear,
" Till 'oft converse with heav'nly habitants
" Begin to cast a beam on th' outward shape,
" The unpolluted temple of the mind,
" And turn it by degrees to the soul's essence,
" Till all be made immortal.
" But when lust
" By unchaste looks, loose gestures, and foul talk,
" But most by lewd and lavish act of sin,
" Lets in defilement to the inward parts,
" The soul grows clotted by contagion,
" Imbodies and imbrutes, till she quite lose
" The divine property of her first being.
" Such are those thick and gloomy shadows damp
" Oft' seen in charnel vaults and sepulchres,
" Ling'ring and sitting by a new-made grave,
" As loath to leave the body that it lov'd,

" And link'd itself in carnal sensuality

" To a degen'rate and degraded state. 150

T. Bro. " How charming is divine philosophy!

" Not harsh and crabbed, as dull fools suppose,

" But musical as is Apollo's lute,

" And a perpetual feast of nectar'd sweets,

" Where no crude surfeit reigns."

E. Bro. ————Lift, lift! I hear
Some far-off halloo break the silent air.

T. Bro. Methought so too; what should it be?

E. Bro. For certain
Either some one like us night-founder'd here, 160
Or else some neighbour woodman, or at worst
Some roving robber calling to his fellows.

T. Bro. Heav'n keep my sister! Again! again!
and near!

Best draw, and stand upon our guard.

E. Bro. I'll halloo;
If he be friendly he comes well; if not,
Defence is a good cause, and Heav'n be for us.

Enter the first Attendant Spirit, habited like a Shepherd.

T. Bro. That halloo I should know—What are you?
speak.

" Come not too near; you fall on iron stakes else."

" *F.* *Spi.* What voice is that? my young lord?
Speak again. 170

T. Bro. O brother, 't is my father's shepherd sure;

E. Bro. Thyrsis? whose artful strains have oft'
delay'd

The huddling brook to hear his madrigal,
And sweeten'd ev'ry muskrose of the dale,

How cam'st thou here good Swain ? has any ram
 Slipp'd from the fold, or young kid lost his dam,
 Or straggling weather the pent flock forlook ?
 How could'st thou find this dark sequester'd nook ?

"*F.*" *Spi.* O my lov'd master's heir, and his next joy !

" I came not here on such a trivial toy 180

" As a stray'd ewe, or to pursue the stealth

" Of pilf'ring wolf : not all the fleecy wealth

" That doth enrich these downs is worth a thought

" To this my errand, and the care it brought.

" But oh !" *where* is my virgin lady ? where is she ?

How chance she is not in your company ?

E. Bro. To tell thee sadly, Shepherd, without blame
 Or our neglect we lost her as we came.

"*F.*" *Spi.* Ah me ! unhappy ! then my fears are true.

E. Bro. What fears, good Thyrsis ! prithee briefly
 shew ? 190

F. Spi. " I'll tell ye : 't is not vain, nor fabulous,

" (Tho' so esteem'd by shallow ignorance)

" What the sage poets, taught by th' heav'nly Muse,

" Story'd of old in high immortal verse,

" Of dire Chimeras, and enchanted isles,

" And rifted rocks, whose entrance leads to hell ;

" For such there be ; but unbelief is blind.

E. Bro. " Proceed, good Shepherd ! I am all atten-
 tion."

"*F.*" *Spi.* Within the navel of this hideous wood,
 Immur'd in cypress shades, a forcerer dwells, 200
 Of Bacchus and of Circe born, great Comus,
 Deep skill'd in all his mother's witcheries,
And wanton as his father ;

" And here to ev'ry thirsty wanderer
 " By sly enticements gives his baneful cup,
 " With many murmurs mix'd, whose pleasing poison
 " The visage quite transforms of him that drinks,
 " And the inglorious likeness of a beast
 " Fixes instead, unmoulding reason's mintage
 " Character'd in the face." [This have I learnt 210
 Tending my flock hard by, " i' th' hilly crofts
 " That brow this bottom glade," whence night by
 night

He and his monstrous rout are heard to howl
 " Like stabled wolves or tigers at their prey,
 " Doing abhorred rites to Hecate
 " In their obscured haunts and inmost bow'rs."
 Yet have they many baits and guileful spells,
 And beauty's tempting semblance can put on
 T' inveigle and invite th' unwary sense
 " Of them that pass unweeting by the way." 220
 " But hark ! the beaten timbrel's jarring sound
 And wild tumultuous mirth proclaim their presence ;
 Onward they move ; " and see ! a blazing torch
 " Gleams thro' the shade," and this way guides their
 steps.

Let us withdraw a while and watch their motions.

[*They retire.*]

Enter COMUS' Crew revelling, and by turns caressing each other, till they observe the Two Brothers ; then the Elder Brother advances and speaks.

E. Bro. What are you, speak, that thus in wanton riot
 And midnight revelry, like drunken Bacchanals,
 Invade the silence of these lonely shades ?

F. Wom. Ye godlike youths! "whose radiant forms
 excel
 "The blooming grace of Maia's winged son," 230
 Bless the propitious star that led you to us;
 We are the happiest of the race of mortals,
 Of freedom, mirth, and joy, the only heirs:
 But you shall share them with us; for this cup,
 This nectar'd cup, the sweet assurance gives
 Of present and the pledge of future bliss.

[*She offers them the cup, which they both put by.*

SONG. *By a Man.*

*By the gayly circling glass
 We can see how minutes pass,
 By the hollow cast are told
 How the waining night grows old. 240
 Soon, too soon, the busy day
 Drives us from our sport and play:
 What have we with day to do?
 Sons of care 't was made for you.*

E. Bro. Forbear, nor offer us the poison'd sweets
 That thus have render'd thee thy sex's shame.
 All sense of honour banish'd from thy breast.

"SONG.

*"Fame's an echo, prattling double,
 "An empty, airy, glitt'ring, bubble;
 "A breath can swell, a breath can sink it, 250
 "The wise not worth their keeping think it.*

" *Why then, why such toil and pain*
 " *Fame's uncertain smiles to gain ?*
 " *Like her sister Fortune blind,*
 " *To the best she's oft' unkind,*
 " *And the worst her favour find.*

E. Bro. " By her own sentence Virtue stands absolv'd,

" Nor asks an echo from the tongues of men
 " To tell what hourly to herself she proves.
 " Who wants his own no other praise enjoys ; 260
 " His ear receives it as a fulsome tale
 " To which his heart in secret gives the lie :
 " Nay, slander'd innocence must feel a peace,
 " An inward peace, which flatter'd guilt ne'er knew."

F. Wom. Oh ! how unseemly shews in blooming youth

Such grey severity !——But come with us,
 We to the bow'r of bliss will guide your steps ;
 There you shall taste the joys that Nature sheds
 On the gay spring of life, youth's flow'ry prime,
 From morn to noon, from noon to dewy eve, 270
 Each rising hour by rising pleasures mark'd.

SONG. *By a Woman in a pastoral habit.*

Would you taste the noon-tide air,
To yon' fragrant bow'r repair,
Where woven with the poplar bough,
The mantling vine will shelter you.

*Down each side a fountain flows,
Tinkling, murm'ring, as it goes,
Lightly o'er the mossy ground,
Sultry Phæbus scorching round.*

Round the languid herds and sheep 280
*Stretch'd o'er sunny hillocks sleep,
While on the hyacinth and rose
The fair does all alone repose.*

*All alone——and in her arms
Your breast may beat to love's alarms,
Till blest'd and blessing you shall own
The joys of love are joys alone.*

E. Bro. "How low sinks beauty when by vice debas'd!

"How fair that form if virtue dwelt within!

"But from this shameless advocate of shame 290

"To me the warbled song harsh discord grates.

Y. Bro. "Short is the course of ev'ry lawless pleasure;

"Grief like a shade on all its footsteps waits,

"Scarce visible in joy's meridian height,

"But downward as its blaze declining speeds

"The dwarfish shadow to a giant spreads."

F. Wom. No more; these formal maxims misbecome you;

They only suit suspicious shrivell'd Age.

SONG. *By a Man and two Women.*

*Live and love, enjoy the fair,
 Banish sorrow, banish care ; 300
 Mind not what old dotards say ;
 Age has had his share of play,
 But youth's sport begins to-day.*

*From the fruits of sweet delight
 Let not scare-crow Virtue fright :
 Here in Pleasure's vine-yard we
 Rove like birds from tree to tree,
 Careless, airy, gay, and free.*

E. Bro. How can your impious tongues profane the
 name

Of sacred Virtue, and yet promise pleasure 310
 In lying songs of vanity and vice ?

From virtue sever'd pleasure phrenzy grows,

" The gay delirium of the feverish mind,

" And always flies at reason's cool return.

F. Wom. " Perhaps it may ; perhaps the sweetest
 joys

" Of love itself from passion's folly spring ;

" But say, does wisdom greater bliss bestow ?

E. Bro. " Alike from love's and pleasure's path you
 stray,

" In sensual folly blindly seeking both,

" Your pleasure riot, lust your boasted love. 320

" Capricious, wanton, bold, and brutal, lust

" Is meanly selfish, when resisted cruel,

" And like the blast of pestilential winds

"Taints the sweet bloom of Nature's fairest forms :
 "But love, like od'rous Zephyr's grateful breath,
 "Repay's the flow'r that sweetness which it borrows ;
 "Uninjuring, uninjur'd, lovers move
 "In their own sphere of happiness content,
 "By mutual truth avoiding mutual blame."
 But we forget : who hears the voice of Truth 330
 In noisy riot and intemp'rance drown'd ?
 Thyrsis, be then our guide ; we'll follow thee,
 And some good angel bear a shield before us !

[Exeunt Brothers and Spirit.]

F. Wom. Come, come, my friends, and partners of
 my joys,
 Leave to these pedant youth their bookish dreams ;
 "Poor blinded boys, by their blind guides misled !
 "A beardless Cynick is the shame of nature,"
 Beyond the cure of this inspiring cup ;
 "And my contempt, at best my pity, moves."
 Away, nor waste a moment more about 'em. 340

CHORUS.

*Away, away, away,
 To Comus' court repair,
 There night outshines the day,
 There yields the melting fair. [Exeunt singing.*]*

E. Bro. "She's gone ! may scorn pursue her wan-
 ton arts,
 "And all the painted charms that vice can wear.

* The first Act ends here as now performed.

" Yet oft' o'er credulous youth such Sirens triumph,
" And lead their captive sense in chains as strong
" As links of adamant. Let us be free,
" And to secure our freedom, virtuous. 350

Y. Bro. " But should our helpless sister meet the
rage

" Of this insulting troop what could she do?
" What hope, what comfort, what support, were left?
Spi. " She meets not them; but yet, if right I guess,
" A harder trial on her virtue waits.

E. Bro. " Protect her Heav'n! But whence this
sad conjecture?

Spi. " This ev'ning late, by then the chewing flocks
" Had ta'en their supper on the sav'ry herb
" Of knot-grass dew-besprent, and were in fold,
" I sat me down to watch upon a bank 360
" With ivy canopy'd, and interwove
" With flaunting honeysuckle, and began,
" Wrapp'd in a pleasing fit of melancholy,
" To meditate my rural minstrelsy,
" Till Fancy had her fill; but ere a close,
" The wonted roar was up amidst the woods,
" And fill'd the air with barbarous dissonance,
" At which I ceas'd, and listen'd them a while.

Y. Bro. " What follow'd then? O! if our help-
less sister—

Spi. " Strait an unusual stop of sudden silence 370
" Gave respite to the drowsy-flighted flocks
" That draw the litter of close-curtain'd Sleep.
" At last a soft and solemn breathing sound
" Rose like a steam of rich distill'd perfumes,
" And stole upon the air, that ev'n Silence

" Was took ere she was 'ware, and wished she might
 " Deny her nature, and be never more,
 " Still to be so displac'd. I was all ear,
 " And took in strains that might create a soul
 " Under the ribs of Death—but oh! ere long 380
 " Too well I did perceive it was the voice
 " Of my most honour'd lady your dear sister.
Y. Bro. " O my foreboding heart! too true my
 fears.

Spi. " Amaz'd I stood, harrow'd with grief and
 fear,
 " And O! poor hapless nightingale, thought I,
 " How sweet thou sing'st, how near the deadly snare!
 " Then down the lawns I ran with headlong haste,
 " Thro' paths and turnings often trod by day,
 " Till guided by my ear I found the place
 " Where the damn'd wizard, hid in sly disguise, 390
 " (For so by certain signs I knew) had met
 " Already, ere my best speed to prevent,
 " The idle'st innocent lady, his wish'd prey,
 " Who gently ask'd if he had seen such two,
 " Supposing him some neighbour villager.
 " Longer I durst not stay, but soon I guess'd
 " Ye were the two she meant; with that I sprung
 " Into swift flight till I had found you here;
 " But farther know I not.

Y. Bro. " O night and shades! 400
 " How are ye join'd with hell in triple knot
 " Against th' unarm'd weakness of one virgin,
 " Alone and helpless! Is this the confidence
 " You gave me brother?

E. Bro. " Yes, and keep it still,
 " Lean on it safely ; not a period
 " Shall be unpaid for me. Against the threats
 " Of malice or of sorcery, or that pow'r
 " Which erring men call Chance, this I hold firm,
 " *Virtue may be assail'd but never hurt,* 410
 " *Surpris'd by unjust force but not inthrall'd;*
 " *Yea, even that which mischief meant most harm*
 " *Shall in the happy trial prove most glory :*
 " *But evil on itself shall back recoil,*
 " *And mix no more with goodness ; when at last*
 " *Gather'd like scum, and settled to itself,*
 " *It shall be in eternal restless change,*
 " *Self-fed and self-consum'd. If this fail*
 " *The pillar'd firmament is rottenness,*
 " *And earth's base built on stubble.* But come, let's on ;
 " Against th' opposing will and arm of Heav'n 421
 " May never this just sword be lifted up ;
 " But for that damn'd magician, let him be girt
 " With all the grievous legions that troop
 " Under the footy flag of Acheron,
 " Harpies and Hydras, or all the monstrous forms
 " 'Twixt Africa and Inde, I'll find him out,
 " And force him to restore his purchase back,
 " Or drag him by the curls to a foul death,
 " Curs'd as his life. 430

Spi. " Alas ! good vent'rous youth,
 " I love thy courage yet, and bold emprise ;
 " But here thy sword can do thee little stead :
 " Far other arms, and other weapons must
 " Be those that quell the might of hellish charms.

“ He with his bare wand can unthread thy joints,
“ And crumble all thy sinews.

E. Bro. “ Why prithee, shepherd,
“ How durst thou then thyself approach so near,
“ As to make this relation ?

440

Spi. “ A shepherd lad,
“ Of small regard to see to, yet well skill'd
“ In every virtuous plant and healing herb,
“ That spreads her verdant leaf to the morning ray,
“ Has shewn me simples of a thousand names,
“ Telling their strange and vigorous faculties.
“ Among the rest a small unsightly root,
“ But of divine effect, he cull'd me out;
“ And bad me keep it as of sov'reign use
“ 'Gainst all enchantment, mildew, blast, or damp,
“ Or ghastly fury's apparition. 451
“ I purs'd it up. If you have this about you
“ (As I will give you when you go) you may
“ Boldly assault the necromancer's hall ;
“ Where if he be, with dauntless hardihood
“ And brandished blade rush on him, break his glass,
“ And shed the luscious liquor on the ground ;
“ But seize his wand, tho' he and his curs'd crew
“ Fierce sign of battle make, and menace high,
“ Or like the sons of Vulcan vomit smoke, 460
“ Yet will they soon retire, if he but shrink.”

ACT III.

"Scene opens, and discovers" a magnificent Hall in COMUS's Palace, "set off with all the gay decorations proper for an ancient banqueting-room." COMUS and Attendants stand on each side of the Lady, who is seated in an enchanted chair; "and by her looks and gestures expresses great signs of uneasiness and melancholy."

COMUS *speaks.*

"HENCE, loathed melancholy,
"Of Cerberus and blackest midnight born,
"In Stygian cave forlorn,
"Mongst horrid shapes, and shrieks, and sights unholy,
"Find out some uncouth cell,
"Where brooding darkness spreads his jealous wings
"And the night-raven sings;
"There, under ebon shades, and low-brow'd rocks,
"As ragged as thy locks,
"In dark Cimmerian desert ever dwell. 10
"But" come, thou goddess fair and free,
In heaven yclep'd Euphrosyne,
And by men, heart-easing Mirth,
Whom lovely Venus at a birth

With two sister Graces more,
 To ivy-crowned Bacchus bore.
 Hasten thee, nymph, and bring with thee
 Jest and youthful jollity,
 Quips and cranks, and wanton wiles,
 Nods and becks, and wreathed smiles,
 Such as hang on Hebe's cheek,
 And love to live in dimple sleek;
 Sport, that wrinkled Care derides,
 And Laughter holding both his sides.
 Come, and trip it as you go,
 On the light fantastic toe;
 And in thy right hand lead with thee
 The mountain-nymph, sweet Liberty.

20

[*Whilst these lines are repeating, enter a Nymph representing EUPHROSUNE, or Mirth; who advances to the Lady, and sings the following song.*

SONG.

Come, come, bid adieu to fear,
 Love and harmony live here,
 No domestic jealous jars,
 Buzzing slanders, wordy wars,
 In my presence will appear;
 Love and harmony reign here.
 Sighs to amorous sighs returning,
 Pulses beating, bosoms burning,
 Bosoms with warm wishes panting,
 Words to speak those wishes wanting,

30

*Are the only tumults here,
All the woes you need to fear ;
Love and harmony reign here.*

40

Lady. How long must I, by magick fetters chain'd
To this detested seat, hear odious strains
Of shameless folly, which my soul abhors ?

Com. Ye sedge-crown'd Naiades, by twilight seen
Along Mæander's mazy border green,
At Comus' call appear in all your azure sheen.

[*He waves his Wand, the Naiads enter, and range themselves in order to dance.*]

Now softly slow let Lydian measures move,
And breathe the pleasing pangs of gentle love.

[*"The Naiads dance a slow dance expressive of the passion of Love."*]

[*"After this dance" the pastoral Nymph advances slow, with a melancholy and desponding air, to the side of the stage, and repeats, by way of soliloquy, the first six lines, and then sings the ballad. In the mean time she is observed by EUPHROSYNE, who by her gesture expresses to the audience her different sentiments of the subject of her complaint, suitably to the character of their several songs.*]

RECITATIVE.

50

How gentle was my Damon's air !
Like sunny beams his golden hair,

His voice was like the nightingale's,
 More sweet his breath than flow'ry vales.
 How hard such beauties to resign !
 And yet that cruel task is mine !

A BALLAD.

*On every hill, in every grove,
 Along the margin of each stream,
 Dear conscious scenes of former love,
 I mourn, and Damon is my theme.
 The hills, the groves, the streams remain,
 But Damon there I seek in vain.*

60

*" Now to the mossy cave I fly,
 " Where to my swain I oft have sung,
 " Well pleas'd the browsing goats to spy,
 " As o'er the airy sleep they hung.
 " The mossy cave, the goats remain,
 " But Damon there I seek in vain.*

*" Now through the winding vale I pass,
 " And sigh to see the well-known shade ;
 " I weep, and kiss the bended grass,
 " Where love and Damon fondly play'd,
 " The vale, the shade, the grass remain,
 " But Damon there I seek in vain."*

70

*From hill, from dale, each charm is fled,
 Groves, flocks, and fountains please no more,
 Each flower in pity droops its head,
 All nature does my loss deplore.
 All, all reproach the faithless swain,
 Yet Damon still I seek in vain.*

RECITATIVE. By EUPHROSINE.

Love, the greatest bliss below, 80
 How to taste few women know;
 Fewer still the way have hit
 How a fickle swain to quit.
 Simple nymphs then learn of me,
 How to treat inconstancy.

BALLAD.

*The wanton god, that pierces hearts,
 Dips in gall his pointed darts;
 But the nymph disdains to pine;
 Who bathes the wound with rosy wine.*

*Farewell lovers, when they're cloy'd; 90
 If I am scorn'd, because enjoy'd.
 Sure the squeamish fops are free
 To rid me of dull company.*

*They have charms whilst mine can please;
 I love them much, but more my ease;
 Nor jealous fears my love molest,
 Nor faithless vows shall break my rest.*

*Why should they e'er give me pain,
Who to give me joy disdain?
All I hope of mortal man,
Is to love me whilst he can.*

100

COMUS speaks.

Cast thine eyes around, and see
How from ev'ry element
Nature's sweets are cull'd for thee,
And her choicest blessings sent.

" Fire, water, earth, and air, combine
" To compose the rich repast,
" Their aid the distant seasons join
" To court thy smell, thy sight, thy taste."

Hither summer, autumn, spring,
Hither all your tributes bring:
All on bended knee be seen
Paying homage to your queen.

110

[*After this " they put on their chaplets and prepare for
" the feast: while COMUS is advancing with his cup,
" and one of his attendants offers a chaplet to the Lady,
" (which she throws on the ground with indignation)
" the preparation for the feast is interrupted by lofty
" and solemn musick from above, whence" the second
Attendant Spirit enters gradually in a splendid machine,
repeating the following lines to the Lady, and sings, re-
maining still invisible to COMUS and his crew.*

From the realms of peace above,
 From the source of heavenly love,
 From the starry throne of Jove,
 Where tuneful Muses in a glitt'ring ring
 To the celestial lyre's eternal string
 Patient Virtue's triumph sing;
 To these dim labyrinths where mortals stray,
 Maz'd in passion's pathless way, 121
 To save thy purer breast from spot and blame
 Thy guardian Spirit came.

SONG.

*Nor on beds of fading flowers,
 Shedding soon their gaudy pride;
 Nor with swains in Syren bowers,
 Will true pleasure long reside.*

*On awful virtue's hill sublime,
 Enthroned sits th' immortal fair;
 Who wins her height, must patient climb, 130
 The steps are peril, toil and care.*

*So from the first did Jove ordain,
 Eternal bliss for transient pain.*

[Exit the Spirit, the music playing loud and solemn.]

Lady. Thanks, heav'nly songster! whosoe'er thou
 art,
 Who deign'st to enter these unhallow'd walls,

To bring the song of virtue to mine ear !
 O cease not, cease not the melodious strain,
 Till my rapt soul high on the swelling note
 To heav'n ascend——far from these horrid fiends !

Com. Mere airy dreams of air-bred people these ?
 Who look with envy on more happy man, 141
 “ And would decry the joys they cannot taste.
 “ Quit not the substance for a stalking shade
 “ Of hollow virtue, which eludes the grasp.”
 Drink this, and you will scorn such idle tales.

[*He offers the cup, which she puts by, and attempts to rise.*]

Nay, lady, sit ; if I but wave this wand,
 Your nerves are all bound up in alabaster,
 And you a statue : “ or, as Daphne was,
 “ Root-bound, that fled Apollo.”

Lady. Fool, do not boast ; 150
 Thou can’st not touch the freedom of my mind
 With all thy charms, altho’ this corp’ral rind
 Thou hast immanacl’d, while heav’n sees good.

Com. Why are you vex’d, lady ? why do you
 frown ?

Here dwell no frowns nor anger ; from these gates
 Sorrow flies far. See, here be all the pleasures
 That fancy can beget on youthful thoughts,
 “ When the fresh blood grows lively and returns
 “ Brisk as the April buds in primrose season.”
 And first behold this cordial julep here, 160
 That flames and dances in his crystal bounds,
 “ With spirits of balm and fragrant syrups mix’d,
 “ Not that Nepenthes, which the wife of Thone

“ In Ægypt gave to Jove-born Helena,
 “ Is of such pow’r to stir up joy, as this,
 “ To life so friendly, or so cool to thirst.”

Lady. Know base deluder, that I will not taste it.
 Keep thy detested gifts for such as these.

[*Points to his crew.*]

SONG. *By a Man.*

*Mortals, learn your lives to measure,
 Not by length of time, but pleasure ;* 170
*Soon your spring must have a fall ;
 Losing youth, is losing all :
 Then you’ll ask, but none will give,
 And may linger, but not live.*

Com. Why shou’d you be so cruel to yourself,
 And to those dainty limbs, which Nature lent
 For gentle usage and soft delicacy ?
 “ But you invert the cov’nants of her trust,
 “ And harshly deal, like an ill borrower,
 “ With that which you receiv’d on other terms, 180
 “ Scorning the unexempt condition,
 “ By which all human frailty must subsist,
 “ Refreshment after toil, ease after pain ;”
 That have been tir’d all day without repast,
 And timely rest have wanted. But, fair virgin,
 This will restore all soon.

Lady. ’Twill not, false traitor !
 ’Twill not restore the truth and honesty
 That thou hast banish’d from thy tongue with lies.
 Was this the cottage and the safe abode, 190

Thou told'st me of? Hence with thy brew'd enchantments.

“Hast thou betray'd my credulous innocence

“With vizard'd falshood, and base forgery?

“And would'st thou seek again to trap me here

“With liqu'rish baits, fit to ensnare a brute?”

Were it a draught for Juno when she banquets,

I wou'd not taste thy treas'rous offer—None,

But such as are good men, can give good things;

And that which is not good is not delicious

To a well-govern'd and wise appetite.

200

Com. “O, foolishness of men! that lend their ears

“To those budge doctors of the Stoic fur,

“And fetch their precepts from the Cynic tub,

“Praising the lean and fallow abstinence.

“Wherefore did Nature pour her bounties forth

“With such a full and unwithdrawing hand,

“Cov'ring the earth with odours, fruits, and flocks,

“Throning the seas with spawn innumerable,

“But all to please and sate the curious taste;

“And set to work millions of spinning worms, 210

“That in their green shops weave the smooth-hair'd
filk,

“To deck her sons; and, that no corner might

“Be vacant of her plenty, in her own loins

“She hutch'd th' all-worshipp'd ore, and precious
gems

“To store her children with; if all the world

“Should in a pet of temperance feed on pulse,

“Drink the clear stream, and nothing wear but frieze,

“Th' All-giver would be unthank'd, would be un-
prais'd,

“ Not half his riches known, and yet despis’d,
“ And we should serve him as a grudging master,
“ As a penurious niggard of his wealth, 221
“ And live like Nature’s bastards, not her sons;
“ Who would be quite surcharg’d with her own
weight,
“ And strangled with her waste fertility.

Lady. “ I had not thought to have unlock’d my
lips

“ In this unhallow’d air, but that this juggler
“ Wou’d think to charm my judgment, as mine eyes,
“ Obtruding false rules, prank’d in reason’s garb.
“ I hate when vice can bolt her arguments,
“ And virtue has no tongue to check her pride, 230
“ Impostor, do not charge most innocent Nature,
“ As if she would her children should be riotous
“ With her abundance. She, good caterefs,
“ Means her provision only to the good,
“ That live according to her sober laws,
“ And holy dictate of spare Temperance.
“ If ev’ry just man, that now pines with want,
“ Had but a mod’rate and befitting share
“ Of that which lewdly-pamper’d Luxury
“ Now heaps upon some few with vast excess, 240
“ Nature’s full blessings would be well dispens’d
“ In unsuperfluous even proportion,
“ And she no whit encumber’d with her store;
“ And then the Giver wou’d be better thank’d,
“ His praise due paid. For swinish Gluttony
“ Ne’er looks to heav’n amidst his gorgeous feast,
“ But with besotted, base ingratitude

“ Crams, and blasphemes his feeder.” Shall I go on?
Or have I said enough?

Com. Enough to shew 250

That you are cheated by the lying boasts
Of starving pedants, that affect a fame
From scorning pleasures, which they cannot reach.

EUPHROSYNE *sings*.*

*Preach not to me your musty rules,
Ye drones that mould in idle cell ;
The heart is wiser than the schools,
The senses always reason well.*

*If short my span, I less can spare
To pass a single pleasure by ;
An hour is long, if lost in care ;
They only live, who life enjoy.* 260

Com. “ These are the maxims of the truly wise,
“ Of such as practise what they preach to others.
“ Here are no hypocrites, no grave dissemblers ;
“ Nor pining grief, nor eating cares approach us,
“ Nor sighs, nor murmurs—but of gentle Love,
“ Whose woes delight ; What must his pleasures then?

“ EUPHROSYNE *sings*.

*“ Ye Fauns, and ye Dryads’ from hill, dale, and grove,
“ Trip, trip it along, conducted by Love ;*

* Sung by Comus, as now performed at Covent-garden Theatre.

" Swiftly resort to Comus' gay court, 270

" And in various measures shew Love's various sport.

" Enter the Fauns and Dryads, and attend to the fol-

" lowing directions. The tune is play'd a second time,

" to which they dance.

" Now lighter and gayer, ye tinkling strings, sound;

" Light, light in the air, ye nimble nymphs, bound.

" Now, now with quick feet the ground beat, beat, beat;

" Now with quick feet the ground beat, beat, beat, &c.

" Now cold and denying,

" Now kind and complying,

" Consenting, repenting,

" Disdaining, complaining,

" Indifference now feigning, 280

" Again with quick feet the ground beat, beat, beat.

" [Exeunt Dancers.]

*Com. Lift, Lady, be not coy, and be not cozen'd
With that same vaunted name Virginity.*

" Beauty is nature's coin, must not be hoarded,

" But must be current, and the good thereof

" Consists in mutual and partaken blifs,

" Unsavory in th' enjoyment of itself:

" If you let slip time, like a neglected rose,

" It withers on the stalk with languish'd head.

" Beauty is nature's brag, and must be shown 290

" In courts, at feasts, and high solemnities,

" Where most may wonder at the workmanship.

" It is for homely features to keep home,

" They had their name thence: Coarse complexions,

“ And cheeks of sorry grain, will serve to ply
“ The sampler, and to teaze the housewife’s wool.”
What need a vermeil tinctur’d lip for that,
Love-darting eyes, or tresses like the morn ?
There was another meaning in these gifts ;
Think what, and be advis’d : you are but young yet ;
This will inform you soon. 301

Lady. “ To him that dares
“ Arm his profane tongue with contemptuous words
“ Against the sun-clad power of chastity,
“ Fain would I something say, yet to what purpose ?
“ Thou hast not ear, nor soul to apprehend ;
“ And thou art worthy that thou should’st not know
“ More happiness than this thy present lot.
“ Enjoy your dear wit, and gay rhetoric,
“ That has so well been taught her dazzling fence :
“ Thou art not fit to hear thyself convinc’d, 311
“ Yet should I try, the uncontrolled worth
“ Of this pure cause would kindle my rapt spirits
“ To such a flame of sacred vehemence,
“ That dumb things would be mov’d to sympathize,
“ And the brute earth would lend her nerves, and
shake,
“ Till all thy magic structures, rear’d so high,
“ Were shatter’d into heaps o’er thy false head.

Com. “ She fables not, I feel that I do fear
“ Her words set off by some superior pow’r ; 320
“ And tho’ not mortal, yet a cold shudd’ring dew
“ Dips me all o’er, as when the wrath of Jove
“ Speaks thunder, and the chains of Erebus,
“ To some of Saturn’s crew. I must dissemble,
“ And try her yet more strongly——Come, no more,

" This is meer moral babble, and direct
" Against the canon laws of our foundation ;
" I must not suffer this, yet 'tis but the lees
" And settlings of a melancholy blood ;
" But this will cure all strait," one sip of this 330
Will bathe the drooping spirits in delight,
Beyond the blifs of dreams. Be wise, and taste.——

[The Brothers rush in with swords drawn, wrest the glass out of his hand, and break it against the ground ; his rout make signs of resistance, but are all driven in.]

Enter the First Spirit.

What, have you let the false enchanter scape ?
O, ye mistook, you should have snatch'd his wand
And bound him fast ; without his rod revers'd,
" And backward mutters of dissev'ring pow'r,"
We cannot free the lady, that sits here
In stony fetters fix'd, and motionless.
Yet stay, be not disturb'd ; now I bethink me,
" Some other means I have, which may be us'd, 340
" Which once of Melibæus old I learn'd,
" The soothest shepherd that e'er pip'd on plains :
" I learn'd 'em then, when with my fellow swain,
" The youthful Lycidas, his flocks I fed.'
There is a gentle nymph not far from hence,
Sabrina is her name, a virgin pure,
That sways the Severn stream ;
" And, as the old swain said," she can unlock
The clasp'ing charm, and thaw the numbing spell,
If she be right invoked in warbled song : 350

“ For maidenhood she loves, and will be swift
 “ To add a virgin, such as was herself.
 “ And see the swain himself in season comes.”

Enter the Second Spirit.

Haste, Lycidas, and try thy tuneful strain,
 Which from her bed the fair Sabrina calls.

SONG. *By Second Spirit.*

*Sabrina fair,
 Listen where thou art sitting
 Under the glassy, cool, translucent wave,
 In twisted braids of lilies knitting
 The loose train of thy amber-dropping hair ; 360
 Listen for dear honour's sake,
 Goddess of the silver lake,
 Listen and save.*

SABRINA rises and sings.

*By the rusby-fringed bank,
 Where grows the willow and the osier dank,
 My sliding chariot stays,
 Thick set with agate, and the azure sheen
 Of Turkis blue, and em'rald green,
 That in the channel strays ;
 “ Whilst from off the waters fleet 370
 “ Thus I set my printless feet
 “ O'er the cowslip's velvet head,
 “ That bends not as I tread ;”
 Gentle swain, at thy request,
 I am here.*

RECITATIVE. Second Spirit.

Goddeſs dear,
We implore thy powerful hand
To undo the charmed band
Of true virgin here diſtreſs'd,
Thro' the force, and thro' the wile, 380
Of unbleſs'd enchanter vile.

RECITATIVE. Sabrina.

Shepherd, 'tis my office beſt
To help enſnared chaſtity :
Brighteſt lady, look on me ;
Thus I ſprinkle on thy breaſt
Drops, that from my fountain pure
I have kept, of precious cure ;
'Thrice upon thy finger's tip,
'Thrice upon thy ruby'd lip ;
Next this marble venom'd feat, 390
Smear'd with gums of glutinous heat,
I touch with chaſte palms moiſt and cold ;
Now the ſpell hath loſt his hold ;
And I muſt haſte, ere morning-hour,
To wait in Amphitrite's bower.

[*SABRINA deſcends, and the Lady riſes out of her ſeat ;
the Brothers embrace her tenderly.*

E. Bro. “ I oft had heard, but ne'er believ'd till now,
“ There are, who can by potent magic ſpells
“ Bend to their crooked purpoſe nature's laws,

" Blot the fair moon from her resplendent orb,
 " Bid whirling planets stop their destin'd course, 400
 " And thro' the yawning earth from Stygian gloom
 " Call up the meagre ghost to walks of light :
 " It may be so,——for some mysterious end ! "

Y. Bro. Why did I doubt ? Why tempt the wrath
 of heav'n

To shed just vengeance on my weak distrust ?

" Here spotless innocence has found relief,
 " By means as wond'rous as her strange distress."

E. Bro. The freedom of the mind, you see, no
 charm,

No spell can reach ; that righteous Jove forbids,
 Lest man should call his frail divinity 410
 The slave of evil, or the sport of chance.
 Inform us, Thyrsis, if for this thine aid,
 We aught can pay that equals thy desert.

First Spirit discovering himself.

Pay it to Heaven ! There my mansion is :

" But when a mortal, favour'd of high Jove,
 " Chances to pass thro' yon advent'rous glade,
 " Swift as the sparkle of a glancing star
 " I shoot from heav'n to give him safe convoy."
 That lent you grace to escape this curfed place ;
 To heaven, that here has try'd your youth, 420
 Your faith, your patience, and your truth,
 And sent you thro' these hard essays
 With a crown of deathless praise.

[*Then the two first Spirits advance and speak alternately the following lines, which MILTON calls epiloguising.*

To the ocean now I fly,
And those happy climes that lye
Where day never shuts his eye
Up in the broad fields of the sky :
There I suck the liquid air,
All amidst the gardens fair
Of Hesperus, and his Daughters three, 430
That sing about the golden tree.

Along the crisped shades and bowers
Revels the spruce and jocund Spring ;
The Graces and the rosy-bosom'd Hours
Thither all their bounties bring ;
There eternal Summer dwells,
And west-winds with musky wing
About the cedarn alleys fling
Nard and Cassia's balmy smells.

Now my task is smoothly done, 440
I can fly or I can run
Quickly to the green earth's end,
Where the bow'd welkin slow doth bend ;
And from thence can soar as soon
To the corners of the moon.
Mortals that would follow me,
Love Virtue, she alone is free :
She can teach you how to climb
Higher than the sphery chime ;

Or, if Virtue feeble were,
Heaven itself would stoop to her.

450

Chorus. *Taught by virtue, you may climb
Higher than the sphery chime ;
Or, if Virtue feeble were,
Heaven itself would stoop to her.*

THE END.



EPILOGUE.

SPOKEN BY

EUPHROSYNE, WITH A WAND AND CUP.

SOME critic, or I'm much deceived, will ask,
"What means this wild, this allegoric masque?
Beyond all bounds of truth this author shoots;
Can wands or cups transform men into brutes?
'Tis idle stuff!"—And yet I'll prove it true;
Attend; for sure I mean it not of you.
The mealy fop, that tastes my cup, may try,
How quick the change from beau to butterfly;
But o'er the Insect should the Brute prevail,
He grins a monkey with a length of tail. 10
One stroke of this,* as sure as Cupid's arrow,
Turns the warm youth into a wanton sparrow.
Nay, the cold prude becomes a slave to love,
Feels a new warmth, and cooes a billing dove.
The sly coquet, whose artful tears beguile
Unwary hearts, weeps a false crocodile.
Dull poring pedants, shock'd at truth's keen light,
Turn moles, and plunge again in friendly night;
Misers grow vultures, of rapacious mind,
Or more than vultures, they devour their kind; 20

* The Wand.

EPILOGUE.

*Flatt'ers cameleons, creeping on the ground,
With ev'ry changing colour changing round.
The party-fool, beneath his heavy load,
Drudges a driven ass thro' dirty road.
While guzzling sots, their spouses say, are hogs;
And snarling critics, authors swear, are dogs.
But to be grave, I hope we've prov'd at least,
All vice is folly, and makes man a beast.*

28



